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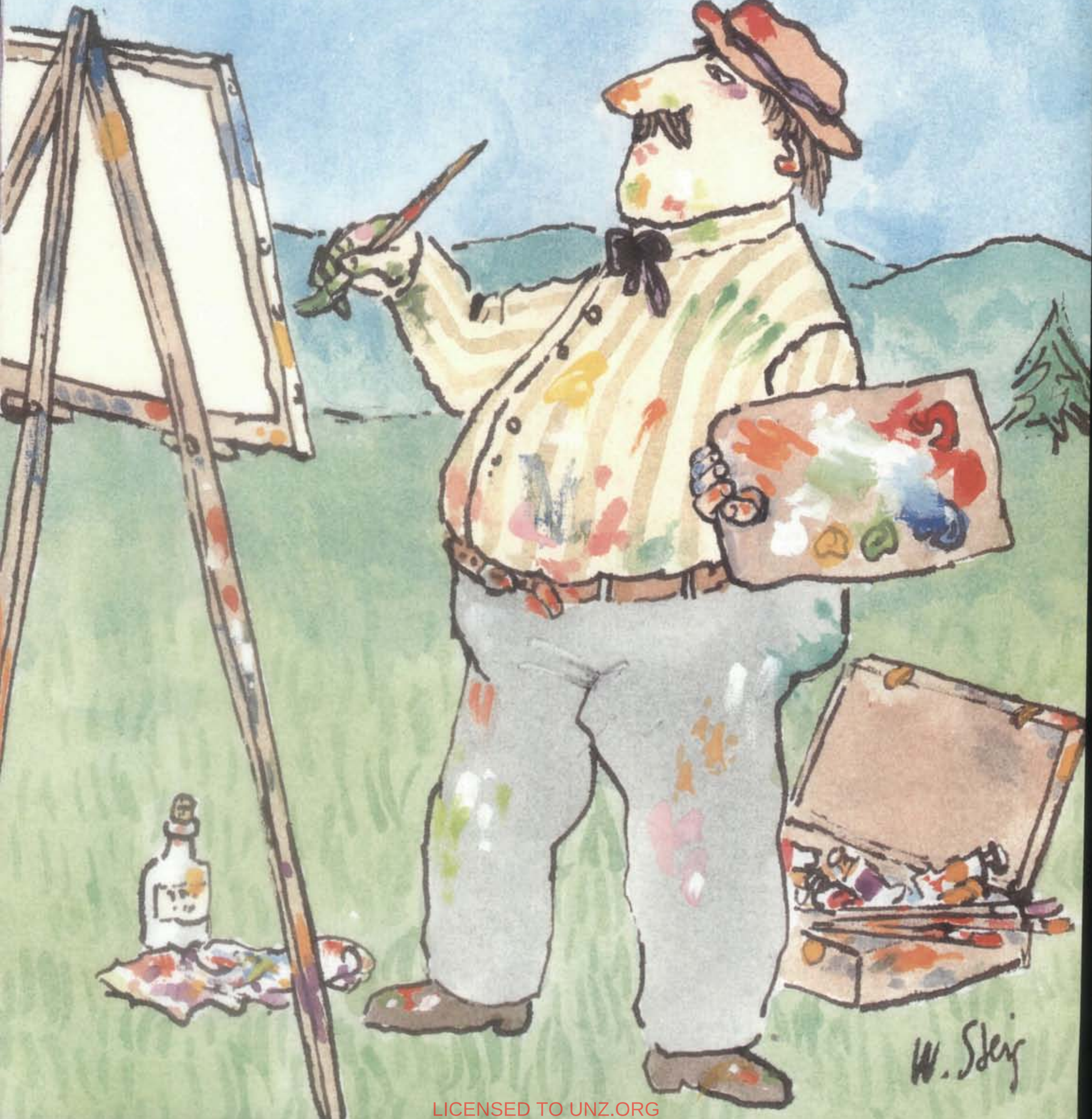

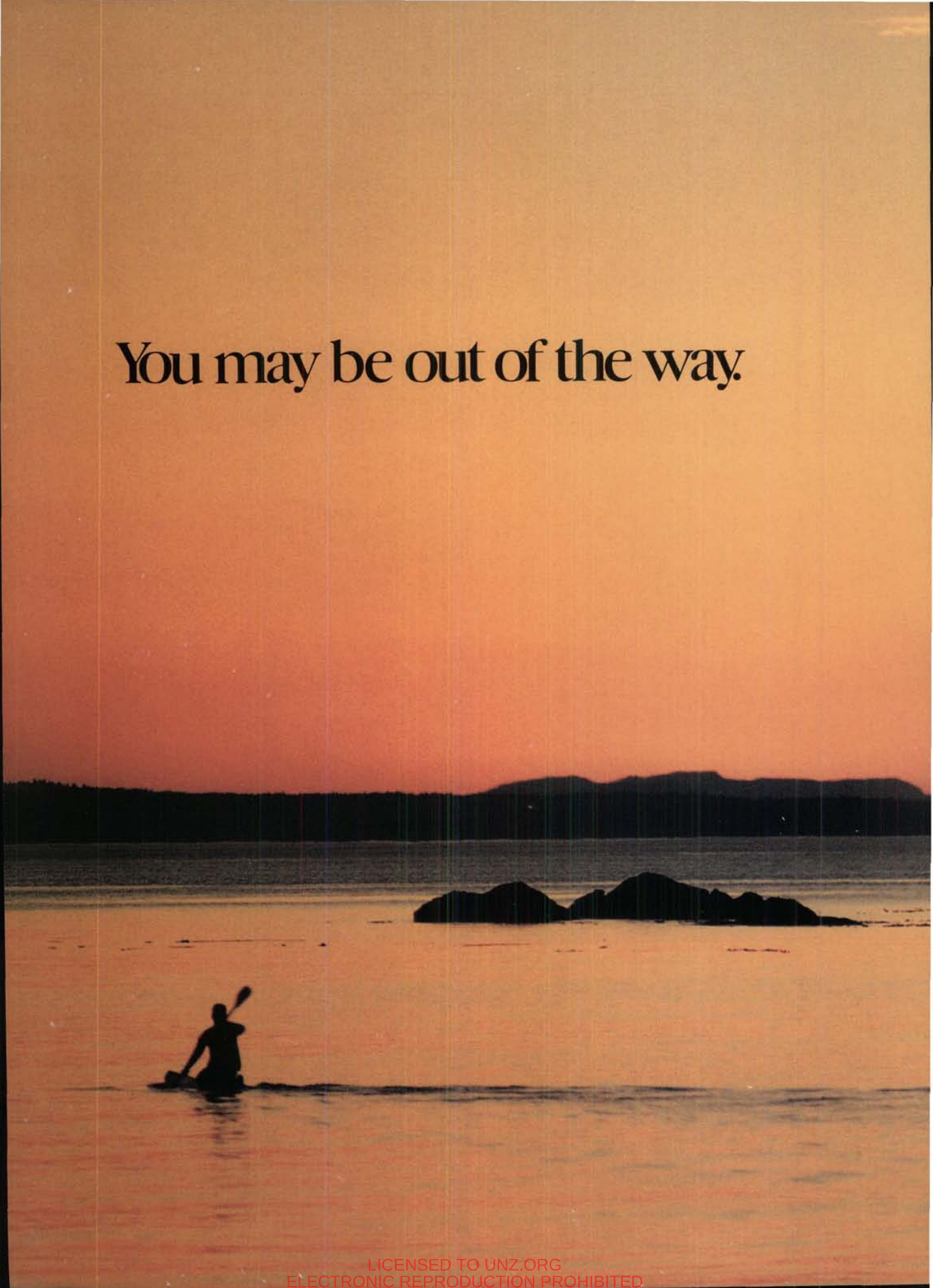
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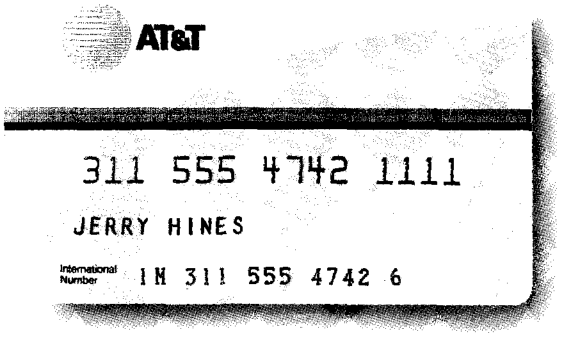

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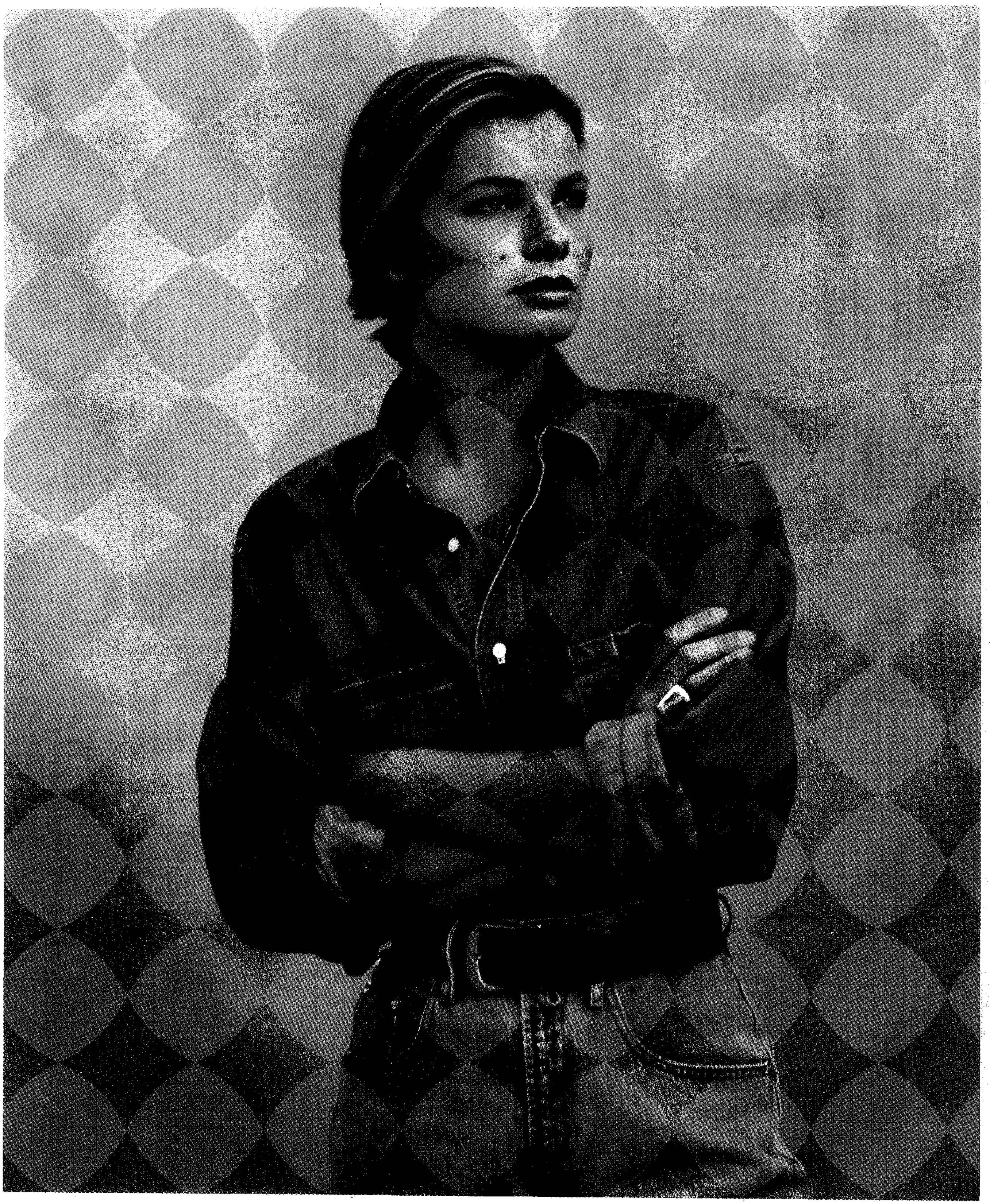

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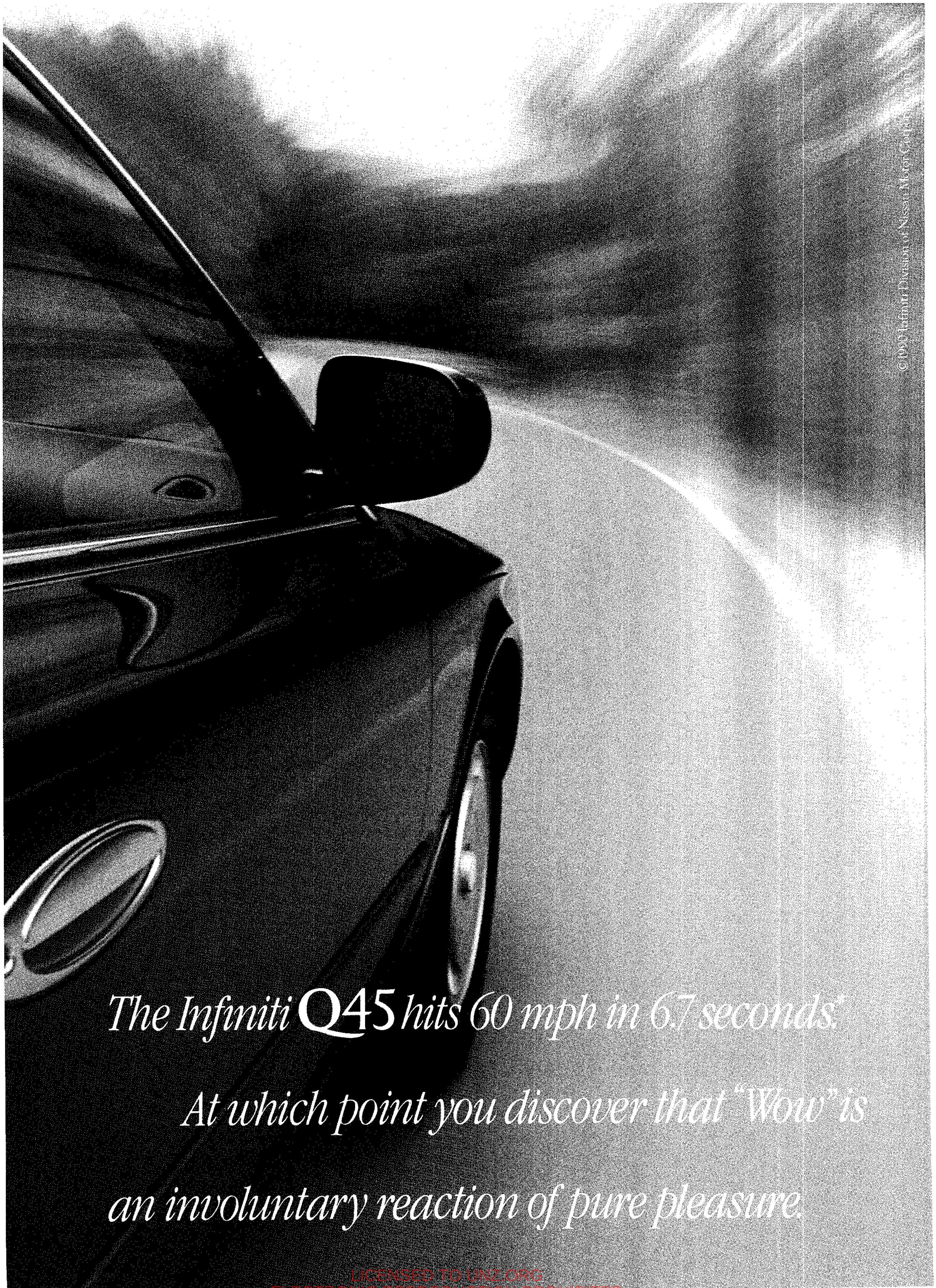
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

ENOUGH already about "Miss Saigon." A friend of ours who has been living in London writes to say that the real controversy in the theatrical community this summer revolved around another West End musical entirely—Gwyn and Maureen Hughes' "Bernadette"—which was utterly ignored by the New York press. The dispute, apparently, had something of a theological nature; for the show, despite having been blessed by the Pope, was—according to a June 27 clipping from the Manchester *Guardian* sent to us by our friend—"almost unanimously damned by first night reviewers" and was "threatened with imminent closure." The article was written by the *Guardian's* arts correspondent, Nicholas de Jongh, and we quote from it liberally:

"William Fonfe, a former chauffeur to the Rolling Stones who is struggling to find audiences for his musical about the visionary peasant girl, suggested that most theatre critics were homosexual.

" 'I was surprised at how many of them were gay and provocatively so. It reminded me of some of those 1960's parties from which I ran away. It was in their mannerisms. There must have been some straight ones, but I didn't notice them. I've got children and I felt embarrassed. . . .'

"Mr. Fonfe, who remortgaged his house for £350,000 and raised £750,000 from small investors, said 'Bernadette' is playing to audiences of about 500 at the Dominion Theatre, which seats 2,000.

"James Murray, the former television editor of the *Daily Express* who is press representative for the show, has not ruled out another appeal to the Pope. 'Listen, my dear,' he said. 'If the Pope played his cards right, we'd all fly out there to play the show for him.' "

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for schedule and ticket information.)

Camille—A revival of Charles Ludlam's 1973 play. With Everett Quinton, who also directed. In previews. (Charles Ludlam Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square. 691-2271.)

Hosanna—Bill Repicci and M. D. Minichiello in a revival of the 1974 play by Michel Tremblay. Directed by Charlie Hensley. In previews. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 564-8038.)

Indecent Materials—A double bill: the curtain-raiser, "Indecent Materials," is an adaptation of some of Jesse Helms' speeches on the arts and obscenity; and "Report from the Holocaust" is an adaptation of Larry Kramer's essays on the AIDS crisis. Previews Aug. 22-26. Opens Aug. 27 at 8, and runs through Sept. 9. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Light Up the Sky—A revival of Moss Hart's 1948 comedy, with Peggy Cass, Charles Keating, Bill McCutcheon, and Bruce Weitz. Directed by Larry Carpenter. Opens Aug. 21 at 8. (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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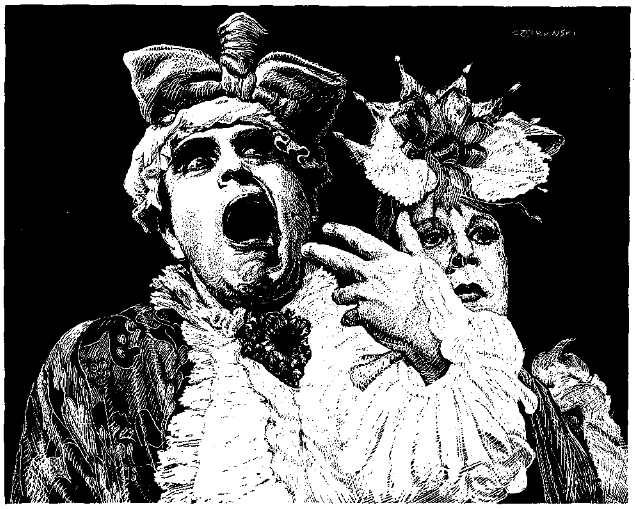
Money Talks—A comedy by Edwin Schloss about two competitive Upper East Siders, who are played by Dolores Gray and Helen Gallagher. In previews. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313.)

NEW THIS SEASON

Aspects of Love—Andrew Lloyd Webber's latest extravaganza, based on David Garnett's frail 1955 novel of the same title, aspires to good taste and sophistication (it's about artists and theatre folk rather than cats or trains) but ends up being a monument to vulgarity. The combination of Garnett's triviality and Lloyd Webber's pretentiousness produces something so empty it implodes. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/23/90.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)



Caça Rosset and Maria Alice Vergueiro in Festival Latino's "O Doente Imaginario"

Broadway Jukebox—A revue of rarely heard show tunes, conceived by Ed Linderman and performed by an eight-member cast. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038.)

By and for Havel—A pair of one-acters in revival. "By"—**audience**—is based on an episode that occurred when Václav Havel had a menial job in a brewery; "for"—**catastrophe**—is Samuel Beckett's poetic tribute to Havel when he was in prison. Together, they make an evening that is both comic and stirring. With Kevin O'Connor and Lou Brockway. (3/19/90) (John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. 564-8038. Closes Sept. 2.)

Carreño—A show based on the life of Teresa Carreño, the Venezuelan composer, pianist, conductor, and singer. Written and performed by Pamela Ross. Directed by Gene Frankel. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

City of Angels—Larry Gelbart, dramatist; Cy Coleman, composer; Billy Byers, arranger; James Naughton and Gregg Edelman, leading men; and Michael Blakemore, director, are all in top form in this sharp, jokey musical satire about Hollywood in the forties. The plot concerns the making of a private-eye movie (and the unmaking of its author). The spectacular settings and costumes were designed by Robin Wagner and Florence Klotz and lighted by Paul Gallo. (12/25/89) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-0102.)

Festival Latino—Final performances of the annual theatrical *celebración* featuring plays from Latin America and the United States. Unless otherwise noted, all performances are in Spanish, with simultaneous translation available on selected dates. The schedule: Brazil's Teatro do Ornitorrinco presents "O Doente Imaginario," an adaptation of Molière's "Imaginary Invalid," Aug. 21-26. In Portuguese. . . . ¶ Tito Puente and his orchestra in "Mondo Mambo," a work by Adal Maldonado and Pedro Pietri, Aug. 23-26. In English. . . . ¶ The Gala Hispanic Theatre, of Washington, D.C., in two plays by Marco Antonio de la Parra: "La Secreta Obscenidad de Cada Dia," Aug. 23-24, and "Matatangos," Aug. 25-26 (no English translation for the latter work). (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Forever Plaid—Stuart Ross's loving, tongue-in-cheek salute to the "guy groups" of the fifties is a real treat. The performances of Jason Graae, Stan Chandler, David Engel, and Guy Stroman (as the Plaids, a close-harmony group snuffed out in the prime of life and brought back to earth for a single evening) are so deadpan, and the songs (arranged by James Raitt, who also accompanies on piano) are rendered at such a heightened pitch of musical good faith, that only from Ross's script and choreography would you know the thing is a parody. Bring your mom. Hell, bring the whole family. (Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400.)

Further Mo'—This lively, touching, and brilliantly performed small-scale musical, set in a New Orleans vaudeville theatre in 1927, is a real gem. Written by Vernel Bagneris (who also stars), it uses blues singing (mostly quite recherché songs) to say something about the plight of the black entertainer in American history and culture. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 475-5120.)

The Grapes of Wrath—This stage adaptation (by Frank Galati, who also directed) is the most truly adult version of Steinbeck's novel to date. It appeals to the mind rather than to the emotions; all the same, there's a cumulative effect. Don't go expecting to see John Ford or "Balm in Gilead," but expect to leave feeling as if you had. With Lois Smith and Gary Sinise. (4/2/90) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Closes Sept. 2.)

It's Still My Turn—Terry Sweeney, a former "Saturday Night Live" cast member, portrays Nancy Reagan in this one-man show. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 564-8038.)

Lettice & Lovage—The marvellous Maggie Smith plays Lettice Douffet, a freewheeling guide to England's stately homes, and the elegant Margaret Tyzack plays a reprimanding envoy sent by Lettice's employers in Peter Shaffer's merry comedy about an unlikely friendship and other matters. Paxton Whitehead and Bette Henritze are effective in supporting roles. Michael Blakemore was the director. (4/9/90) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200.)

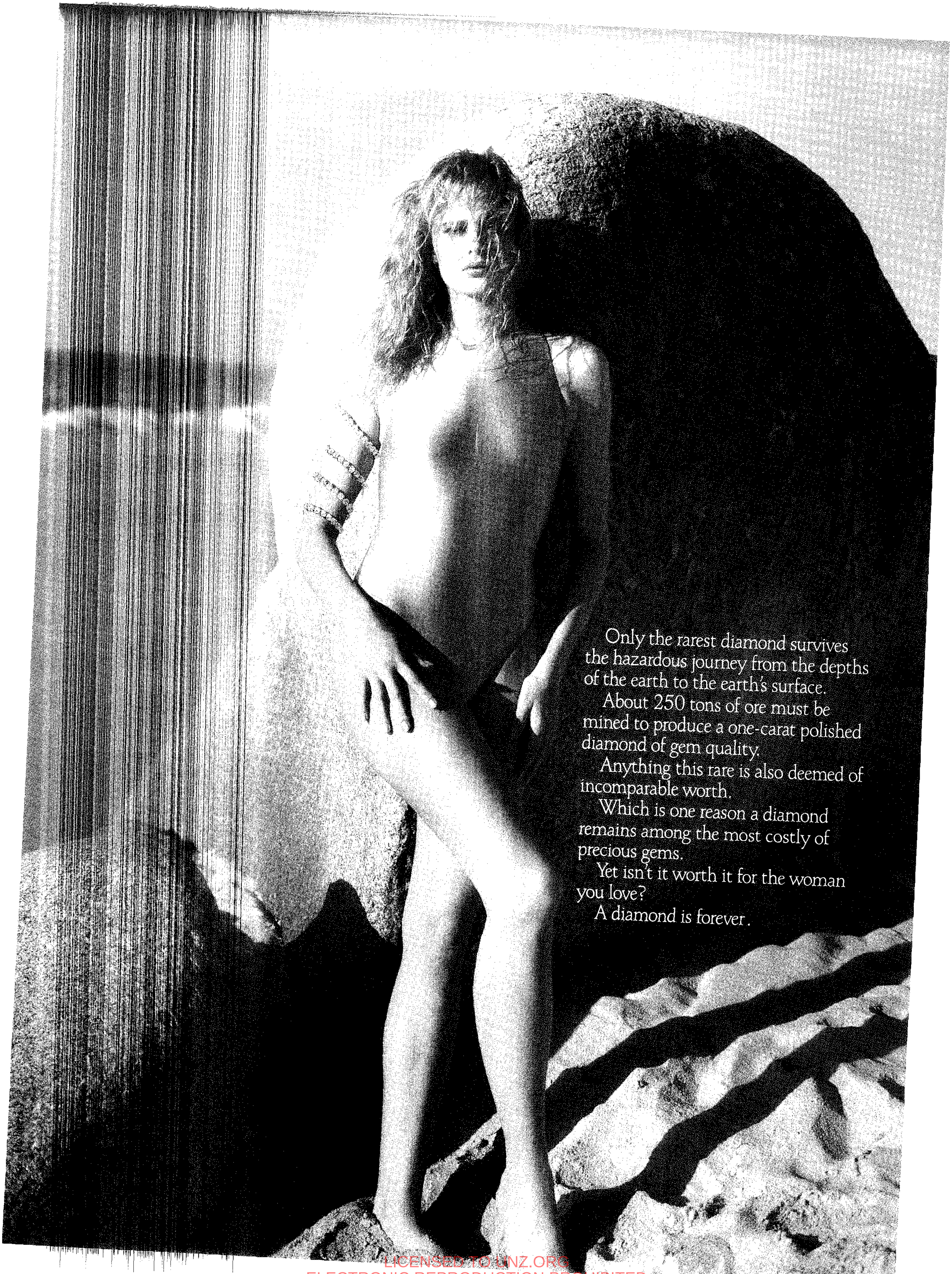
The Man Who Fell in Love with His Wife—Kevin Conway in a play by Ted Whitehead. (Theatre 808, Lexington Ave. at 62nd St. 223-2547. Closes Sept. 1.)

Men of Manhattan—A play by John Glines, with T. L. Reilly and Richard Skipper. (Courtyard Playhouse, 39 Grove St. 860-3530.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come—Brian Friel's wonderfully funny and touching play about a young man from a small Irish village on the eve of his departure for America really holds up in Paul Weidner's beautiful production. Grab this one: revivals this good don't come around often. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

The Piano Lesson—August Wilson's new drama, the fourth in this series chronicling the black-American experience in the twentieth century, is set in Pittsburgh in 1936. In its exquisite writing and over-all structure (involving the conflict over a piano that figures hauntingly and intricately in one family's history) the play resembles "Joe Turner's Come and Gone" more than "Fences." Wilson takes refuge in an overly mystical and melodramatic ending, but there are some great scenes—even if the subtle ensemble acting in Lloyd Richards' production is thrown out of balance by an excessive performance by Charles S. Dutton. (4/30/90) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022.)

Prelude to a Kiss—Craig Lucas's entertaining romantic comedy slips into fantasy when an old man kisses a bride at her wedding. Bar-



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nard Hughes is the old man, Mary-Louise Parker is the bride, and Timothy Hutton is the groom. (3/26/90) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450.)

Quiet on the Set—A comedy by Terrell Anthony. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477.)

Richard III—Denzel Washington is miscast as gleeful, lethal Gloucester in this unsatisfactory production. Nevertheless, the magnificent Mary Alice gives a performance of the greatest strength as bitter old Queen Margaret, and there is commendable work by Nancy Palk, Armand Schultz, Daniel Davis, and Sharon Washington, as assorted exemplars of royal blood. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Closes Sept. 2. For information about tickets, which are required, call 861-7277.)

The Rothschilds—The 1970 musical by Jerry Bock (score), Sheldon Harnick (lyrics), and Sherman Yellen (book). (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330.)

Six Degrees of Separation—You're best off knowing nothing about the new John Guare play, other than that it represents a perfect meeting of the playwright and the director, Jerry Zaks. Out of a true story—one apparently about celebrity and Good Samaritanism—Guare has fashioned a wistful comedy about race, class, money, imagination, collective conscience, individual psyche, and the impulse toward art. What more do you want? With Swoosie Kurtz and Courtney B. Vance. (6/25/90) (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

Smoke on the Mountain—This loving satire of old-time gospel music, set in 1938, is perfectly delightful. Written by Connie Ray (who also performs, along with six other versatile actor-musicians), it re-creates a Saturday-night service at a small church in rural North Carolina, where a family of more or less devout gospel singers have been invited to appear. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780.)

Spunk—George C. Wolfe has adapted three short stories by Zora Neale Hurston, set in Harlem and the South, to make a gorgeous jazz-and-blues entertainment, giving them a powerful injection of his own mordant humor. Chic Street Man, a singer and guitarist, wrote the dynamic score. With Ann Duquesnay (singer), and Victor Mack, Reggie Montgomery, Kevin Jackson, and Danitra Vance (actors). Mr. Wolfe directed. (5/7/90) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

Tru—Robert Morse gives a deeply thought-out, accomplished performance as Truman Capote—by turns funny, bitchy, ironic, and rueful—at the end of his life and his tether. The play was written and directed by Jay Presson Allen. (1/1/90) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Sept. 1.)

LONG RUNS

BLACK AND BLUE: An evening of classic blues and jazz, conceived, designed, and directed by Caludio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, who created "Tango Argentino" in a similarly commemorative but far less visually opulent style. Musicians of renown have been assembled, and while LaVern Baker, Linda Hopkins, and Carrie Smith sing, a troupe of hoofers young and old give the tap-dance subculture a workout. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 246-0102.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to John Napier's sets and costumes. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** The longest-running long run recently celebrated its thirtieth birthday. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838.) . . . **A FEW GOOD MEN:** "Mister Roberts" meets "The Mary Tyler Moore Show." Aaron Sorkin's military-courtroom drama treats issues such as justice, honor, loyalty, and morality with the slick, facile smugness of a half-hour comedy series, but the performances, by an ace cast under Don Scardino's direction, are wonderful. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200.) . . . **FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1990:** A source of continual merriment, this revue is a cluster of parodies of shows along the Great White Way. Gerard Alessandrini conceived and directed it, and wrote the witty, barbed lyrics. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. 838-9090.) . . . **GRAND HOTEL:** The dazzling imagination of Tommy Tune's direction and choreography and the dazzling scenery by Tony Walton almost make up for the inner vacancy of this show (except for a glorious, eccentric dance by Michael Jeter), but not quite. The story and characters are skimpy and the music is undistinguished. Nevertheless, there isn't a boring moment. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-0102.) . . . **GYPSY:** This revival of the great Sondheim-Styne-Laurents-Robbins musical (directed by Arthur Laurents himself) is so delightful—and the cast so engaging—that we think anyone would be happier for having seen it. One suggestion: don't applaud when Mama Rose comes down the aisle (you'll drown out the first number). With Linda Lavin, Crista Moore, and Jonathan Hadary. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 246-0102.) . . . **THE HEIDI CHRONICLES:** Wendy Wasserstein's play looks at first glance like standard baby-boom playwriting fare, but some alchemical combination of graceful-mindedness and good writing enables her to capture, lampoon, and transcend her generation all at the same time. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Sept. 1.) . . . **JEROME ROBBINS' BROADWAY:** A collection of high spots from "On the Town," "Billion Dollar Baby," "High Button Shoes," "The King and I," "Peter Pan," "West Side Story," "Gypsy," "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum," and "Fiddler on the Roof," all of which were choreographed or directed, or both, by Jerome Robbins. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Closes Sept. 1.) . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** The stars of this musical adaptation of the Victor Hugo novel are John Napier's settings and David Hersey's lighting. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321.) . . . **OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY:** Jerry Sterner's comedy about a New York corporate raider's attempt to take over a decorous New England business maintains its suspense from beginning to end. (Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000.) . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** The much ballyhooed Andrew Lloyd Webber musical is fun—if you're not bothered by theatre that cares not a whit for words and contains not one ghost of an idea. Except for the set (by Maria Björnson), everything about the show is negligible. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

"Nunsense"

DANCE

IN 1740, Empress Anna of Russia—one of the memorable matchmakers of all time—forced the forty-year-old Prince Golitsyn to consummate his arranged marriage on the frozen Neva, in a spectacular palace whose walls, furniture, and other appointments had been fashioned entirely from ice. (Thanks to a working stove in their bedroom, the couple survived the night.) Such a story strikes us as obvious material for a modern figure-skating ballet. Think of the opportunities: an outdoor ball for a corps of ice-dancing courtiers, a sensationally costumed parade of exotics to lead the couple to their chamber (in the real event, the pair was transported there in an iron cage atop an elephant), and, in the bedroom scene, two powerhouse technicians, first stating their initial aversion to one another in solo jump routines, then coming together for a climactic pairs number on top of the giant stove. We can see it now, a glide for Glinka! Golitsyn strips down to his skates and tights. Then he swings the princess in a death spiral so lively that it shakes off every bit of her clothing but a G-string and pasties.

This would be at least as appropriate and tasteful a vehicle for the skater's art as some of the things we've noted in big touring shows during the past couple of seasons, and it has the added virtue of actually referring to the element in which ice skating is performed. We've been struck by how many skating ballets are now set in locations between Mediterranean Europe and points well below the equator. Torvill and Dean presented refugees fleeing from a Latin-American dictatorship, and the love story of Nefertiti and Akhenaton (who made his entrance seated on a chair shouldered by slaves). The show called "1990 Tour of World Figure Skating Champions" had several numbers set in a Rio de Janeiro of the—we were going to say "mind," but that's not exactly it.

"Brian Boitano and Katarina Witt Skating" featured the champions, as well as an effervescent ice dance called "Crazy," choreographed by Michael Siebert for himself and Judy Blumberg. We were amazed to find Caryn Kadavy, whose style is normally understated, baring her abs and swivelling her options as Saint-Saëns's Delilah. Moving right along from the valley of Sorek to the vices of Spain: the centerpiece of "Skating" was an excerpt for the headliners from "Carmen on Ice," a full-length work choreographed by Sandra Bezic (a couple of film versions of it have also been made recently). The stars looked handsome and intense, and their skating was strong, but as far as Bizet was concerned this predictable staging put Carmen on ice indeed.

IN TOWN

Feld Ballets/NY—A one-week "winter preview" engagement. Aug. 20-21 and Aug. 24 at 8: "Consort," "Embraced Waltzes," and "The Jig Is Up." . . . ¶ Aug. 22-23 at 8 and Aug. 25 at 3: "Meadowlark," "Ion," "Charmed Lives," and "Embraced Waltzes." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

OUT OF TOWN

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Final performances of the season. Aug. 21-25: The Hubbard Street Dance Company in five pieces, "Read My Hips," "Go! Said Max," "Shakti," "The Fugue," and "The 40's." . . . ¶ Aug. 22-24: Molissa Fenley in "State of Darkness" and "Bardo," a work in progress. . . . ¶ Aug. 28-Sept. 1: Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane & Co. presenting "Absence," "D-Man in the Waters," "The Gift/No God Logic," and "Forsythia." . . . ¶ Aug. 28-Sept. 1: Liz Lerman/Dance Exchange. (Becket, Mass. For information about show times and tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

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NIGHT LIFE

WE'VE never been fond of audience participation. We have a recurrent nightmare, in fact, in which we go to watch a hypnotist perform and end up onstage in our boxer shorts lip-synching to "You Can't Always Get What You Want." The other night, against our better judgment, we stopped in at Mostly Magic, an eleven-year-old supper club, at 55 Carmine Street. When we arrived, there were only two other people in the audience—making the pool of potential volunteers distressingly small—and we chose a table rather far from the stage. Eventually, the m.c., whose name was Imam, came out and told a few jokes, including one about the fact that we liked to sit in the cheap seats. Imam invited us to move a bit closer, but we politely declined. As the show got going, a few more patrons filed in and the performers found some playful, *quality* volunteers and we were sure Imam would forget about us.

We sat undisturbed through two acts. One was by a silent magician named Torkova who trafficked in scarves, hoops, coins, and ropes of varying lengths. ("He doesn't speak English," Imam explained. "He's from Brooklyn.") The other was by a singer-guitarist named Pamela Smith, who has a lovely, deep voice and who sang what she called a "cowboy song" but what we call "Desperado" by the Eagles. Before long, Imam returned. The next thing we knew, we were sitting onstage and he was grinning at us crazily and saying, "Would you please examine this and tell me if it's an ordinary kitchen knife?" We confirmed, with some anxiety, that it was. We averted our eyes from the ensuing trick, so we can't really tell you what happened next. All we know is that about fifteen minutes later we were walking home spattered with pink stage blood and humming "You Can't Always Get What You Want."

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which boldface type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek cabaret on the edge of Chelsea, near the flower and fur markets. Magician **JEFF MC BRIDE** is in residence for the next three weeks or so. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven, and Sundays at three.

BIRDLAND, 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228)—The jazz personnel turns over nearly every night at this airy, loftlike restaurant-bar in the gray zone between Zabar's and Columbia. Some may cry gentrification at the sight of the pastel walls, the potted greenery, and the bar crowded with Frascati sippers, but the floor-to-ceiling windows make for some fine Broadway-viewing. Coming events include bands led by Mark Morganelli (Aug. 23), Lew Tabackin (Aug. 24-25), and Andrew Beals (Aug. 26). Music from nine nightly. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A glitzy, color-coördinated jazz house, designed for maximum seating efficiency, where blue-suspendered waitresses sweep by your table bearing shrimp cocktails, champagne, and other trappings of the good life. After the show, out-of-towners flock to the upstairs souvenir shop, where, at last check, Blue Note golf balls were still available. The British-born pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** who has been playing professionally more or less forever, will be here through Aug. 26, in the distinguished company of **NEIL SWAINSON** and **GRADY TATE.** Also on the bill is guitarist **JOE PASS.** Trumpeter **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** who emerged in the mid-forties with a wild, dense, billowing style and who helped Charlie Parker invent bebop, starts up on Aug. 28. Music from nine. Dining.

Jeff McBride at the Ballroom

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar where, if your neighbors coöperate, you can hear the beautiful, singular sound of musicians thinking. The piano-bass duo of **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **DON PATE** will be here Aug. 20-22, and Aug. 23-25, with Steve Nelson, vibes. Pianist **KENNY BARRON,** bassist **RUFUS REID,** and drummer **BEN RILEY** get started on Aug. 27. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CAT CLUB, 76 E. 13th St. (505-0090)—Every Sunday night, this club, usually dominated by bands in leopard-skin tights, is ceded to a gang of Lindy Hop enthusiasts called the New York Swing Dance Society. Aug. 26 belongs to an eight-piece band whose C.E.O. is **GEORGE KELLY,** a saxophonist, arranger, and certified swing-era veteran. Music from eight to midnight.

CONDON'S, 117 E. 15th St. (254-0960)—In the shadow of the Zeckendorf Towers sits this low-ceilinged, stucco-walled grotto, whose intimate scale makes it a fine spot for jazz. The bluesy, bittersweet alto saxophonist **LOU DONALDSON**—a hard-bop kingpin in the fifties and one of the most distinguished of Charlie Parker's disciples—leads a quartet Aug. 21-26. On Aug. 27, **BOB DOROUGH,** who plays bebop piano and sings with a husky Arkansas twang, will be here with **LENORE RAPHAEL.** And as of Aug. 28 the place belongs to a quintet led by saxophonist **CLIFFORD JORDAN.** Music after ten.

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE, 25 Third Ave., at St. Marks Pl. (529-6924)—Hipsters, posers, N.Y.U. students, the occasional skinhead—a typical East Village bar. The motif is prehistoric punk—there's a Stone Age mural, assorted toy dinosaurs and pterodactyls—and on peak nights there's a "take no prisoners" atmosphere. A few of this week's offerings: the Waldos (Aug. 24); the Niagaras (Aug. 27); and Stylie (Aug. 28). Shows Sundays through Thursdays at ten, Fridays at midnight, and Saturdays at eleven. Dining.

DAN LYNCH, 221 Second Ave., at 14th St. (677-0911)—Outside Dan Lynch, you'll come across a lot of suspicious characters who'll claim to know you; inside you'll find a pupil-dilating, brown-on-brown bar decorated with remnants of a birch tree. The place brightens up considerably at ten with a variety of live blues, including vamps of the "put on your red dress" variety.

DELTA 88, 332 Eighth Ave., at 26th St. (924-3499)—A pleasant hangout for white-collar trash, where you'll find cold Dixie beer, collard greens, and plenty of men who know how to wear a leather vest. As if that weren't enough, the bar-and-restaurant also features a corrugated-tin ceiling and a truckload of sort-of-Southern items: a photo booth, a giant Amoco sign, an Evel Knievel lunchbox. Most nights, the buffet turns into a bandstand at nine. Chicken-fried steak, deep-fried crawdads (a.k.a. Cajun popcorn), and other exotic Southern fare.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—If submarines had jazz clubs, they might look like this basement haunt. This is not the place for those with a fear of intimacy: at the front tables you can go eye to eye with your favorite performers, and no matter where you're seated there's not much room to practice your T'ai Chi. Pianist **HORACE SILVER,** who broke in with Stan Getz in the early fifties and who plays an amalgam of blues, bebop, Latin music, and gospel, leads the latest incarnation of his quintet here Aug. 21-26. The **RON CARTER** nonet starts up on Aug. 28. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, leads a trio. Music from eight. Dining.

FORTUNE GARDEN PAVILION, 209 E. 49th St. (753-0101)—Chinese food served in a plush greenhouse setting. Through the glass roof, which supports a jungle of potted greenery, you can admire the fruits of the midtown real-estate boom and, when available, the moon. A Steinway grand sits in the middle of the room, making things tricky for the waiters but improving the over-all quality of life. Aug. 21-23 is in the hands of **DAVE MC KENNA,** who has been called in these pages "the hardest-swinging jazz pianist of all time." Aug. 24-27 belongs to the young pianist **TED ROSENTHAL** and the bassist **STEVE LA SPINA.** Mr. Rosenthal, who has worked with Lionel Hampton, Phil Woods, and Ron Carter, won the second annual Thelonious Monk International Piano Competition, in 1988, and said of the ten-thousand-dollar prize, "It's a nice piece of change for a night's work." Music from eight Mondays through Saturdays, and from seven on Sundays.

GONZALEZ Y GONZALEZ, 625 Broadway, at Houston St. (473-8787)—Loud, brash, and big. The theme is, of course, Mexican, and you get the whole enchilada—a giant cactus here, a parade-float sombrero there, animal skulls, religious artifacts, and chili-pepper clusters everywhere. The stage is in the rear, about a city block from the entrance.

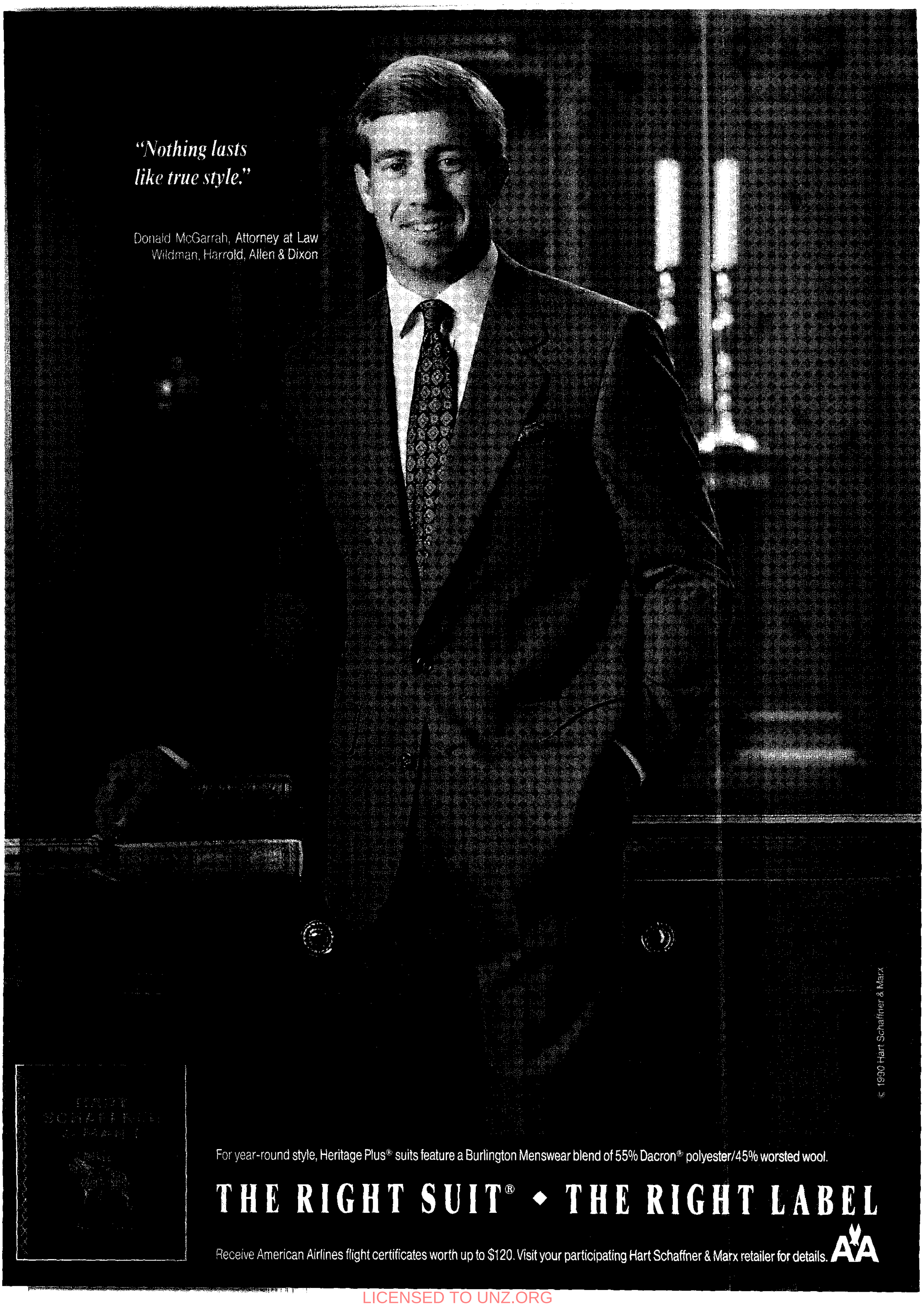
GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—This is such a gorgeous, thirties-ish movie set of a place that you expect gunmen to burst in at any moment. The restaurant-bar—forested and twilit—is about the size of a football field, with the piano at the fifty-yard line. If your seats are good enough, you'll hear some able entertainers, including **PETE MALINVERNI** Aug. 20-22 and Aug. 27, Lynne Arriale Aug. 23-25 and Aug. 28; and Dave Leonhart on Aug. 29.

KILIMANJARO, 531 W. 19th St. (627-2333)—The northern branch of the popular Washington, D.C., night spot. As the name suggests, African music is the sine qua non, be it live or d.j.-spun. Calypso, reggae, and world-beat formats also turn up. There's reggae on Aug. 24, with **BLACK STALIN,** and Aug. 25 belongs to Monibele Alhaji Toure.

KNICKERBOCKER, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A busy bar-and-grill in the piano-bass district. The lyrical pianist **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** and the guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** are in residence Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from about nine-thirty.

KNITTING FACTORY, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—A second-floor music-and-performance space, where people come to ponder the meaning of harmolodics and the post-ness of postmodernism. The room is run by two amiable young guys from Wisconsin, whose views on such things as cover charges are enlightened. **TINY LIGHTS,** who perform on Aug. 24, are a wacky but endearing outfit who waver between being a party band and an arty band: when they get into a strong R. & B. groove, they sound like Big Brother and the Holding Company, but just when you get ready to hit the dance floor they might suddenly shift gears and break into whale music. **BOSHO** is also on the bill. Other Factory events: **ARTO LINDSAY, MELVIN GIBBS,** and **DOUGIE BOWNE** on Aug. 25, and **BILL POP & THE TAPES** on Aug. 27. Music after nine.

LAUTERBACH'S BROOKLYN BEAT, 335 Prospect Ave., at Sixth Ave., Brooklyn. (1-718 788-9140)—A grungy but well-intentioned watering hole devoted to homegrown Brooklyn bands. The emphasis here is on exposed cement, although one wall is decorated with Polaroids—"St. Patty's 1986" (people in green hats and leis),



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"New Year's 1988-89" (people in red hats and leis). Lauterbach's microwave menu includes shepherd's pie and chicken parmigiana, but the musical menu is almost always a better bet.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—*A recent addition to the* little-heralded Upper East Side club scene. Some impressive bluesmen will be passing through here, including **LUTHER (GUITAR JUNIOR) JOHNSON** on Aug. 21, **EDDIE (THE CHIEF) CLEARWATER** on Aug. 22-23, and **JIMMY ROGERS** beginning Aug. 29.

Maxwell's, 1039 Washington St., Hoboken. (1-201 798-4064)—A good sound system, cheap drinks, and a regular-guy atmosphere make this restaurant-bar, home of the Hoboken Sound and of the phrase "jangly guitars," a popular hangout for musicians and their followers. Manhattanites who stay through the second set will need all their Scout training to get home. Joe Clay, the Gories, and the Sea Monkeys are here on Aug. 24, and the Cowsills perform on Aug. 25.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan pub for well-heeled gents and high-heeled ladies. It's not always easy to detect the music over the babble, but if you listen closely you should be able to hear singer **BARBARA LEA.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Aug. 25, at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow & Stars, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—A moondust-in-your-hair cabaret where a club soda costs about eight dollars. There are plenty of niceties if you're so inclined: an ear-popping express elevator in which you can mingle with the famous; tables scattered with plastic diamonds and sapphires; and rest-room attendants who hover near the sink asking, "Is the water too warm?" The singer and actress **BARBARA MC NAIR,** who has worked in all three formats —TV, film, and stage—and who had her own TV variety show for a few years way back when, is the current attraction. Shows from nine. Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—It may look like a plain old steakhouse, and the photos on the walls may look like Sardi's leftovers, but in the back room you'll find swing bands, Dixieland combos, and couples sprung from the legacy of Fred and Ginger. Mondays: Howie Wyeth's ragtime trio. Tuesdays: **VINCE GIORDANO & THE NIGHTHAWKS.** Wednesdays: The Stan Rubin band. Fridays: Rick Hardeman and the Basin Street Six. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell and His Stompers. Music from six on Sundays, from eight-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and from nine on Fridays and Saturdays.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—This former luncheonette has a tropical motif—straw huts, bamboo, a fake palm tree, a mosaic of gourds—and one of the city's most international booking policies: Brazil, Africa, and the Caribbean are just a few of the places explored. Blaze is here Aug. 22-23; the Haitian dance band **TABOU COMBO** claims Aug. 24; the samba group **PÉ-DE-BOI** is on duty on Aug. 25; salsa man **BOBBY SANABRIA** works on Aug. 28; and Tim Maia begins a two-nighter on Aug. 29. Music from nine Tuesdays through Thursdays, and from ten Fridays and Saturdays. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An itinerary stop for the international jazz groupies who, on any given night, can be seen roaming the streets of the Village. Up front, there's a glass-enclosed café; in back is a larger room, with a pressed-tin ceiling, red brick, and more pinewood than a ski lodge. The expatriate South African pianist, flutist, and bandleader **ABDULLAH IBRAHIM** and his group, **EKAYA,** are in action Aug. 21-26. Beginning Aug. 28, the compact, good-humored trumpeter **NAT ADDERLY,** brother of the late Cannonball, brings in his sextet. The electrified big band of the late Gil Evans, now under the direction of his son, the trumpeter Miles Evans, is in action on Mondays. Tee-off time is ten. Dining.

Tramps, 45 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—Located on a Chelsea block that's like an urban Disneyland (a pool hall, indoor miniature golf, a trendy all-night diner, Limelight around the corner), this roller-rink-size bar-and-restaurant is slicker than the original Tramps, but the emphasis on solid rock and blues remains.

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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26	27	28	29			

FLASHBACKS

The city's parks may still shake, rattle, rock, and roll, but they just don't happen, man, the way they used to. On view until August 31 at the Parks Department's headquarters (open Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 4:30), in Central Park at East 64th Street, are sixty-three images of nineteen-sixties parks "happenings." The term is used loosely, embracing any kind of organized or semi-organized event. The early-sixties pictures are, not surprisingly, fairly tame, with Cub Scouts marching, skiers and swimmers obeying their instructors, garden-club ladies planting trees. In later photos, hundreds of hippies circle the Sheep Meadow in a giant, hand-holding ring, part of a '67 be-in; go-go girls wriggle onstage at the Central Park Bandshell, trying to win a contest called "Soundblast '66"; and nine brides in nearly identical long dresses pose during a 1967 wed-in at Prospect Park. For contrast, there are plenty of bystanders in the photos, walking past with traces of smiles or resolutely turning their backs—for them, the sixties were just another decade.

NATHAN AND THE ZYDECO CHA-CHAS perform Aug. 24-25. Music from eight-thirty.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the downstairs room, which is as big and plain as a mess hall, Mondays after nine are set aside for salsa music. Aug. 27 brings in **EL GRAN COMBO,** conga player **RAY BARRETTO** and his orchestra, and saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN.** . . . ¶ One flight up, in the Terrace Bar, pianist **JUNIOR MANCE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA** work together every night except Monday. Music from ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This windowless, pie-shaped basement has an illustrious history that embraces everyone from Judy Holliday to Lenny Bruce, from Pete Seeger and Leadbelly to Miles Davis and Sonny Rollins. The décor is homey and a little faded, like an attic full of memorabilia, but the music is anything but stale. Saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS,** who was first heard from in the mid-sixties, when he lent his shrill, vaguely exotic playing to John Coltrane's group, leads a quartet here Aug. 21-26. **SOMETHING MORE,** Buster Williams' quintet, starts up on Aug. 28. Mondays are reserved for the late Mel Lewis's big band. Music after ten.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—Two floors of no-nuke veggie entertainment and consciousness-raising. Listen to bands play in the Summer of Love-muralled back room; buy a tie-dyed T-shirt at the Volkswagen-bus curio shop; catch up on current events at the bulletin board and community calendar. Or, if you'd rather just be mellow, crash out in the basement hippie love pad. **NEW POTATO CABOOSE** comes in on Aug. 25.

Zanzibar & Grill, 550 Third Ave., at 36th St. (779-0606)—A Murray Hill jazz resort, where the ceiling fans turn slowly, and the palm trees rustle tropically, and the jukebox contains Xavier Cugat and Perez Prado, and a waiter, delivering a plate of fried chicken and maple-pear corn bread to a customer, sings "It's suppertime" (to the tune of "Summertime"). The professional musicians tend to come on at around nine. Chris Minh Doky and friends are here on Aug. 24, and Roy Gerson's septet claims Aug. 27.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A rarity among jazz clubs: somewhere you'd go to eat even if there were no music. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, *and the musicians, who set up in a room* between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. Pianist and former Mets organist **JANE JARVIS** will be playing here through Aug. 25; pianist **JAMES WILLIAMS** and bassist **BOB CRANSHAW** start up on Aug. 27. Music from eight on weeknights, and Sundays from seven.

EDGE OF NIGHT LIFE

TO those who bound up the Roxy's seemingly endless staircase on Tuesday nights, being allowed back into the room at the top is better than re-discovering Shangri-La or Brigadoon. To these hundred or more who have longed to put rolling wings on their feet again, the hoards who prance and pose and pounce around the cavernous space on Saturday nights as fiercely as dancers in the finale to an Allan Carr musical have never been anything but interlopers. The Roxy (515 W. 18th Street) was never meant for them. No matter how much the quirky early-reign-of-Caligula trompe-l'oeil walls and the playhouses of Pee-wee's poorer neighbors, erected alongside, make them giggle, you can't turn the Cloisters into a Caramba! any more than you can pretend that this is a glitter palace. The Roxy was, is, and always will be a roller rink. Consequently, on Tuesday and Wednesday nights the air of triumph sweeping these beaming-once-more skaters across the club's floor could humble Schwarzenegger.

Some patrons haven't seen each other in years, because when skating here ceased, in 1985, there was nowhere else downtown to go. (One can understand Manhattanites not being able to choose from a selection of water parks, or professional bobsled runs, but roller rinks? How many OTB offices are enough?) Devoted dancers on wheels had to make do with Roof Top Roller Skating, in Harlem, and the makeshift ellipse just east of Sheep Meadow. Otherwise, the potholed streets were overrun with roller-blade runners (to rink skaters what Reform Jews are to Chassidim).

That's all history now. The rink is a little slower, partly because it's a little smaller, partly because the skaters are a little rusty. The jumps are a little lower, the snaking lines a little shorter, the stumbles more frequent than those along the path of Neely O'Hara's career. But the music is the best, the promises of "Just give me a month" sound more determined than those of reforming chain-smokers, and the energy should be tapped by the Front Street substation. Look at these faces. Thornton Wilder couldn't have given them a happier ending. No matter that there's a six-skater pileup in front of the d.j. booth. "I needed this," says the guy on the bottom, his knee bleeding, his smile gleaming. This is happy? Perhaps you've forgotten. In Shangri-La, people don't age, and they feel no pain.

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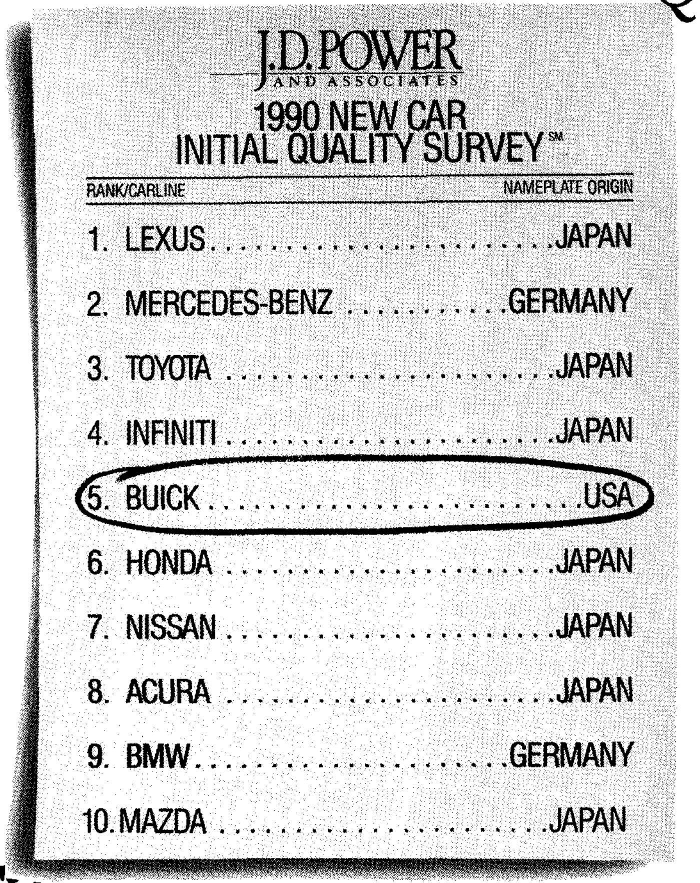

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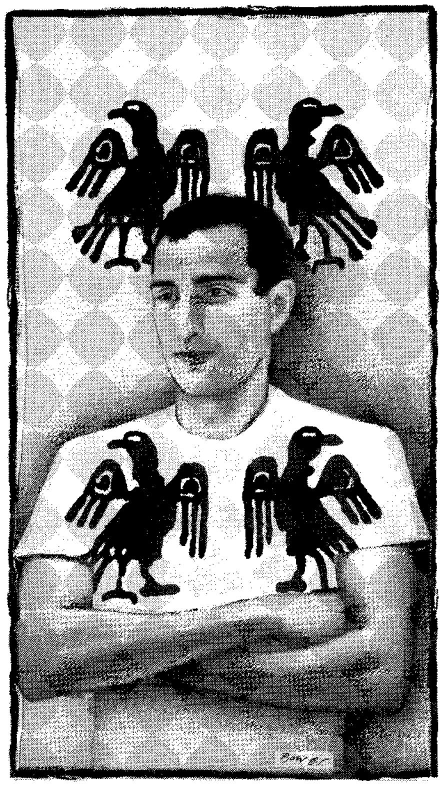

Christopher Wool

ART

OLANA is one of the rare instances where a dark house seems right. The painter Frederic Church (1826-1900) built his fabulous Persian-style mansion at one of the highest points overlooking the Hudson River, about five miles from the town of Hudson, New York. The vertiginous sweep of its cascading views would threaten to overwhelm any viewer were it not for the brick sturdiness, the woodworked and stencilled murkiness of the inside of the house. (The integrity of the view itself is being threatened by a proposal for a new Alsen coal-export terminal six miles downriver.) The visionary painter further enhanced already sublime vistas by creating his own sight lines indoors and out. For instance, he planted hundreds of trees to punctuate the eye's descent, and built a nearly heart-shaped yet naturalistic pond to reflect a nearby bend in the river. The colors of Olana's rooms, which were mixed by the painter, are simultaneously sultry and sombre and luminously offbeat. The effect of all the puces, purples, teals, ochres, dusty pinks, and terra-cottas—here and there set aglow by yellow light streaming in through partially painted and stencilled windows—is Orientalist and distinctly bohemian. The colors may also remind viewers of later paintings by the "intimist" Vuillard. Olana is without doubt an artist's house, not at all like some museum's American wing transported to bucolic surroundings. It is intensely personal. (Call 1-518 828-0135 for travel and schedule information.)

The word "Olana" is a Persian placename that suggests both "fortress" and "treasure house." James Ryan, Olana's site manager, told us that it was the fourth and final name chosen for the house by Church and his wife, Isabel, because its fortresslike quality denoted protection for "the fragility of family life at that time." Two Church children had died of diphtheria, and the "treasures," said Mr. Ryan, were Mrs. Church and the four surviving children. (Two paintings by Frederic, "Sunrise" and "Moonrise," remain in Olana's collection as tributes to the lost son and daughter.) On the cheerier side, there is the artist's topnotch collection of Mexican sombreros, and some marvellous woodworking by Lockwood de Forest, a friend of the Churches, including a strangely teensy desk. The main staircase, inspired by one the Churches saw in Rome, echoes this diminutive scale—Mrs. Church was barely five feet tall.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Art of Central Africa" is a dense and compact show drawn from the nineteenth-century holdings of the Museum für Völkerkunde, in Berlin, and includes some of the finest works known from Angola, the People's Republic of Congo, and southern Zaire. The range is quite extraordinary, but the strongest works are the "power figures," which were used for curing afflictions and for revenge. Each figure has an intense gaze, usually with its tongue sticking out of a rounded mouth, as if it were in some remote, drugged state. The most riveting figure is almost completely covered with fierce iron spikes, which were driven into it to unleash its powers. . . . ¶ The concept of painting an illusionary scene on a two-dimensional surface has always been dependent on the frame to establish the painting's world. The exhibition "Italian Renaissance Frames" brings the frames themselves to life, and demonstrates why at one time wood carving was considered a higher art than painting. Most of the frames are empty, and after a while the eye becomes so finely tuned to this delicate, often elaborate art that the occasional El Greco within may appear out of place. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ In a concurrent show, fifty-five American frames from the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries are on view. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ "Chess and Art." Perhaps Duchamp would have abandoned making art for the cerebral game of chess had he been the holder of this offbeat collection of fanciful chess sets. Included are chess pieces from various Middle Eastern cultures dating from the seventh century to the twelfth; a travelling set from nineteen-twenties Nigeria; a particularly elaborate fourteenth-century European knight carved in walrus tusk in the form of St. George and the Dragon; and the famed "Crimean War" set from the mid-nineteenth century, with the white side representing the coalition against Russia, the major pieces being portraits of the various European and North African members of the alliance (the Russian aristocracy, ironically, are the reds). There are also Man Ray's enigmatic geometric sets, with their own understated surreal touch. . . . ¶ "Reflections of the Floating World," an exhibition of Japanese Edo Period (1603-1868) wood-block prints that deal with the reflective quality of mirrors and water. Included are works by Utamaro, Hokusai, and Hiroshige. Through Oct. 28. . . . ¶ A well selected display of ninety-four Chinese ceramics spanning twenty-two centuries. There are some beautiful pieces from the Tang dynasty, including a massive horse and an elongated equestrienne, and even the simpler Cizhou ware and a Northern Sung bowl are exquisite. Through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ More than sixty sets of clothing worn by children from the eighteenth century to the twentieth are on view in the Costume Institute. Through Sept. 9. . . . **Note:** The museum's roof garden is open (when the weather is fine), with a new lineup of twentieth-century sculptures and a sixty-five-foot shade-providing pergola. Through Oct. 28. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—In the invigorating and unusually cogent exhibition "Architectural Drawings of the Russian Avant-Garde," we are given vivid pictures of several Russias, utopian and pragmatic, that might have been. We also run across the Russia that was more or less decided on by Stalin, though never built with quite the grandiloquence of, say, a 1931 proposal by the team of Gelfreikh and Shchuko for a humongous "Palace of Soviets." In this vision, some of the more instantly recognizable, Byzantine-Gothic motifs of the Doges' Palace, in Venice, are amplified with such uncouth militarism as to suggest a new bureaucracy made up of bellowing, paper-shredding Vulcans. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ The "Artist's Choice" installation assembled by Ellsworth Kelly, titled "Fragmentation and the Single Form," has a kaleidoscopic, slow-motion feel. In a compact selection of great modernist works from the museum's collection, we follow the square as it tips to form a lozenge or breaks out into a hexagon, and as it shifts from painting to sculpture to photography, as well as from abstract to human significance. The selection includes Matisse's haunting "Rose Marble Table," of 1917 (one of the artist's most powerful meditations on presence and absence, positive and negative space), and also works by Cézanne, Picasso, Braque, Léger, Picabia, Arp, Malevich, Mondrian, Miró, Giacometti, Brancusi, Edward Weston ("Mexico, D.F. [Anita]," a famous 1925 dorsal nude), and of course Kelly himself. The surprise inclusions—Audubon's 1832 "Roseate Tern"; William Bell's "Perched Rock, Rocker Creek, Arizona," a photograph from 1872; and Kelly's own photographs of Gaudí's cracked-tile surfaces in Barcelona's Güell Palace—give an aerodynamic lift and curve to what might otherwise have been simply a brilliant set piece. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ "Matisse in Morocco." The belief is becoming more widespread that Matisse's greatness has been eclipsed by Picasso's because so many of the Frenchman's best works have been hidden away in Soviet museums. The case is persuasively argued by this glorious display of paintings—close to half of them from the Pushkin and the Hermitage—and drawings that Matisse made during two trips to Morocco in 1912 and 1913. The so-called Moroccan Triptych is as sumptuous as painting gets, and all the works are so rich that it's fortunate the show is lean and concise. Through Sept. 4. . . . ¶ A retrospective featuring fifty-nine paintings by Francis Bacon. Through Aug. 28. . . . ¶ Phototext works by Lorna Simpson. Through Aug. 26. . . . ¶ "First Light," a series of twenty new black-and-white etchings by James Turrell. . . . **Note:** The museum's sculpture garden, at 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, on Fridays and Saturdays from 6 to 10, with musicians from the Juilliard School performing at 7:30. (The museum is open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The museum is closed for renovation until autumn, 1991.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Ten graphite drawings from 1965 by Ed Ruscha, related to his photography book from that year, "Some Los Angeles Apartments." Through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ If an artist's value were measured by his influence, Hans Hofmann (1880-1966) would certainly be among the most important of this century: he trained more young American hopefuls than anyone else. But one need only look at MOMA's current "Matisse in Morocco" show to realize that Hofmann was a fine but ultimately minor artist. He certainly knew how to paint, and there are many charmers in this meticulously arranged retrospective, along with a few great paintings—"Memoria in Aeternum" and "Song of the Nightingale" float to the top. But there's also a lot of well-balanced glop. Hofmann represents the beginning of the end for abstract painting, offering vision without ever being a visionary. In the long run he may be best remembered not as the mentor of Burgoyne Diller, Louise Nevelson, Alfred Jensen, and Helen Frankenthaler but as the dean of abstract painting, a teacher who transformed scores of unfocussed artists into competent ones by training them to make "good" compositions that "worked." Through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ "Maurice Prendergast (1858-1924)." A retrospective of more than a hundred oil paintings and watercolors by this popular

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artist and coörganizer of the legendary Armory Show. Through Sept. 2. (Open Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A pleasant, didactically pointless show, in the "Curator's Choice" series, of fourteen watercolors by Winslow Homer and nineteen by John Singer Sargent. The importance of this medium to these turn-of-the-century American stars is well known. Also well known are their temperamental and stylistic differences. Homer was the rugged, plainspoken, Romantic naturalist, and Sargent the deft, cosmopolitan aesthete. Several individual works on view, however, are revealing in small ways. Homer's eighteen-eighties Bahamian pictures strongly suggest themes in early nineteen-eighties work by Eric Fischl, and Sargent's charming 1908 travel sketch "In Switzerland" paints a very pretty picture of how one tall American coped with a small Alpine bed. Through Sept. 2. . . . ¶ A presentation of site-specific installations by ten artists who live and/or work in Brooklyn, including Susanne Muel, David Nyzio, John Toth, Amy Hauft, and Jeanne Brockley. Through Oct. 15. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

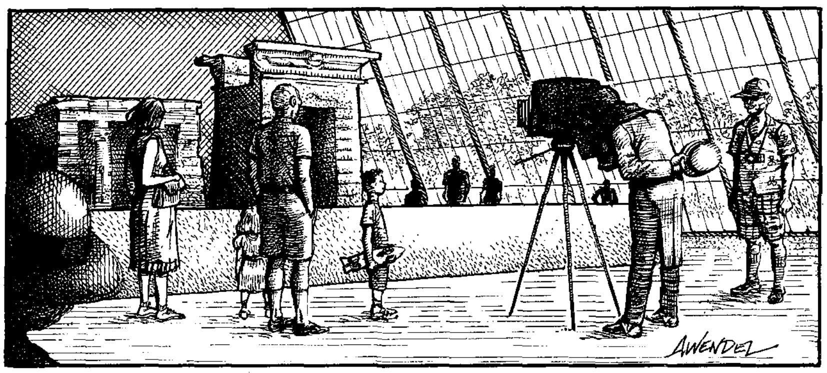
American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Shortly after King Leopold II of Belgium was forced to end his rampage through the inappropriately named Congo Free State—today's Zaire—this museum mounted an expedition through that vast area which employed thirty-eight thousand porters and lasted from 1909 to 1915. The travellers brought back fifty-four tons of collectibles, most notably the rare animals that continue to grace the dioramas in the Akeley Hall of African Mammals. This show is primarily made up of objects relating to the expedition and accumulated from the Mangbetu people of what is now northeastern Zaire: musical instruments with highly inventive figurative carvings; photographs of people with outrageous hats and hairdos; books such as "The Curse of Central Africa," from 1903, by Captain Guy Burrows; sculptures with Brancusiesque faces that should inspire further rethinking of the history of abstraction; and numerous pieces that display colonial references, including gourds carved with images of armed soldiers. (Open Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Twenty-four custom-built doghouses by contemporary architects and designers are on view in the museum's garden. There are doghouses made of bones, rawhide dog chews, and, in one case, an old television console with "Lassie Come Home" stencilled on its empty screen. Through Oct. 14. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 5 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jacques Marchais Center of Tibetan Art, 338 Lighthouse Ave., Staten Island—Jacqueline Norman Klauber was one of those great, eccentric travellers who steep themselves in a place without ever going there. Under the name Jacques Marchais, she amassed a very good collection of Tibetan art, and to house it she built a structure resembling a Tibetan mountain temple, with an acoustic-tile ceiling and rustic New York State fieldstone. It's one of New York's sweeter museums, located in a quiet hillside neighborhood on Staten Island and surrounded by a modest terraced garden. Marchais, a Midwesterner, took her Tibet seriously. "According to Buddhist law," one wall label explains, "a monk's vow can be taken when a child is old enough to scare a crow." She filled an altar and several display cases with ritualistic objects, sculptures of various deities, and portrait statues of lamas, most of it less than a few hundred years old. There is a curious collection of eleven silver implements used by the Sixth Panchen Lama to perform a fire ceremony, and a set of wood purgatory guardian figures. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 5, from April through November.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—"A Day in the Warsaw Ghetto" is an exhibition of eighty-five photographs taken in September, 1941, by German Army sergeant Heinz Jöst. . . . ¶ A show of ten paintings and drawings, and a contemporary interpretation of a sukkah, or improvised shelter, by the artist Eli Content. . . . ¶ "Why I Got Into TV and Other Stories," a retrospective of photographs, videotapes, and audio works by the California artist Ilene Segalove. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museo del Barrio—In a show of works by mid-career Puerto Rican sculptors, Melquiades Rosario Sastre, the youngest, is by far the most compelling. His sculptures—of raw and smoothed wood and, to a lesser extent, concrete and stone—are very modernistic and lyrical, somewhat in the organic spirit of Louise Bourgeois's work. Also appealing are some of Antonio Navia's pieces, which are of delicate and precise construction and are reminiscent of intricate ship models and electronic instruments. Through Oct. 14. . . . ¶ "Art Underground: A Public Art Project by Nitza Tufiño." A show of drawings, ceramic decorations, and two murals to be installed in the subway station at 103rd Street and Lexington Avenue this fall. The work is far less inspirational than the ceramic-tile decorations for the Broadway-and-86th-Street station that the artist did in collaboration with twelve secondary-school students. Through Sept. 16. (1230 Fifth Ave., at 104th St. Wednesdays through Sundays. 10 to 5.)



At the Met, photographs by Félix Teynard

Museum of American Folk Art, Columbus Ave. at 65th St.—Twenty-eight watercolors and two oil paintings by the nineteenth-century folk artist Jacob Maentel. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, 9 to 9.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The Gibson Girl's heyday, from 1895 to 1905, is celebrated in a show of fourteen full costumes, along with drawings, photographs, and memorabilia. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit devoted to Portugal's pioneering maritime exploration, notably of Brazil, and its impact on European culture. Maps, treaties, and navigational instruments from the mid-fifteenth century to the late sixteenth are on display, along with manuscripts, letters, and paintings. Through Sept. 1. (Gottesman Exhibition Hall. Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.)

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum, 32-37 Vernon Blvd., at 33rd Road, Long Island City—Noguchi (1904-88), one of the twentieth century's singular talents, designed this oasis for more than two hundred and fifty of his sculptures. It contains a wide range of his work—from the early surrealistic biomorphic sculptures to several types of stone carvings—and documentation of his prodigious public art. The centerpiece of the museum is a peaceful, ivy-walled garden dotted with the artist's works. (Open Wednesdays and Saturdays, 11 to 6.)

Queens Museum, Flushing Meadow Park—"The Expressionist Surface." It is doubtful whether this show of contemporary art in plaster will result in increased sales of the material. But no matter how silly the exhibition is, it is probably worth a visit, if only to see several superb early George Segal sculptures, from 1958, a clear reminder of his roots in Abstract Expressionism. There are also a few works from the late fifties and early sixties by the Bay Area sculptor Manuel Neri, a fine, underrated artist whose best side is perhaps not so visible here. But most of the work by the fourteen other artists is clearly in the shadow of Segal. Through Aug. 26. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

Michael Kidner—A latter-day Constructivist whose work is generated by systems governing algebraic permutations and the "optics of color." Kidner has a nice, plummy, boatman's or carpenter's sense of materials, particularly wood and string. "The Net (From Mies van der Rohe to Freiburg Cathedral)," a 1987 movable wall construction made of elastic, wood, hooks, and steel rings, is arguably the pièce de résistance. It suggests a platform-tennis court deconstructed by a mercurial and romantic ball boy. Here, as elsewhere, we are met with an impeccable nonobjective literalism. Through Oct. 20. (Center for International Contemporary Arts, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

"Rediscovering Pompeii"—The mood of this show of recent excavations is fascinating and bizarre. Viewers in the darkened rooms of the main exhibition space are greeted by a recessed, circular pit containing a "Woman from Oplontis," whose painfully contorted remains are cast in resin. Among the many gorgeous and refined objects here is the dazzling "Bronze Hand from the Cult of Sabazius." It not only rivals Donatello but serves as one of the very few overt examples of the Pompeians' focus on sex—their unabashed and very famous erotica was a cornerstone of daily life. This fact is discreetly mentioned in the exhibition, yet only Sabazius' busy hand and one Augustine phallus, it seems, were considered fit for our eyes in this age. Through Sept. 15. (I.B.M. Gallery of Science and Art, Madison Ave. at 56th St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

"Detritus"—A show of work in mixed mediums by twelve artists that addresses what is perhaps *the* subject of the year. Unfortunately, the treatment is a bit, well, spotty. There are some glaring omissions, such as Cady Noland's lyrical trash assemblages, and a couple of tired inclusions, such as one of Bruce Nauman's over-familiar waxen "Skinned Cats." But looking at a summer show with an ambitious theme often means having to take what can be got, and we do get Tony Cragg, a brilliant old hand at garbage if there ever was one, along with promising young rag-pickers like Jessica Stockholder—represented here by two-by-fours sporting wigs and newsprint—and Curtis Mitchell, whose piece consists of a distressed-velvet drape with a stain. Also included in the exhibition are Alan Belcher's very direct "Spit on Mink," Georg Herold's ethereally icky "Caviar Painting," Matthew McCaslin's site-specific plumbing-pipe construction, Kevin Carter's faux mummy, and one of Petah Coyne's darkly brooding, mutant hornets' nests. Through Aug. 31. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **Cole,** 200 W. 57th St.: The front room of the gallery features prints by a nice range of early-twentieth-century American artists. Chief among them is a lithograph by George Bellows of his most famous image, the boxers Dempsey and Firpo, and a lithograph by Stuart Davis of a highly animated Cubist figure at the seashore. In the second room are drawings by some of the same artists, including fine landscape sketches by Davis and a group by Reginald Marsh on his two favorite themes: burlesque and the beach. There's also an amusing Rockwell Kent titled "Wrestling the Enemy," with two hardhats fighting a huge snake covered with swastikas. Through Aug. 31. . . . **Galerie St.**

ETIENNE, 24 W. 57th St.: Recent gallery acquisitions by Gustav Klimt, Egon Schiele, George Grosz, Max Klinger, Käthe Kollwitz, various Wiener Werkstätte artists, and the redoubtable Sue Coe. Seeing Coe in proximity to Kollwitz is especially interesting. They are nearly exact opposites, though both aim for essentially the same expressionistic, empathic, and incriminating effects. Where Kollwitz distills all sorrows into "universal," quasi-ecclesiastical images—bereft mothers, work-worn hands—Coe hits our collective jugular through the journalistic precision of her slaughterhouse scenes and the fierce theatrics of her allegories, which are always of highly specific evils. Through Aug. 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MARIAN GOODMAN,** 24 W. 57th St.: A handsome show of gallery artists and a few others. Many of the pieces have a surrealistic edge: Claes Oldenburg's sculpture of a heel yanked from a shoe; Rebecca Horn's contraption that dusts a pair of nipple-soled sneakers with pink face powder; Richard Artschwager's Formica-and-metal quasi-musical instrument; newcomer Juan Muñoz's bronze lady in a bowl with podlike arms and brass-bell hands; and even Giuseppe Penone's bronze leaves pressed between wood branches. But other qualities are evident as well. Lothar Baumgarten's installation is a touching but tricky portrait of the railroads that helped shape this country and annihilate the native population in the process, and Thomas Struth's magnetic photograph of a conservator at work in a Naples cathedral manages to be both documentary and operatic. Through Aug. 31. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St.: This gallery has perfected the art of display. In this show, a first-rate assortment of minimal and minimalist paintings, all from the "right" dates—a red Reinhardt, a blue-and-green Kelly, a masking-tape Ryman, a 1974 Mangold, and an exquisitely grayed Marden, among others—surrounds the exhibition's only gestural work, a luscious orange de Kooning from 1978, which, rather than confounding the finely honed selection, gives it body. Through Aug. 24.

GALLERIES—SoHo

CHRISTOPHER WOOL—Large paintings on paper, of either a Penckian phoenix or what might be described as a black putto done in the racist style of thirties Hollywood movies. The two images are arranged in various combinations—singly, in pairs, as friezes. The paintings are smart-ass, cynical works about the state of originality and the role of the artist in today's art world, but they are also surprisingly penetrating and pack a hard punch. Through Sept. 12. (Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **ALEXANDER,** 59 Wooster St.: A show that offers the opportunity to examine how certain artists who experienced a tremendous amount of attention a decade ago are developing into full maturity. John Ahearn's two works—one a freestanding sculpture of a spread-legged, dreadlocked boy, the other a wall relief of what could be a father and a son—are in a realist form but embody the Expressionist spirit. Robin Winters' works—two bedside tables with drawings in their drawers, handblown glassware atop them, and a very eccentric painting on the wall between them—formalize the incidental in an affecting and somewhat subversive way. Tom Otterness's bronze floor sculpture of half a head, in heroic W.P.A. style, embodies no less than a dismantling of the old macho order. Through Aug. 24. . . . **LORENCE-MONK,** 578 Broadway: This show features lots of pristine minimalist painting, all of it beautiful. Some of the work, like Alan Uglow's, is overly precious; some, like Günter Umberg's, with its velvety sumptuousness, is less so. There's also some messiness here, in the form of Ursula von Rydingsvärd's hacked-wood sculptures and Kim Jones' mud-splattered cube of newspapers. But, over all, a bit more soul, a dash of oomph, would help measurably. Through Aug. 24. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PACE,** 142 Greene St.: It looks like the Pace gallery opened its grand SoHo space just in the nick of time. Practically everything here is about scale; even a large Nevelson looks humble in this context. A huge Serra angled-wedge drawing in oil stick is both heroic and resistant to a heroic reading. A soft version of a painted steel sculpture by Oldenburg, envisioned here in a fallen state—it seems to have been yanked from the ground—is loaded with pathos and expresses the uprooting of patriarchal authority. Condo delivers an amusing if unintentional recapitulation of modern Spanish painting, with a portrait of Krazy Kat thrown in. And Ryman is represented by a fine multipanelled work seen at auction last year in a damaged state but here looking real cool. Through Aug. 31. . . . **WEBER,** 142 Greene St.: Especially notable in this handsome show are a sheltering fabric-and-wood wall construction by Franz Erhard Walther that follows in the medical/shamanistic line of Beuys; two 1966 stripe paintings by the elegant, subversive Daniel Buren; two expressionistic wood sculptures by Mel Kendrick; and two walls full of the shiny, black-centered painted plaster surrogates of Allan McCollum, which walk the line between ennui and magic with intelligence, wit, and concision. Through Aug. 31.

OTHER VENUES

THE ANCHORAGE—The artists exhibiting this summer in New York's most dramatic space for contemporary art, the vaulted brick anchorage beneath the Brooklyn Bridge, take very seriously the various indications that our golden society is falling apart. As usual, the quality is uneven, and some things look much better than they actually are. There is an overabundance of sound installations with echoing voices and low-level, mood-evoking blue lights. (One includes the spoken text "We are the names of time. To talk is human.") But there are also some very affecting works. Jim Goldberg has constructed a full-size house of the picket-fence variety; on its exterior he has projected slides of homeless youths and their drawings, which describe in documentary detail the squalor, danger, and isolation in which they live. Nancy Rubins has erected a personal public monument, a memorial to a collaborator who died recently of AIDS. It is a massive piece that is composed of a huge dead oak tree and sixty thousand pounds of rubble from a sculpture they constructed together, most of it contained now in sealed metal cases. In a simple, stark sound show, Jerri Allyn makes such commonsense statements as "Jasper Johns sells in the millions, paintings with defaced flag use" and "Wouldn't you love to hear Rohrabacher tell us why Courbet's rollicking, and decidedly lesbian-looking, women are glorious?," and repeatedly wonders what it would take to "get the sixty per cent we rarely hear from to write to their Senate and their Congress" in support of freedom of speech and the N.E.A. Through Oct. 7. (Cadman Plaza West at Front St., Brooklyn. Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

SNUG HARBOR CULTURAL CENTER, 1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island—The 1990 sculpture festival features the usual range of lacklustre, uninspired public art on these otherwise glorious grounds. Some of the drearier works are a multipart "environmental" piece in which an artist has placed binoculars in various locales to "frame" the landscape, and the grandly titled "Nectar for Neptune," in which a tree has been rigged so that it splatters an old fountain with a piddle of water. Some works are better, however. Kit-Yin Snyder has constructed a more fitting tribute to the site and the gods with an outdoor structure in the form of the Temple of Jupiter, at Pompeii. It echoes the five magnificent Greek Revival structures of Snug Harbor, and is made out of young evergreens and shallow reflecting pools. It's a shame this is only a temporary work. Down a dirt road worthy of Stephen King, past crumbling iron fences that are now home to occasional passages of satanic graffiti, Jeff Spaulding has arranged a number of dead trees in mock voodoo rituals, including a particularly violent cluster featuring Christmas trees that died without ever being unbound. Through Oct. 28. (Daily, dawn to dusk.) . . . ¶ At the Newhouse Center for Contemporary Art, on the grounds of the cultural center: "Family Stories," a show of autobiographical art works in many shapes and sizes. Almost all of them are embarrassingly bad. Among the few exceptions are the large black-and-white staged family photographs of Nic Nicosia, and the real documentary photographs of immigrant and native Chinese communities by Pok-Chi Lau. There are also some large, poignant, and dignified drawings by Whitfield Lovell of such familialia as a literal family tree, which seems to have been inspired by Hispanic folk portraiture. (Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

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PHOTOGRAPHY

LADY CLEMENTINA HAWARDEN (1823-1865) *is no longer a delicious secret*, now that an exhibition of her Victorian photographs has been organized. Originally put together by Virginia Dodier at the Victoria and Albert Museum, in London, the show, in a smaller version, is now at the Museum of Modern Art, here in New York. Hawarden treats her female subjects with unparalleled grace: she wraps them with light, she reflects them in mirrors, she presents them as embodiments of soul, isolating this sense of internal life in rooms whose interiors are pregnant with aura. This is work of astounding subtlety and beauty.

PATRICK FAIGENBAUM / SUZANNE LAFONT—Intriguingly stiff and rather plain black-and-white photographs of Italian aristocrats, posing in their homes full of incredible art, furniture, and decorative splendor. Old World in every sense. / Multipanelled black-and-white pieces combining closeup profiles of various faces. They're cinematic and photographic all at once—in a certain way, they're like New Wave mug shots. Through Sept. 7. (Pace-MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. Closes at 4 on Fridays.)

FÉLIX TEYNARD (1817-92)—The Met has mounted a passionate show of thirty-five primarily architectural views of Egypt taken from 1851 to 1852 by this French civil engineer. At the time, each photograph was still an almost miraculous event, and in these pictures you can feel how everything counted, how nothing about the process was taken for granted. The salted paper Teynard used has a marvellous delicacy compared with today's slicker, thicker papers, and it contributes to the over-all sense of awe and achievement. An ironic feature of this show is the inclusion of Teynard's photo of the Temple of Dendur —*the very same monument that is now on* view in the Museum's Sackler wing. Through Sept. 9. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.)

EDWARD WESTON (1886-1953) / **ARNOLD EAGLE**—This exhibition of a hundred and eighteen portraits and nudes from 1914 to 1943 includes photos of James Cagney, E. E. Cummings, José Clemente Orozco, Jean Charlot, Isamu Noguchi, and Igor Stravinsky. / Sixty black-and-white prints from the thirties and forties of New York's tenements and elevated subways, and the people within them. Through Sept. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

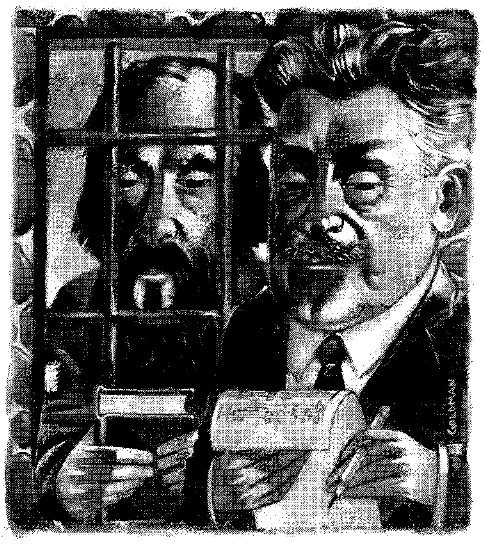
"PHOTOGRAPHERS' MUSES"—A show of seven very different photographers that provides generous examples of each artist's portrayal of his or her subject. It is a heavenly experience to see such a selection of Edward Weston's pictures of Charis Wilson, or Harry Callahan's loving shots of his wife, Eleanor, and daughter, Barbara, or—the surprise of the show—*Fernand Fonssagrives on Lisa* Fonssagrives. And to view the individual styles of three extraordinary photographers of glamour—Cecil Beaton, George Hurrell, and today's wild and wonderful Steven Meisel—is fascinating. For instance, the eighties and nineties punch and sense of sculptural form in Meisel's photos of Linda Evangelista contrast profoundly with Beaton's rather plain-Jane approach to Garbo. The seventh photographer is Sheila Metzner; with her inspiration, Rick Di Nome, she breaks the pattern of female muses that dominates in the history books and in this show. Through Aug. 24. (Danziger, 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

SHORT LIST—**MARILYN BRIDGES,** International Center of Photography Midtown, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St. (daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8, through Sept. 2); **LADY CLEMENTINA HAWARDEN,** Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (through Oct. 9); **LINNAEUS TRIPE** and **SUZANNE OPTON,** Lowinsky, 584 Broadway (closed Mondays, open Saturdays, through Aug. 31).

MUSIC

ANYONE who reads Dostoyevski's *"Memoirs from the* House of the Dead" must be faintly puzzled, though perhaps without noticing, at the outset. (Dostoyevski spent four years at Omsk for a political offense, and the book is partly an autobiographical account.) Everything we are prepared to believe about life in a Siberian penal fortress turns on horror, dehumanization, brutal and arbitrary severity, degradation. Yet the narrator of this tale, in three meandering and sometimes contradictory chapters called "First Impressions," speaks of "food . . . fairly adequate," *of authorities who* "seemed willing to turn a blind eye" on infractions of rules, of work "that did not seem . . . so very heavy or *penal,*" of an "honourable and intelligent" superintendent who sometimes curbed the excesses of harsh subordinates. We quickly learn that prisoners are permitted to do their own work in spare hours, and that for the money earned thereby vodka, prostitutes, and food and clothing from the outside world are readily available. Of course there are dreadful things too, but by the time we are weighing up just what sort of life is being described we have known for some while that the book is not a horror yarn. Dostoyevski's report is not of dehumanization but of humanity in the sharpest, most apparent focus.

It is not surprising that Leoš Janáček should have grasped this undramatic narrative in all its subtlety; it is difficult to think of another opera composer both so complete in *his human responsiveness and so* boldly unconventional in his choice of subjects. "From the House of the Dead" was his last opera; he never put finishing touches on it or saw it through production, and to the students who edited the score after his death it seemed incomplete in orchestration. For a long time, it was done (when done at all) in an adaptation that attempted to make it more sharply dramatic and more obvious. But as Janáček's reputation has risen and as his most popular works have become repertory mainstays in operatic capitals (last and least in New York, but this is changing), producers have become willing to trust the strange opera in its original form. The work has been heard locally, it seems, only in concert (Rafael Kubelik brought it in for a season to the Philharmonic). Now the New York City Opera is offering a full production, directed by Rhoda Levine and conducted by Christopher Keene, opening August 28. An important event—and, since Mr. Keene has said he hopes to mount a comprehensive cycle of Janáček productions, an even more important beginning.



At City Opera, "From the House of the Dead": Fyodor Dostoyevski, author, and Leoš Janáček, composer

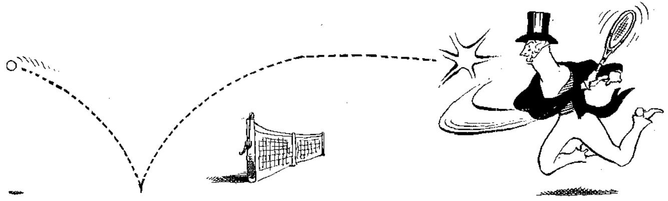
IN TOWN

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Final performance in this year's series of free outdoor concerts—A *salute (with fireworks) to the centennial of* Carnegie Hall. Zubin Mehta conducts, among other works, Sibelius's Second Symphony, and is joined by Isaac Stern for Max Bruch's Violin Concerto. (Central Park's Great Lawn. Aug. 20 at 8. For rain-date information, call 580-8700, ext. 227.)

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—Aug. 20: The Beaux Arts Trio plays chamber music by Mozart, Schubert, and Smetana. . . . ¶ Aug. 21-22: Neeme Järvi conducts the Mostly Mostly Festival Orchestra in Niels Gade's Fourth Symphony and Arvo Pärt's "Collage on B-A-C-H." The concert also includes two Mozart concertos, with pianist Walter Klien and violinist Leonidas Kavakos. . . . ¶ Aug. 23: The Takacs String Quartet plays Beethoven, and is joined by pianist Yefim Bronfman and hornist Barry Tuckwell for chamber music by Mozart. . . . ¶ Aug. 24-25: Neeme Järvi conducts the orchestra in Johan Helmich Roman's "Drottningholm Music," and works of Mozart: his "Jupiter" Symphony, C-Major Piano Concerto, K. 415 (with Louis Lortie), and Sinfonia Concertante, K. 364, (with violinist Cho-Liang Lin and violist Jaime Laredo). (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Evenings at 8.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—**LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR,** with Gail Dobish, Robert Brubaker, Mark Rucker, and Stefan Szkafarowsky; conducted by Louis Salemno. (Aug. 21 at 8 and Aug. 26 at 2.) . . . **LE NOZZE DI FIGARO,** with Joan Gibbons, Madelyn Monti, Helene Schneiderman, Herbert Perry, and Kenneth Shaw; Scott Bergeson. (Aug. 22 at 8.) . . . **TOSCA,** with Edith Davis, Stefano Algieri, and Harry Dworchak; Louis Salemno. (Aug. 24 at 8.) . . . **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC,** with Sally Ann Howes, Regina Resnik, George Lee Andrews, Kevin Anderson, and Michael Maguire; Paul Gemignani. (Aug. 25 at 2.) . . . **CARMEN,** with Sharon Graham, Renée Fleming, John Absalom, and Gordon Hawkins; Hal France. (Aug. 25 at 8.) . . . With Sharon Graham, Michele Boucher, Brian Hilt, and Dean Peterson; Hal France. (Aug. 29 at 8.) . . . **FROM THE HOUSE OF THE DEAD,** a new production by Rhoda Levine of Janáček's opera, in English (with supertitles), with John Absalom, Jon Garrison, Eugene Perry, Harlan Foss, and John Calvin West; Christopher Keene. (Aug. 28 at 8.) (New York State Theatre. 870-5570.)

BARGEMUSIC—Ik-Hwan Bae, violin, and Joseph Villa, *piano, play music by Brahms and*



Grieg. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn, 1-718 624-4061. Aug. 23-24 at 7:30 and Aug. 26 at 4.)

"Glasnost in the Bronx"—The Bronx Arts Ensemble and the Leningrad Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Alexander Kantorov, perform music by Mozart, Tchaikovsky, and Alexander Radvilovich. (Van Cortlandt Park, the Bronx. Aug. 26 at 2. No tickets necessary. For information, call 549-1899.)

Georgian Woodwind Quintet—In its New York début. (Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. Aug. 28 at 8. Admission by contribution.)

OUT OF TOWN

Tanglewood—Final performances of the season—Aug. 21 at 2:30: The annual "Tanglewood on Parade" program features offerings by resident student musicians and an evening concert (at 8:30). Seiji Ozawa, André Previn, and John Williams take turns at the podium, leading the Boston Symphony and the Tanglewood Music Center Orchestra in the festive program, which includes Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" (with pianist Christopher O'Riley) and ends with Tchaikovsky's "1812 Overture" and a display of fireworks. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 9: The New York Philharmonic, conducted by Zubin Mehta, performs Sibelius, William Schuman, and (with soloist Stanley Drucker) Mozart's Clarinet Concerto. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 8:30: Leonard Slatkin leads the Boston Symphony in Mussorgsky's "Pictures at an Exhibition," Sibelius's Violin Concerto (with Joshua Bell), and the world première of David Lang's "International Business Machine" Overture. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directs the Boston Symphony, the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, and tenor Frank Lopardo in Berlioz's "Requiem." (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1940.)

JAZZ / POP / ROCK PERSONAL APPEARANCES

Chicago—A staple of adult-oriented-rock stations, Chicago, after more than twenty years on the pop charts, shows no signs of giving up. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 247-4777. Aug. 21-22 at 8.)

Janet Jackson—"I've always wanted an identity of my own," she said recently. "That's the reason I did the 'Control' album on my own, and this record ['Rhythm Nation'] on my own." Well, not quite. You-know-who's little sister had acted in sitcoms and made a couple of dismissable albums before Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis, two of Minneapolis's best songwriters and producers, became her Svengalis and crafted her two blockbuster records. Her popular videos were directed by the best in the business, and Paula Abdul was one of her choreographers. Jackson is, apparently, shy and sweet, yet she seems manufactured, fake. On her new album, the swinging nasty girl has turned into a socially conscious woman, and her music has become stiff and formulaic (the uniforms and unison dancing in her latest videos don't help, either). (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 422-9222. Aug. 28 at 8. . . . ¶ Meadowlands Arena. 1-201 935-3900. Aug. 30 at 8.)

Jones Beach Theatre—Aug. 21-22 at 8: The Beach Boys. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 8: **Sinéad O'Connor.** It seems everywhere you turn people are humming Sinéad O'Connor's Prince-penned smash, "Nothing Compares 2 U." O'Connor's big, gorgeous album "I Do Not Want What I Haven't Got" is the first great record of the year (the one against which all others will be judged). This twenty-three-year-old artist has crafted some mysterious, shimmering laments here, and anyone who happened to catch her on MTV's "Unplugged" heard how compelling, and intimate, her singing can be. O'Connor's command of the stage is astonishing—her performances are alternately tender and brutal. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 8: Little Feat. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 8: Frank Sinatra, Don Rickles, and Pia Zadora. (1-516 221-1000.)

SPORTS

HOME TEAMS

Mets—Vs. the San Diego Padres, Aug. 28-29 at 7:35.

Yankees—Vs. the Toronto Blue Jays, Aug. 20-22 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Milwaukee Brewers, Aug. 23-24 at 7:30 and Aug. 25-26 at 1:30.

Giants/Jets—The rivals kick off their annual exhibition game Aug. 25 at 8. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. 1-201 935-3900.) (Home base for the Mets is Shea Stadium, 1-718 507-8499; and for the Yankees, Yankee Stadium, 293-6000.)

RACING

Horses—At Saratoga Springs: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1. The West Point Handicap is on Aug. 22, the Hopeful is on Aug. 25, and the Spinaway is on Aug. 27. Through Aug. 27. . . . At Monmouth Park, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30. The Philip Iselin Handicap is on Aug. 25. Through Sept. 1. . . . At the Atlantic City Race Course: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:25. Through Sept. 1. . . . At Belmont: Racing starts Aug. 29 with the Gazelle Handicap. . . . **TROTTING** at Yonkers Raceway: Weeknights at 8, and Tuesdays at 1. . . . At Saratoga Raceway, Saratoga Springs: Mondays through Saturdays at 7:45.

TENNIS

Tournament of Champions—A warmup, for some, for the U.S. Open. Aug. 21-26 at the West Side Tennis Club, in Forest Hills. Expect to see Ivan Lendl, Jimmy Connors, Aaron Krickstein, and others. For information about tickets, call 1-718 261-2560.

U.S. Open—The best players in the world will be on the courts at the U.S.T.A. National Tennis Center in Flushing Meadow, from Aug. 27 through Sept. 9. For information about match times and tickets, call 1-718 271-5100.

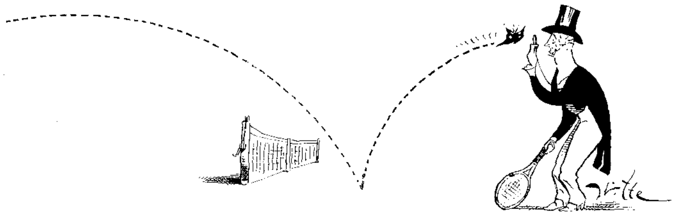
THE GREAT OUTDOORS

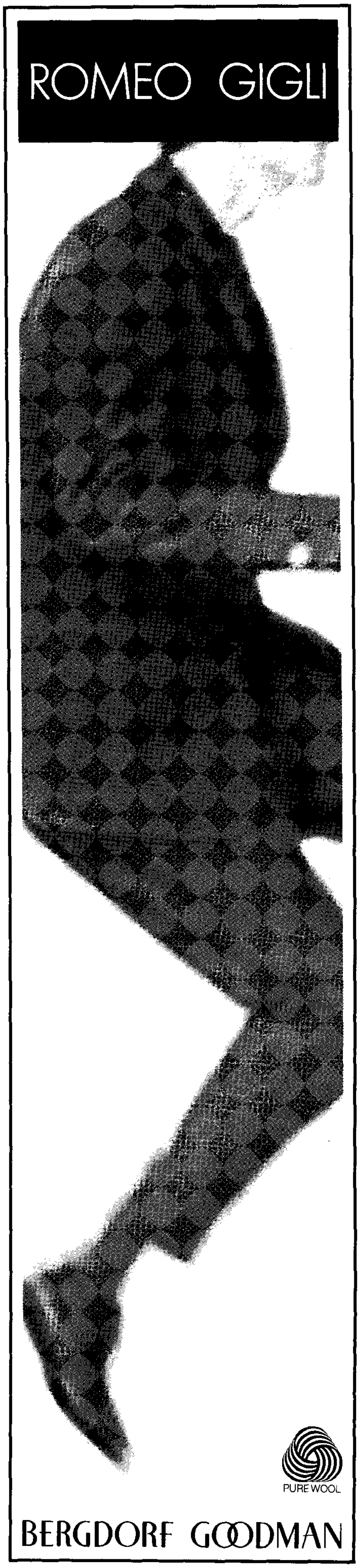
Walking Tours—Terry Miller leads a hike through the East Village, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. (Aug. 26 at 1. For reservations, call 534-1672, ext. 206.) . . . ¶ Sarah Elliott leads a walk through Central Park; dragonflies and butterflies will be her subject. (Aug. 26 at 2. Meets at Belvedere Castle, mid-Park at 79th St.)

Koko Taylor—A concert on a Circle Line boat. (Pier 81, Twelfth Ave. at 41st St. Aug. 24; boarding starts at 7 and 9:30. For information about tickets, call 956-5550.)

Tania Libertad and Ray Barretto—A musical offering by Festival Latino. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Aug. 27 at 8. Free tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—Final performances—Aug. 21 at 5:30: Laurie Carlos and Don Meissner. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at noon: Marco Rizo and his Latin-jazz quartet. . . . At 5:30: The Abel/Steinberg/Winant trio. . . . At 8:15: David Borden (the première of his "Angels, Visions, and Apparitions") and the Mother Mallard Ensemble. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 5:30: The Bread and Puppet Theatre. . . . At 8:15: David Borden and the Mother Mallard Ensemble. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 5:30: The Bread and Puppet Theatre. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at noon: Voices of Thunder. . . . At 1: Cathy Fink and Marcy Marxer. . . . At 2: Aztec Two-Step. . . . At 3: Utah Phillips. . . . At 4: The Boarding Party. . . . At 5: Robin and Linda Williams. . . . At 6: Lightnin' Bug Rhodes Blues Band. . . . At 7: The Nashville Bluegrass Band. . . . At 8:30: Dr. John. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at noon: Good Ol' Persons. . . . At 1: John Jackson. . . . At 2: Lee Cloud and the Original Northernaires. . . . At 3: Herdman, Hills & Mangsen. . . . At 4: Pat Cannon and the Foot and Fiddle Dance Company. . . . At 5: Bob Gibson. . . . At 6: The Killing Floor, with Larry Dale, Bob Gaddy, and Rosco Gordon. . . . At 7:30: Tommy Makem. . . . At 8:45: Doug Kershaw. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 8:15: Charles Mingus's "Epitaph"; conducted by Gunther Schuller. (Lincoln Center. No tickets necessary.)





GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29			

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "The Two Jakes" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: (Separate admissions) "The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover" (†); and "Jesus of Montreal" (directed by Denys Arcand; in French), with Lothaire Bluteau. From Aug. 24: "After Dark, My Sweet" (James Foley), with Jason Patric, Rachel Ward, and Bruce Dern.
Theatre 3: "The Unbelievable Truth" (Hal Hartley), with Robert Burke, Adrienne Shelly, and Christopher Cooke.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 21: "The Two Jakes" (†). From Aug. 22: "Pump Up the Volume" (Allan Moyle), with Christian Slater.
Theatre 5: "Wild at Heart" (†).
Theatre 6: "Wild at Heart" (†).

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Aug. 21-23: "The Rules of the Game" (1939, Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; "A Day in the Country" (1937, Renoir; in French), with Gabriello, Jeanne Marken, and Sylvia Bataille; and "La Grande Illusion" (1937, Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio.
From Aug. 24: A festival of documentary and short films from Latin America.

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "The Freshman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Presumed Innocent" (†).
Theatre 3: "My Blue Heaven" (Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin, Rick Moranis, and Joan Cusack.

Bijou Cinema, 3rd Ave. between 12th and 13th. (505-7320)
"Mo' Better Blues" (†).

Loews 19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Freshman" (†).
Theatre 2: "Air America" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Mel Gibson and Robert Downey, Jr.
Theatre 3: "Ghost" (†).
Theatre 4: "Presumed Innocent" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Two Jakes" (†).
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 23: "Arachnophobia" (†). From Aug. 24: "Delta Force 2" (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Taking Care of Business" (Arthur Hiller), with James Belushi, Charles Grodin, Anne DeSalvo, and Mako.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Exorcist III" (William Peter Blatty), with George C. Scott and Ed Flanders.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Ghost" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "Mo' Better Blues" (†). From Aug. 22: "Pump Up the Volume" (Allan Moyle), with Christian Slater.
Theatre 3: "The Two Jakes" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Presumed Innocent" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Problem Child" (Dennis Dugan), with John Ritter.

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "My Blue Heaven" (Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin, Rick Moranis, and Joan Cusack.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "Pretty Woman" (†). From Aug. 24: "Men at Work" (Emilio Estevez), with Charlie Sheen and Estevez.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through Aug. 23: "Young Guns II" (†).
From Aug. 24: "The Sound of Music" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
Through Aug. 23: "Quick Change" (†).
From Aug. 24: "After Dark, My Sweet" (James Foley), with Jason Patric, Rachel Ward, Bruce Dern, George Dickerson, and James Cotton.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Exorcist III" (William Peter Blatty), with George C. Scott.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: (Matinées only) "Ducktales, The Movie: Treasure of the Lost Lamp" (Bob Hathcock), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Another 48 Hrs." (Walter Hill), with Eddie Murphy and Nick Nolte. From Aug. 24: "Darkman" (Sam Raimi), with Liam Neeson and Frances McDormand.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Flatliners" (Joel Schumacher), with Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts, Kevin Bacon, William Baldwin, and Oliver Platt.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.
Theatre 2: "Mo' Better Blues" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Presumed Innocent" (†).
Theatre 2: "Taking Care of Business" (Arthur Hiller), with James Belushi.
Theatre 3: "Through Aug. 23: "Dick Tracy" (†). From Aug. 24: "Bye Bye Blues" (Anne Wheeler), with Rebecca Jenkins, Luke Reilly, Robyn Stevan, Michael Ontkean, and Kate Reid.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Air America" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Mel Gibson and Robert Downey, Jr.
Theatre 2: "The Freshman" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Wild at Heart" (†).

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Two Jakes" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "The Two Jakes" (†). From Aug. 22: "Pump Up the Volume" (Allan Moyle), with Christian Slater.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Aug. 23: "Presumed Innocent" (†).
From Aug. 24: "The Witches" (Nicolas Roeg), with Anjelica Huston.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Ghost" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Two Jakes" (†).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 23: "Mo' Better Blues" (†). From Aug. 24: "Darkman" (Sam Raimi), with Liam Neeson and Frances McDormand.
Theatre 2: "Flatliners" (Joel Schumacher), with Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts, Kevin Bacon, William Baldwin, and Oliver Platt.

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "My Blue Heaven" (Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin, Rick Moranis, and Joan Cusack.
Theatre 2: "Taking Care of Business" (Arthur Hiller), with James Belushi.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker Street Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "Ariel" (†).
Theatre 2: "Fun Down There" (directed by Roger Stigliano), with Michael Waite.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Flatliners" (Joel Schumacher), with Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts, Kevin Bacon, William Baldwin, and Oliver Platt.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis. From Aug. 24: "Darkman" (Sam Raimi), with Liam Neeson and Frances McDormand.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through Aug. 23: "Air America" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Mel Gibson and Robert Downey, Jr.
From Aug. 24: "The Witches" (Nicolas Roeg), with Anjelica Huston.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Mo' Better Blues" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ghost" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Taking Care of Business" (Arthur Hiller), with James Belushi.
Theatre 2: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.
Theatre 4: "Life Is a Long Quiet River" (Etienne Chatiliez, in French).

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 23: "Problem Child" (Dennis Dugan), with John Ritter. From Aug. 24: "After Dark, My Sweet" (James Foley), with Jason Patric, Rachel Ward, and Bruce Dern.
Theatre 2: "The Exorcist III" (William Peter Blatty), with George C. Scott.
Theatre 3: "Mo' Better Blues" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 23: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis. From Aug. 24: "The Witches" (Nicolas Roeg), with Anjelica Huston.
Theatre 5: "Flatliners" (Joel Schumacher), with Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts, Kevin Bacon, William Baldwin, and Oliver Platt.
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 23: "Mo' Better Blues" (†). From Aug. 24: "Life Is Cheap . . . But Toilet Paper Is Expensive" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 7: "My Blue Heaven" (Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin, Rick Moranis, and Joan Cusack.
Theatre 8: "Wild at Heart" (†).
Theatre 9: Through Aug. 23: "Wild at Heart" (†). From Aug. 24: "Darkman" (Sam Raimi), with Liam Neeson and Frances McDormand.

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Dick Tracy" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 21: "Young Guns II" (†). From Aug. 22: "Pump Up the Volume" (Allan Moyle), with Christian Slater.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 23: (Matinées only) "The Jungle Book" (1967), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and (evenings only) "Arachnophobia" (†). From Aug. 24: "Men at Work" (Emilio Estevez), with Charlie Sheen and Estevez.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Ducktales, The Movie: Treasure of the Lost Lamp" (Bob Hathcock), an animated film.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: A festival of films from Latin America. For information, call 598-7155.

Liam Neeson in "Darkman"

Theatre 2: "The Exorcist III" (William Peter Blatty), with George C. Scott and Ed Flanders.

Theatre 3: A festival of films from Latin America. For information, call 598-7155.

Theatre 4: "Wild at Heart" (†).

Theatre 5: "Mo' Better Blues" (†).

Theatre 6: Through Aug. 23: "Problem Child" (Dennis Dugan), with John Ritter. From Aug. 24: "After Dark, My Sweet" (James Foley), with Jason Patric, Rachel Ward, and Bruce Dern.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Flatliners" (Joel Schumacher), with Kiefer Sutherland, Julia Roberts, Kevin Bacon, William Baldwin, and Oliver Platt.

Loews Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)

"The Freshman" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Aug. 20: "Life Is a Long Quiet River" (Etienne Chatiliez; in French).

Aug. 21-23: Theatre closed.

From Aug. 24: "Akira Kurosawa's Dreams" (Kurosawa; in Japanese).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)

"The Unbelievable Truth" (Hal Hartley), with Robert Burke, Adrienne Shelly, and Christopher Cooke.

Carnegie Screening Room, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (757-2131)

"Daddy Is Dyin' . . . Who Got the Will?" (Jack Fisk), with Beau Bridges, Keith Carradine, Beverly d'Angelo, Tess Harper, and Judge Reinhold.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Metropolitan" (Whit Stillman), with Edward Clements, Carolyn Farina, Christopher Eigeman, and Taylor Nichols.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Problem Child" (Dennis Dugan), with John Ritter.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Ghost" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)

"Wild at Heart" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 23: "Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!" (†). From Aug. 24: "The Icicle Thief" (Maurizio Nichetti; in Italian), with Nichetti.

Theatre 2: "Cinema Paradiso" (Giuseppe Tornatore; in Italian), with Philippe Noiret and Salvatore Cascio.

Theatre 3: "May Fools" (†).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

"Mo' Better Blues" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)

Theatre 1: "Taking Care of Business" (Arthur Hiller), with James Belushi.

Theatre 2: "My Blue Heaven" (Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin, Rick Moranis, and Joan Cusack.

Theatre 3: "The Two Jakes" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Freshman" (†).

Theatre 5: "Presumed Innocent" (†).

Theatre 6: Through Aug. 21: "Air America" (Roger Spottiswoode), with Mel Gibson and Robert Downey, Jr. From Aug. 22: "Pump Up the Volume" (Allan Moyle), with Christian Slater.

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 23: "Problem Child" (Dennis Dugan), with John Ritter. From Aug. 24: "Darkman" (Sam Raimi), with Liam Neeson.

Theatre 2: (Matinées only) "Ducktales, The Movie: Treasure of the Lost Lamp" (Bob Hathcock), an animated film; and (evenings only) "Arachnophobia" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "The Exorcist III" (William Peter Blatty), with George C. Scott.

Theatre 2: "Flatliners" (Joel Schumacher), with Kiefer Sutherland, Julie Roberts, Kevin Bacon, William Baldwin, and Oliver Platt.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)

Theatre 1: "Air America" (directed by Roger Spottiswoode), with Mel Gibson and Robert Downey, Jr.

Theatre 2: "Young Guns II" (†).

Theatre 3: "Total Recall" (†).

Theatre 4: "Die Hard 2" (Renny Harlin), with Bruce Willis.

Theatre 5: "Presumed Innocent" (†).

Theatre 6: Through Aug. 23: "Air America." From Aug. 24: "Men at Work" (Emilio Estevez), with Charlie Sheen and Estevez.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)

"Taking Care of Business" (Arthur Hiller), with James Belushi.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)

Theatre 1: "Arachnophobia" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: (Matinées only) "The Jungle Book" (1967), a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and (evenings only) "Navy SEALs" (Lewis Teague), with Charlie Sheen and Michael Biehn. From Aug. 24: "Delta Force 2" (Aaron Norris), with Chuck Norris.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 23: "Dick Tracy" (†). From Aug. 24: Delta Force 2."

Loews Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)

"The Two Jakes" (†).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "The Exorcist III" (William Peter Blatty), with George C. Scott.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "Mo' Better Blues" (†). From Aug. 24: "Darkman" (Sam Raimi), with Liam Neeson.

West Side Cinema 1 and 2, 7th Ave. at 48th. (398-1720)

Theatre 1: "My Blue Heaven" (Herbert Ross), with Steven Martin, Rick Moranis, and Joan Cusack.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 23: "My Blue Heaven." From Aug. 24: "The Witches" (Nicolas Roeg), with Anjelica Huston.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Biograph Cinema, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)

Aug. 20: "Sally" (1929, directed by John Francis Dillon), with Marilyn Miller, Alexander Gray, Joe E. Brown, and Pert Kelton; and "Good News" (1930, Nick Grinde and Edgar J. McGregor), with Bessie Love.

Aug. 21-22: "Take Me Out to the Ball Game" (1949, Busby Berkeley), with Frank Sinatra, Esther Williams, and Gene Kelly; and "Something for the Boys" (1944, Lewis Seiler), with Carmen Miranda, Michael O'Shea, Vivian Blaine, and Perry Como.

Aug. 23-25: "Gigi" (†).

Aug. 26-27: "The Firefly" (†); and "One Night of Love" (1934, Victor Schertzinger), with Grace Moore.

Aug. 28-29: "Star!" (1968, Robert Wise), with Julie Andrews.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 21: "The Time of the Gypsies" (1990, Emir Kusturica); and "When Father Was Away on Business" (1985, Kusturica).

Aug. 22-23: "Mala Noche" (1986, Gus Van Sant); and three short films by Terrence Davies.

Aug. 24-25: "Driving Miss Daisy" (1989, Bruce Beresford), with Morgan Freeman, Jessica Tandy, and Dan Aykroyd; and "The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman" (†).

Aug. 26: "And the Ship Sails On" (1983, Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965, Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.

Aug. 27-28: "Mountains of the Moon" (1990, Bob Rafelson), with Patrick Bergin and Iain Glen; and "Fitzcarraldo" (†).

From Aug. 29: "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls" (1970, Russ Meyer); and "The Seven Minutes" (1971, Meyer).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)

Through Aug. 21: "Angel Heart" (1987, Alan Parker), with Mickey Rourke; and "Don't Look Now" (1973, Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.

Aug. 22-23: "The Go-Between" (1971, Joseph Losey), with Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Margaret Leighton, and Michael Redgrave; and "The L-Shaped Room" (1963, Bryan Forbes), with Leslie Caron.

Aug. 24-26: "Last Year at Marienbad" (†); and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959, Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.

Aug. 27-28: "Los Olvidados" ("The Young and the Damned"; 1950, Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Macario" (1960, Roberto Gavaldon; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

From Aug. 29: "Manhunter" (1986, Michael Mann), with William L. Petersen; and "Street Smart" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 20: "October" ("Ten Days That Shook the World"; 1927, Sergei Eisenstein; silent); and "Potemkin" (1925, Eisenstein; silent).

Aug. 21: "The Postman Always Rings Twice" (1946, Tay Garnett), with Lana Turner, John Garfield, Cecil Kellaway, Hume Cronyn, and Leon Ames; and "The Bad and the Beautiful" (1953, Vincente Minnelli), with Turner and Kirk Douglas.

Aug. 22: "Performance" (1970, Donald Cammell and Nicolas Roeg), with Mick Jagger and James Fox; and "Don't Look Now" (1973, Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.

Aug. 23: "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" (1966, Mike Nichols), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis; and "Butterfield 8" (1960, Daniel Mann), with Taylor.

Aug. 24-25: "Dinner at Eight" (1933, George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore, and Marie Dressler; and "The Women" (1939), Cukor), with Norma Shearer.

Aug. 26: "Rebecca" (1940, Alfred Hitchcock), with Joan Fontaine and Laurence Olivier; and "The Spiral Staircase" (1948, Robert Siodmak), with Dorothy McGuire.

Aug. 27: "La Grande Illusion" (1937, Jean Renoir; in French), with Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio; and "La Bête Humaine" (1938, Renoir; in French), with Gabin.

Aug. 28: "Victim" (1961, Basil Dearden), with Dirk Bogarde; and "Peeping Tom" (1960, Michael Powell), with Karl Boehm and Moira Shearer.

Aug. 29: "Scarlet Street" (1946, Fritz Lang), with Joan Bennett, Edward G. Robinson, and Dan Duryea; and "Man Hunt" (1941, Lang), with Bennett, Walter Pidgeon, George Sanders, and John Carradine.

In 1935, the anti-Fascist writer, doctor, and painter Carlo Levi was exiled to the arid Lucania region of southern Italy, about which he wrote, "Christ never came this far, nor did time, nor the individual soul, nor hope, nor the relation of cause to effect, nor reason nor history." The people Levi encountered there were superstitious, passionate, and selfless.

In the 1979 film adaptation of Levi's memoir, "Christ Stopped at Eboli" (playing August 24 at Alice Tully Hall), the director, Francesco Rosi, tells the story of Levi's growing bond with the citizens of this Mediterranean equivalent of Siberia. Gian-Maria Volonte projects an astounding degree of empathy and intelligence in the role of Levi. This warm, quizzical character doesn't sentimentalize Lucania's people; he loves them. His unpatronizing respect for their customs and beliefs throws urban audiences off balance. We may be spooked by the tradition of displaying funeral ribbons as decorations, or charmed by the notion that unbaptized children who die haunt the world as playful gnomes, and then shocked when Levi's cleaning woman (the formidable Irene Papas) appears to welcome a slap he gives her either as a sign of sexual attention or as a show of absolute force.

The movie expresses the inexorable rhythm of the peasants' lives. For them, time exists not as a measure for transacting business, not even as an expression of the seasons, but as a drop in the well of eternity. Pasqualino de Santis's photography captures the changeability of barren landscapes; you feel yourself "reading" every shifting dune and passing cloud as a harbinger or an omen. "Christ Stopped at Eboli" is a secular miracle.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Aug. 20 at noon: "The Girl on the Red Velvet Swing" (1955, directed by Richard Fleischer), with Ray Milland, Joan Collins, and Farley Granger. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 3: "The Girl Can't Help It" (1956, Frank Tashlin), with Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield, Fats Domino, and Little Richard. . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 6: "Carmen Jones" (1954, Otto Preminger), with Dorothy Dandridge, Harry Belafonte, Pearl Bailey, and Diahann Carroll. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at noon: "The Best Things in Life Are Free" (1956, Michael Curtiz), with Gordon MacRae, Dan Dailey, Sheree North, and Ernest Borgnine. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 3: "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952, Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 6 and Aug. 23 at noon: "Night People" (1954, Nunnally Johnson), with Gregory Peck, Broderick Crawford, and Anita Björk. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 3: "Pickup on South Street" (1953, Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, Thelma Ritter, and Richard Kiley. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6: "Forty Guns" (1957, Samuel Fuller), with Barbara Stanwyck, Barry Sullivan, and Dean Jagger. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at noon: "Carmen Jones." . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 3: "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing" (1955, Henry King), with William Holden and Jennifer Jones. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6: "Pickup on South Street." . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at noon: "Forty Guns." . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 2:30: "The Best Things in Life Are Free." . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 5: "Bigger Than Life" (1956, Nicholas Ray), with James Mason, Barbara Rush, and Walter Matthau. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at noon: "The Girl Can't Help It." . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 2:30: "The Girl on the Red Velvet Swing." . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 5: "Love Is a Many Splendored Thing." . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at noon: "Bigger Than Life." . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 3: "The Three Faces of Eve" (1957, Nunnally Johnson), with Joanna Woodward, Lee J. Cobb, and David Wayne. . . . ¶ Aug. 27 at 6: "The Fly" (1958, Kurt Neumann), with Vincent Price, Herbert Marshall, and Al Hedison. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at noon: "The Long, Hot Summer" (1958, Martin Ritt), with Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward, Orson Welles, and Lee Remick. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 3: "An Affair to Remember" (1957, Leo McCarey), with Cary Grant and Deborah Kerr. . . . ¶ Aug. 28 at 6: "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison" (1957, John Huston), with Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum.

Anthology Film Archives, 32-34 Second Ave., at Second St. (477-2714)—Films showing in either the Courthouse Theatre or the Maya Deren Theatre. Aug. 23-26 at 7: "The Territory" (1981, Raul Ruiz). . . . ¶ Three films by Aki Kaurismäki, in Finnish. Aug. 23-26 at 8 and Aug. 27-29 at 7: "Shadows in Paradise" (1986). . . . Aug. 23-26 at 8:50: "Crime and Punishment" (1983). . . . Aug. 23-26 at 9:20: "Calamari Union" (1984).

Film Society of Lincoln Center—A program of Italian films from the forties to the present. Most films in Italian with English subtitles. Aug. 20 at 6:15: "The Gospel According to St. Matthew" (1964, Pier Paolo Pasolini). . . . ¶ Aug. 20 at 9: "China Is Near" (1967, Marco Bellocchio). . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 6:15: "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion" (1969, Elio Petri), with Gian Maria Volonte. . . . ¶ Aug. 21 at 8:45: "Death in Venice" (1971, Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 6:15: "Love and Anarchy" (1973, Lina Wertmüller), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato. . . . ¶ Aug. 22 at 8:45: "Padre Padrone" (1977, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani). . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 6:15: "Allonsanfan" (1974, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani), with Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ Aug. 23 at 8:45: "Seven Beauties" (1976, Lina Wertmüller), with Giancarlo Giannini. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 6:15: "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis" (1971, Vittorio De Sica), with Dominique Sanda and Helmut Berger. . . . ¶ Aug. 24 at 8:30: "Christ Stopped at Eboli" (see page 21). . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at noon: "The Tree of Wooden Clogs" (1978, Ermanno Olmi). . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 3:30: "Ecce Bombo" (1977, Nanni Moretti), with Moretti. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 5:45: "Passion of Love" (1981, Ettore Scola). . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 8:15: "Identification of a Woman" (1982, Michelangelo Antonioni), with Tomas Milan. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 2: "Golden Dreams" (1981, Nanni Moretti), with Moretti. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 4: "A Special Day" (1977, Ettore Scola), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 6:15: "A Blow to the Heart" (1982, Gianni Amelio), with Jean-Louis Trintignant and Laura Morante. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 8:30: "Kaos" (1984, Paolo and Vittorio Taviani), with Omero Antonutti. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building, 163 W. 125th St. (873-5040)—Aug. 25 at 1 and 4:20: "Nothing But a Man" (1963, Michael Roemer), with Ivan Dixon, Abby Lincoln, and Gloria Foster; and "The Education of Sonny Carson" (1974, Michael Campus), with Rony Clanton, Don Gordon, and Paul Benjamin. . . . ¶ Aug. 25 at 6:30: "Malcolm X: By Any Means Necessary," a documentary; and "Brothers" (1977, Arthur Barron), with Bernie Casey, Vonetta McGee, and Ron O'Neal. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 1 and 4:20: "A Dry White Season" (1989, Euzhan Palcy), with Zakes Mokae, Donald Sutherland, Jurgen Prochnow, and Marlon Brando; and "Place of Weeping" (1988, Darrel Roodt), with James Shyle. . . . ¶ Aug. 26 at 6:30: "Slavers" (1978, Jurgen Goslar), with Ken Gampu, Britt Ekland, and Trevor Howard; and "Field of Endless Day" (1978, Terence McCarthey-Filgate), with Lili Clark.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN "THE CURRENT CINEMA" DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Terrence Rafferty.)

Arachnophobia—It's O.K. You don't feel suckered, though you don't feel elated, either. A deadly arachnid that is discovered in Venezuela kills a young photographer, crawls into his coffin, and travels from the Amazon to the fictional little town of Canaima, California. There, the hairy-legged intruder—a tarantula as big as a big guy's fist—breeds with a harmless domestic spider, and troops of poisonous bugs begin marching out of bathroom drains. But when it comes down to the basics of scare comedy the arachnids are short on personality, and so is the movie. The script, credited to Don Jakoby and Wesley Strick, has too many B-picture precursors, and the first-time director, Frank Marshall, is like a Boy Scout remaking "Jaws." The tricks and teases aren't hip enough to spook your imagination. Jeff Daniels is smooth as the doctor with the phobia, but his dread seems shallow. The doctor's wife (Harley Jane Kozak) is presented as the fearless, competent one; then she's dropped from view. John Goodman, in the role of the local exterminator, brings up the energy level; he gives the picture a shot of authentic American grunge. Also with Julian Sands as the uppity entomologist, Brian McNamara as his assistant, and Henry Jones and Mary Carver. The witless musical score, by Trevor Jones, is a flat-out insult.—P.K. (Embassy. . . . ¶ Metro Cinema. Evenings only. . . . ¶ Loews 19th Street East 6; through Aug. 23. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Aug. 23, evenings only.)

Ariel—Directed by Aki Kaurismäki. In Finnish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bleecker St. Cinema.)

The Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman (1974)—Cicely Tyson plays a woman who was born in slavery and lived to take part in a civil-rights demonstration in 1962; the role spans Jane Pittman's life from the age of twenty to the age of a hundred and ten, and Cicely Tyson knows what she's doing every inch of the way. Jane isn't a deep woman; childless, uneducated, she's an enjoyer of life. It isn't until extreme old age gives her a privileged status that she loses her fear and becomes—briefly, just before her death—free enough to speak her mind and to crack a joke and to find herself. When she walks up to a whites-only drinking fountain in front of a Southern courthouse and drinks from it, all of us in the audience can taste the good water. And the way the tough-minded Tyson plays the part, you feel you're inside skinny old Jane's head. Based on a novel by Ernest J. Gaines and made for television, the film was directed by the self-effacing John Korty; his plain, uncoercive approach suggests a principled reticence. Tyson's performance and Korty's tact are more than enough to compensate for the flaws: the anachronisms and naïveté in parts of Tracy Keenan Wynn's adaptation; some nondescript casting and acting; the device of using a journalist (Michael Murphy) to link the episodes. The character of Jane Pittman is synthesized from stories that Gaines heard while growing up on a plantation in Louisiana, but watching the film (which was all shot in Louisiana), you forget (as readers of the novel did) that it's fiction. It seems to be a slightly awkward reënactment of the life of an actual person.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Aug. 24-25.)

The Cook, the Thief, His Wife & Her Lover—A movie about a crude British thug, Albert Spica (Michael Gambon), whose favorite method of terrorizing people is ramming things down their throats. Albert himself eats only haute cuisine; he and his wife (Helen Mirren) dine every night at a posh resturant called Le Hollandais. This is an Art Movie, refined and terribly formal; the director, Peter Greenaway (who also wrote the script), places this barbarian smack in the middle of "painterly" compositions and encourages us to see him as a steaming hunk of offal desecrating the beauty of an artist's creation. He looks at Albert with the disdainful stare that the pukka sahib directs at a servant who has inconvenienced him. Greenaway, however, has a lot more in common with his loutish protagonist than he thinks. He obviously regards himself as an aesthetic virtuoso, but he's just a cultural omnivore. (He chews with his mouth open—we can identify almost every piece of art that has fed his imagination.) The only thing in this movie's tidy, hermetic universe that Greenaway is unable to control, or disguise with fancy brushwork, is his loathing of the body. The movie features several gross-out scenes, including a climactic act of cannibalism; the Motion Picture Association of America gave it an X rating. (The distributors released it unrated.) What's offensive about the picture, though, isn't its violence or its visceral shocks but the patrician arrogance, the smug aestheticism, the snobbishness that suffuse every frame. Greenaway is an intellectual bully: he pushes us to the ground and kicks art in our faces. Also with Alan Howard (the Lover) and Richard Bohringer (the Cook). Cinematography by Sacha Vierny.—T.R. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/7/90.) (Angelika Film Center; through Aug. 23.)

Dick Tracy—This isn't the kind of crass crowd-pleaser we've become accustomed to; its dullness is of the old-fashioned variety. Everything but the film's bold, striking comic-strip visual design (created by Richard Sylbert and photographed by Vittorio Storaro) is low-key. Warren Beatty directed and plays the title role. His performance is recessive almost to the point of perversity. In Chester Gould's comic strip, Dick Tracy always seemed like a tough, aggressive, no-nonsense guy; Beatty's Tracy is a ditherer. And his tentativeness as an actor here is matched by the dreamy, distracted quality of his direction. The picture has no drive; its style is less "Dick Tracy" than "Classics Illustrated." It's pleasant, lovingly detailed, and eye-filling. It's everything a movie can be except interesting. Some of the actors are fun to watch: Madonna, as Breathless Mahoney, vamps entertainingly; Glenne Headly does an expert spunky-gal turn as Tess Trueheart, the hero's long-suffering girlfriend; and Al Pacino, as a sleazy mobster named Big Boy Caprice, creates a memorable comic grotesque. Also with William Forsythe (Flattop), Dustin Hoffman (Mumbles), Mandy Patinkin (88 Keys), R. G. Armstrong (Pruneface), Paul Sorvino (Lips Manlis), Charlie Korsmo, Charles Durning, and James Caan. The script is credited to Jim Cash and Jack Epps, Jr. (with the writer Bo Goldman listed as "special consultant"). Score by Danny Elfman; original songs by Stephen Sondheim.—T.R. (7/2/90) (23rd St. West Triplex. . . . ¶ Cinema 3rd Avenue, and Embassy; through Aug. 23.)

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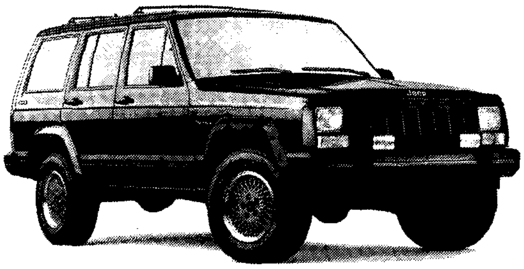

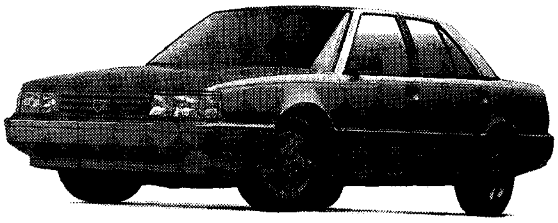

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The Firefly (1937)—Jeanette MacDonald partnered with Allan Jones in a long and lavish costume operetta, set in the early nineteenth century, during the war between France and Spain. She's a Spanish spy and sings wearing a Napoleon hat. (She's very hard to take.) Strictly for those who are prepared to listen to such songs as "Love Is Like a Firefly" and "He Who Loves and Runs Away" and "When a Maid Comes Knocking at Your Heart"—and, of course, Allan Jones going at "The Donkey Serenade" energetically. (He's alive in a way that Nelson Eddy never was.) Rudolf Friml dominates the music department; the movie is based on his 1912 Broadway show, sans the original libretto. The script is credited to Frances Goodrich, Albert Hackett, and Ogden Nash. With Henry Daniell, Warren William, George Zucco, Douglass Dumbrille, Billy Gilbert, Leonard Penn, and Belle Mitchell. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Aug. 26-27.)

Fitzcarraldo (1982)—The biggest disappointment in this epic written and directed by Werner Herzog is Peru. After a visually promising beginning, Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in the movie has much of an internal world, either). Though the shots are lovely, they're held too long and they don't have the ghostly, kinky expressiveness of the great images that sustain one through the dragginess of Herzog's "Aguirre, the Wrath of God." Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separates one tributary of the Amazon from another. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but two hours and thirty-seven minutes is a long sit, and the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. The sight that we wait for turns out to be a bust: when the ship is poised at the very top, it looks like a big toy. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, is trying to get rich in the rubber trade so that he can build an opera house in the jungle and bring Caruso to sing in it. He seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is, because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer. As Molly, the whorehouse madam, Claudia Cardinale is ripely alive in this asexual movie. In German.—P.K. (Cinema Village; Aug. 27-28.)

At the Biograph Cinema, Tullio Carminati and Grace Moore in "One Night of Love"

The Freshman—This comedy, written and directed by Andrew Bergman, wears its zaniness on its sleeve. The hero, Clark (Matthew Broderick), is a quiet young man from Vermont who has just entered the N.Y.U. film school. Within a few days of arriving in New York, he's making deliveries for an "importer" named Carmine Sabatini (Marlon Brando) and being treated like a member of Sabatini's family (or Family): Carmine's daughter (Penelope Ann Miller) has told her father that she wants to marry Clark, and the old man embraces him, with alarming enthusiasm, as "the son I never had." The movie is overinsistent and very erratic. When Bergman's jokes are good, they're sensational; when they're not so good, he repeats them again and again, as if they'd become funnier through familiarity. In this picture he has actors who play his sort of material to perfection. Miller and Bruno Kirby, as Carmine's fast-talking weaselly nephew, are hilariously unfazed by the family's criminal activities, and Broderick calibrates his reactions with remarkable comic dexterity. And Brando seems to be in a bizarre and wonderful world of his own. People in the movie keep staring at him and commenting on his resemblance to Don Corleone, and he plays along, parodying himself marvellously. In his scenes the movie seems less frantic; its lunacy takes on an air of serenity—a deeper, more inexplicable, and much funnier weirdness. Also with Paul Benedict, Maximilian Schell, B. D. Wong, and Bert Parks (belting out "Tequila" and Dylan's sardonic "Maggie's Farm" at a formal dinner).—T.R. (7/30/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Loews Festival, and Loews 84th Street Sixplex.)

Ghost—It sounds like a horror movie, but it's a romantic fairy tale. The scariest thing about it is its shamelessness. A young New York bank executive, Sam (Patrick Swayze), is killed, on the street, at a moment in his life when everything seems to be going his way. After his death, Sam sticks around, as a spirit (and Swayze stays onscreen, as a body). He attends his funeral; watches his beautiful girlfriend, Molly (Demi Moore), drift grief-stricken through the spectacular loft they had just moved into; and then devotes himself to protecting her from the people who killed him. Through a reluctant psychic (Whoopi Golberg), he tries to communicate with Molly; later, an experienced ghost (Vincent Schiavelli) teaches him how to move objects and break stuff. In this movie, death is treated as if it were merely a form of disability, one of those handicaps we've seen people struggle bravely with in TV movies—something for the individual to triumph over, with will power, hard work, and love. This creamy-toned fantasy, directed by Jerry Zucker from a screenplay by Bruce Joel Rubin, certainly pushes the audience's emotional buttons. It's a twentysomething hybrid of "It's a Wonderful Life" and some of the gooier, more solemn episodes of "The Twilight Zone," and there's not a trace of wit or irony in it. Its images of death have a soothing banality, like a greeting-card message from the world beyond. Also with Tony Goldwyn and Rick Aviles.—T.R. (7/30/90) (Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Tower East, Art Greenwich Twin, and Loews Paramount.)

Gigi (1958)—A plushy, cheerful musical version of the Colette story, with Leslie Caron as the adolescent girl who is tutored to be a courtesan but is so enchantingly innocent and eager that she winds up the betrothed of the richest, handsomest young man in Paris. Vincente Minnelli directed, in a confident, confectionery style that carries all—or almost all—before it. The elderly Maurice Chevalier singing "Thank Heaven for Little Girls" may give one pause. With Louis Jourdan as Gigi's catch, and Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, John Abbott, Eva Gabor, Jacques Bergerac, and Monique Van Vooren. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, and costumes by Cecil Beaton.—P.K. (Biograph Cinema; Aug. 23-25.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1961)—The characters, or rather figures, in this Alain Resnais movie are a tony variant of the undead of vampire movies—"We live as in coffins frozen side by side in a garden." This high-fashion puzzle movie, written by Alain Robbe-Grillet, is set in what is described to us as an "enormous, luxurious, baroque, lugubrious hotel—where corridors succeed endless corridors." The mood is set by climaxes of organ music and this distended narration; it's all solemn and expectant—like High Mass. The dialogue about whether the characters met the year before is like a parody of wealthy indolence. The settings and costumes seem to be waiting for a high romantic theme or fantasy; the people, pawns who are manipulated into shifting positions, seem to be placed for wit, or for irony. but all we get are pretty pictures. Robbe-Grillet says that the film is a pure construction, an object without reference to anything outside itself, and that the existence of the two characters begins when the film begins and ends ninety-three minutes later. It has a hypnotic effect on some people; others may be tempted to end it sooner. With Delphine Seyrig, Sacha Pitoëff, and Giorgio Albertazzi. The exteriors were shot at the châteaus of Nymphenburg, Schleissheim, and at other Munich locations; the interiors were shot in a Paris studio. In French.—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; Aug. 24-26.)

May Fools—Louis Malle's new film takes place in May, 1968, when, for a few chaotic weeks, French society seemed on the verge of remaking itself: students were rioting, workers were striking, and the country came to a standstill. The characters in this picture are far removed from the stirring street theatre of May, '68, but they're affected by it nonetheless. The setting is a shabby estate presided over by Milou (Michel Piccoli), a genial man in his sixties who lives the life of a lazy country sensualist: he keeps bees, browns in the sun, and gropes the housekeeper. On the sunny day when the story begins, his mother dies, and he summons the rest of the family for the funeral and the reading of the will. There's a sense that things are about to change, both on the large scale of French society and on the infinitely smaller one of Milou's life. Malle and his co-writer, Jean-Claude Carrière, use the upheaval of May, '68, very deftly: it intrudes on their comedy like distant thunder on a sunny day, but the threatened downpour of Meaning never develops—we get a cooling shower of light ironies instead. Piccoli gives one of the best performances of his long career: he's vigorous and radiantly good-humored. Although its charm sometimes feels a bit too easy, the film is enjoyable throughout. It just bounces along to the rhythm of its remarkable score, composed and played by the eighty-two-year-old jazz violinist Stéphane Grappelli; the movie, like the music, has a delicate swing to it. Also with Miou-Miou and Michel Duchaussoy. In French.—T.R. (7/16/90) (Lincoln Plaza.)

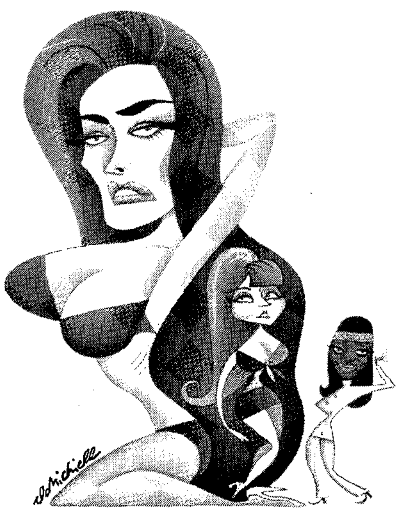
Mo' Better Blues—The hero of Spike Lee's film is a trumpet player named Bleek Gilliam (Denzel Washington), who is squarely in the tradition of obsessive, single-minded movie jazz musicians. Lee's script presents Bleek with a series of choices, about his love life, his artistic life, and the connections between them. The problem with the picture is that it doesn't frame the hero's choices so that we know what's at stake. And Lee doesn't seem to have thought through the role of the music. He has set the film in the present—in pointed contrast with other recent movies about jazz—but his attitude toward the music's relationship to contemporary culture is incoherent. The picture has a distracted, meandering quality. It leaves out all sorts of crucial information about the characters and then, after two long hours, ends with a slick, evasive montage sequence: eight minutes of images of domestic bliss, with John Coltrane's "A Love Supreme" on the soundtrack. Denzel Washington's magnetism and intelligence keep the movie watchable even during its most aimless stretches, but the script doesn't allow him to shape the performance. Lee's filmmaking here is all notions and no shape: hard, fierce blowing, rather than real music. Also with Wesley Snipes, Joie Lee, Cynda Williams, Giancarlo Esposito, Dick Anthony Williams, John and Nicholas Turturro, and the late Robin Harris. Lee himself plays a comic lovable-sidekick role. The score is by Bill Lee (the director's father), and the music of Bleek's quintet is played by the Branford Marsalis Quintet, with Terence Blanchard as the trumpet soloist.—T.R. (8/13/90) (Bijou Cinema, Coronet, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, Worldwide Cinemas, and Regency. . . . ¶ Loews 34th Street Showplace; through Aug. 21. . . . ¶ Park & 86th Street Cinemas, and National Twin; through Aug. 23.)

Presumed Innocent—A ponderous adaptation of Scott Turow's cunningly plotted mystery novel. The director, Alan J. Pakula, has shot and paced the movie as if it weren't a mystery but a serious character study, an art film. It's lit (by Gordon Willis) like "Cries and Whispers," only without the bright-red accents: the movie's palette seems to consist of brown and gray—earnest, business-suit colors. The lunacy of treating this story as a deep exploration of character is that the only thing we really want to know about the character in question—Rusty Sabich (Harrison Ford), a Midwestern prosecutor accused of murdering one of his colleagues (Greta Scacchi)—is: Did he do it or not? Ford, in what is probably an unplayable role, has to maintain a tense, repressed, impenetrable expression throughout. The supporting actors provide the picture with a bit of energy. Bonnie Bedelia, as Rusty's nervous, self-deprecating wife, gives lovely shadings to a tough part. As the judge presiding over Rusty's trial, Paul Winfield supplies some sorely needed comedy. And Raul Julia, as the hero's lawyer, is an elegant, commanding presence in the courtroom scenes. Also with Brian Dennehy. Screenplay by Pakula and Frank Pierson.—T.R. (8/13/90) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Loews 19th Street East 6, 34th St. East, Cinema I, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 23.)

Pretty Woman—The lovers in this romantic comedy, directed by Garry Marshall, are a long-legged, golden-hearted Hollywood Boulevard hooker (Julia Roberts) and a cold, suave corporate raider (Richard Gere). He buys her tasteful (expensive) clothes and shows her how to act "classy"; she opens—in order—his wallet, his fly, and his heart. The only real distinction of this long and rather uneventful diversion is the radical contrast between the stars' performing styles. Roberts is all ebullience and scattershot charm. The kind word for Gere's style is minimal. He's opaque, stubbornly remote; he seems to have faxed his performance in. At its worst, the movie is just unimaginative; at its best, it's pleasant and competent. It's business-as-usual entertainment. Also with Jason Alexander, Laura San Giacomo, Ralph Bellamy, and Hector Elizondo. The screenplay is by J. F. Lawton.—T.R. (Sutton; through Aug. 23.)

Quick Change—Bill Murray plays Grimm, a fed-up New York City bureaucrat who dresses up as a clown to rob a midtown bank. After Grimm has ditched his disguise, and he and his two accomplices (Geena Davis and Randy Quaid) head for the airport, the picture turns into a series of skits on the routine horrors of the city. Basically, it's a conventional caper comedy, but it's funny, because the gags are tossed off quickly and new characters keep coming at us. Murray co-produced (with Robert Greenhut) and co-directed (with Howard Franklin), and, although it's clearly a vehicle for him, he's actually less dominating than he was in the vehicles created for him by others. His attitude, wised-up and casual, holds the movie together, but he gives the other actors plenty of room, and many of them get brilliant bits of shtick to sink their teeth into. Bob Elliott (the surviving member of the great comedy team Bob and Ray) plays an elderly bank guard, a mild man who thinks he sounds fierce; his time onscreen can't add up to more than ten minutes, but every moment is pure joy. Tony Shalhoub, Philip Bosco, and Jack Gilpin all have wonderful moments, and there's a sublimely silly cameo by Stanley Tucci as a lisping, cringing gunsel. The picture has a core of sanity: it knows what it is, which is nothing much, and what it does best, which is observing strange behavior in familiar settings. Also with Jason Robards and Kurtwood Smith. The screenplay, by Franklin, is based on a novel by Jay Cronley.—T.R. (7/30/90) (Plaza; through Aug. 23.)

The Sound of Music (1965)—Set in Austria in 1938, this is a tribute to freshness that is so mechanically engineered and so shrewdly calculated that the background music rises, the already soft focus blurs and melts, and, upon the instant, you can hear all those noses blowing in the theatre. Whom could this operetta offend? Only those of us who, despite the fact that we may respond, loathe being manipulated in this way and are aware of how cheap and ready-made are the responses we are made to feel. We may become even more aware of the way we have been turned into emotional and aesthetic imbeciles when we hear ourselves humming the sickly, goody-goody songs. The dauntless, scrubbed-face heroine (Julie Andrews), in training to become a nun, is sent from the convent to serve as governess to the motherless Von Trapp children, and turns them into a happy little troupe of singers before marrying their father (Christopher Plummer). She says goodbye to the nuns and leaves them outside at the fence, as she enters the cathedral to be married. Squeezed again, and the moisture comes out of thousands—millions—of eyes and noses. Wasn't there perhaps one little Von Trapp who didn't want to sing his head off, or who screamed that he wouldn't act out little glockenspiel routines for Papa's party guests, or who got nervous and threw up if he had to get on a stage? The only thing the director, Robert Wise, couldn't smooth out was the sinister, archly decadent performance by Christopher Plummer—he of the thin, twisted smile; he seems to be in a different movie altogether. With Eleanor Parker, Richard Haydn, Peggy Wood, Anna Lee, and Marni Nixon. The music is by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II; the script by Ernest Lehman is based on the stage version by Howard Lindsay and Russel Crouse. —P.K. (Gotham Cinema; starting Aug. 24.)



At the Cinema Village, Cynthia Myers, Dolly Read, and Marcia McBroom in "Beyond the Valley of the Dolls"

Street Smart (1987)—Morgan Freeman may be the greatest American actor in movies. He gives the role of a Times Square pimp, Fast Black, a scary, sordid magnetism that gives the picture some bite. Magically, he sustains Fast Black's authenticity; it's like sustaining King Lear inside "Gidget Goes Hawaiian." The ostensible star is Christopher Reeve; he appears as a Harvard-educated free-lance writer who fabricates a story about "twenty-four hours in the life of a pimp," and then becomes enmeshed in Fast Black's efforts to get clear of a murder charge. The director, Jerry Schatzberg, can make viewers feel the beauty and excitement of everyday grit, and he makes the script (by David Freeman) look and play better than it deserves to, but he can't give it conviction, rootedness—he can't conceal the author's thin, brassy attitude. Reeve is willing to play a suck-up who's trying to make his name, yet as an actor he's physically too inexpressive to play inexpressiveness; it isn't the character who's a lug—it's Reeve. And when we're told that this journalist has gained the cunning to out-street-smart Fast Black it's a white boy's dream of glory. The screenwriter did, in fact, fabricate "The Lifestyle of a Pimp," in *New York*, May 5, 1969; there were no dire results. In the movie, he piles on fantasies of all the things that could or should have happened. Most of the performers do their damnedest. Kathy Baker brings a sexy intelligence to the role of the prostitute Punchy, and André Gregory is terrific as Reeve's smug, dryly self-amused editor. (He's his own yes-man.) Schatzberg and his cinematographer, Adam Holender, bring off the trick of using Montreal for most of the Manhattan locations. The funky jazz score (by Robert Irving III) features Miles Davis, and Baker seduces Reeve to Aretha Franklin singing "Natural Woman."—P.K. (Thalia SoHo; starting Aug. 29.)

Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!—Pedro Almodóvar's new movie gets off to a fast start, like a windup toy, but it runs out of momentum early, and Almodóvar can't figure out how to start it up again. The story, about a released mental patient (Antonio Banderas) who follows a sexy actress (Victoria Abril) and then takes her prisoner, seems to tie the director's wild imagination down, and his efforts to keep his (and the audience's) blood circulating betray some desperation. Neither the kidnapper's romantic obsession nor his captive's eventual love for him is especially convincing. And we don't fully enjoy the perverse humor of the situation, either: we've seen the victim subdued by a hard slap, and that image is too strong to forget. The limpness of "Tie Me Up!" suggests that Almodóvar is either a confused director or a tired one—probably a bit of both. It's as if he had made the movie solely to satisfy the public's demand for a new Almodóvar film. Also with Francisco Rabal, Loles Leon, and Lola Cardona. Screenplay by Almodóvar. In Spanish.—T.R. (5/7/90) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Lincoln Plaza; through Aug. 23.)

Total Recall—This fifty-million-dollar science-fiction thriller is full of relentless action and spectacular effects, and it's no fun at all. It's as heavy-spirited as its star, Arnold Schwarzenegger: imposing and implacable, like the killer robot Arnold played (or embodied) in "The Terminator." The script, by Ronald Shusett, Dan O'Bannon, and Gary Goldman, is based on a story by Philip K. Dick; the plot keeps twisting and turning, but we stop following it before the picture is half over. It's just a frame for meaty action sequences—a skeleton nestled deep inside ballooning muscles. The director, Paul Verhoeven ("RoboCop"), composes striking images, but they're oppressive and completely impersonal: every weird angle, every closeup of a face contorted with pain, every splash of bright-red blood is an effect borrowed from horror comics. The picture itself is a terminator: when it's over, you feel as if the life had been pounded out of you, and you never want to go to the movies again. Also with Sharon Stone, Ronny Cox, and Rachel Ticotin. Cinematography by Jost Vacano.—T.R. (6/18/90) (Criterion Center.)

The Two Jakes—Directed by and starring Jack Nicholson, this sequel to "Chinatown" (1974) begins absorbingly, with hard-edged dialogue and muffled echoes of the earlier film. Nicholson's Jake Gittes, the private detective specializing in divorce, takes on a client, Jake Berman (Harvey Keitel), a budding real-estate developer, and finds himself caught up in a murder case that somehow involves Katherine Mulwray, the daughter of Evelyn Mulwray, the Faye Dunaway character he loved in "Chinatown." But when we've got the setup clear in our heads and expect the movie to rouse itself, to develop a present tense and get going, it remains airless and murky. It proceeds phlegmatically, bringing in more and more characters and complications, and losing us. We don't get the film-noir thrill of mystery and resolution. By the time the plot comes together (more or less), we're benumbed. As the director, Nicholson doesn't give the characters any snap and he doesn't build the scenes; it's as if he were scratching his head each time the camera got turned on. As Gittes he wears a bitter half smile and gives a groggy performance. It's a spiritless movie, dark and mannered. There are good people in the cast—Meg Tilly, Madeleine Stowe, Rubén Blades, Frederic Forrest, Eli Wallach, David Keith, Joe Mantell, Richard Farnsworth—but they're emotionally distanced from us, and they don't seem to matter. The script (though not the narration) is mostly by Robert Towne; the cinematography is by Vilmos Zsigmond. —P.K. (Angelika Film Center, Loews 19th Street East 6, Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews New York Twin, U. A. East, 62nd & Broadway, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Wild at Heart—With Nicolas Cage, Laura Dern, Diane Ladd, Willem Dafoe, Isabella Rossellini, and Harry Dean Stanton; directed by David Lynch. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Angelika Film Center, Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, and Worldwide Cinemas.)

Young Guns II—With Emilio Estevez, Kiefer Sutherland, Lou Diamond Phillips, Christian Slater, William Petersen, Alan Ruck, Balthazar Getty, and James Coburn; directed by Geoff Murphy. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ 23rd St. West Triplex; through Aug. 21. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through Aug. 23.)

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ONE of the most striking things about the continuing Gulf crisis is that the fervor of the columnists and tabloids intent on whipping up some sort of war hysteria seems not to be finding much resonance in the public at large. Few people had previously entertained any illusions about Saddam Hussein, but some have now begun to wonder at the suddenness with which we as a nation were awakened to his menace. After all, despite our revulsion at baldly aggressive land grabs, we showed little concern when Hussein invaded Iran, and for much of the Iran-Iraq War he was our de-facto ally; moreover, it was our one-sided intervention in the Persian Gulf in 1988 that finally enabled him to claim victory. Nor did we object in a consistent way to Hussein's execrable human-rights record at home, or to his barbarous recourse to chemical weapons in liquidating opponents both at home and abroad. Now, all at once, he has been revealed to us as evil incarnate, the new Hitler—a successor, in fact, to last season's custodian of that role, the ex-C.I.A. asset Manuel Noriega.

The Gulf crisis, though, is really less about Hussein than about oil—or, more broadly, "life style." As the cartoonist Dan Wasserman pointed out, the truly overriding concern is "the principle we hold dear—eighteen miles per gallon." Our commitment in defense of that principle seems to be escalating by the hour—two thousand troops said to be slated for deployment, ten thousand, fifty thousand, two hundred and fifty thousand. And though the sheer scale of that deployment appears to be making immediate military confrontation less probable, the long-term prospects look increasingly murky: G.I.s baking in the desert for months, if not years; thousands of Americans trapped in Kuwait and Iraq; growing waves of Arab nationalism and anti-Americanism throughout the Middle East; the Israelis dragged into the affair; the likelihood (if the current embargo succeeds) of Iraqi children going hungry; and, beyond that, the possibility of Hussein driven from power but Iraq and perhaps the entire region reduced to anarchy. (As both Nicaragua and Panama have recently shown, it's one thing to drive a tyrant from power, another to take on the burden of bankrolling his country out of the resulting shambles.)

In a way, the Gulf crisis is beginning to feel a little like two of our other current problems—the savings-and-loan crisis and the budget crisis. And, in fact, all three have a common source: a decade's obliviousness of the minimum requirements of governance itself. In the case of the budget crisis, the claims of supply-side advocates that cutting tax rates would actually increase federal revenues always constituted an iffy proposition (George Bush himself famously dismissed such assertions as "voodoo economics" during the 1980 primaries), and matters weren't likely to be helped any by huge increases in defense spending. Plenty of people were pointing out the growing inconsistencies, but nobody in government was paying them any mind. Nor was there a lack of whistle-blowers warning of impending disaster in the case of the savings-and-loan crisis; it was just that the prevailing ethos insisted on the self-evident benefits of deregulation and the magical propensities of the unfettered marketplace. In both cases, a refusal to govern—to plan and to monitor and to respond appropriately—was government policy throughout the decade.

A similar policy—or lack of policy—defined our approach to the Middle East. It was well known that our two ongoing national interests there were Israel and oil, yet neither was ever systematically addressed. No serious, persistent effort was made to press forward on the momentum of the Camp David accords toward some just resolution of the claims of both the Palestinians and the Israelis, so that if some new crisis were to erupt in the region (and it was predictable that one would) at least that aspect of the situation might be under some degree of control. Following the 1979 oil-price shocks, it seemed clear that what was now required was a coherent national energy policy, a concerted effort to bring about national self-sufficiency through dramatically increased conservation and the development of alternative, renewable resources—a program that could well have seen labelled "the Strategic Defense Initia-

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tive.'' Instead, we got that other initiative and no energy policy whatsoever—a squandering of funds and talent, whose results we are only now beginning to recognize. For much of his tenure, President Reagan seemed obsessively, if somewhat vaguely, focussed on the Soviet Evil Empire, Nicaragua, and the hostages in Lebanon—and on not much more. (It was probably inevitable that efforts to resupply the Contras and to cut deals with the Iranians so as to spring the Beirut hostages would get mixed up together, since for long periods nobody on President Reagan's National Security Council seemed to be seriously thinking about anything else.)

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Still, the problem with our nation's governance over the past decade was not simply a matter of inadequate leadership in the executive branch. Just as much to blame was the collapse of any sort of principled and consistently articulated loyal opposition on the part of the Democratic Party. And the people share the blame as well. Disgruntled though we may be, our role has hardly been that of passive spectators, a captive audience. As citizens in a democracy, we have been the authors of the situation we are in, and we won't begin to find our way out of it until we begin to demand a style of governance that emphasizes both accountability and steadfast commitment to long-term goals.

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Herons

EVERY day, more than fifty million gallons of crude or refined petroleum gets transferred to or from tankers and barges in New York Harbor and, in the process, virtually every day oil gets spilled—a circumstance that the fish and the birds living in the harbor and its estuaries have a hard time ignoring. Only a tiny percentage of those oil spills ever become news; to make a conspicuous impression, they have to be either noisy (like the barge explosion last March that released a hundred and twenty thousand gallons of No. 2 oil into the Arthur Kill) or insidiously quiet (like the underwater rupture of an Exxon pipeline last New Year's Day that poured five hundred and sixty-seven thousand gallons of the same stuff into the same waters) or even more maddening than usual (like the episode in early June when a British tanker ran aground in the Kill Van Kull, two hundred and sixty thousand gallons of No. 6 fuel oil was spilled, and the ship's first mate was arrested on charges of operating a vessel under the influence of drugs or alcohol).

The known spills that have occurred so far this year amount to approximately five hundred gallons for every wading bird now residing on Prall's Island, Shooters Island, or the Isle of Meadows—a statistic that happens to be available thanks largely to the efforts of the New York City Audubon Society, which in the late seventies found that the wetlands in northwestern Staten Island and on those three islands nearby were becoming the foraging and nesting sites of remarkably resilient populations of great egrets, snowy egrets, cattle egrets, glossy ibis, yellow-crowned night herons, black-crowned night herons, little blue herons, and green-backed herons. Collectively, these so-called harbor herons have been identified by one study as "the single most important colonial waterbird rookery complex in New York State." The City of New York, the State of New Jersey, and the City of Elizabeth, New Jersey, have all sued Exxon as a result of the pipeline fiasco, and the possibility exists that a grand jury in New Jersey may return a criminal indictment. For anyone equipped with a sufficient sense of the absurd, this destructive middle does not lack a silver lining. One ironic benefit of the spill is that the federal government has ordered an investigation of its ecological consequences, and this project now conveniently subsidizes a study of the harbor herons which the New York City Audubon Society began in 1985.

One recent morning, we took a train ride to Elizabeth, and were met there by Katharine Parsons, who is a biologist with the Manomet Bird Observatory, in Manomet, Massachusetts, and the author of a 1985 doctoral thesis titled "Proximate and Ultimate Effects of Weather on Two Herons in Massachusetts." Along with a colleague, Alan Maccarone, Kathy Parsons has been directing the harbor-herons study under a contract with the Audubon Society. Kathy lives in Buzzards Bay, a shore town south of Boston. The herons, which are migratory, return to the harbor islands in the early spring. Every second week since mid-March, Kathy, usually accompanied by her husband and their four young children, has made the trip down to New York, so that she can spend her days counting birds' nests and their occupants, measuring eggs, keeping track of which eggs hatch and which don't, measuring and weighing chicks, noting percentages of chicks that fledge, tracing foraging habits by following the birds' flight lines and scrutinizing their regurgitations, studying the fish and worms that the birds prey upon, and analyzing the sediments in the waters that the prey inhabits.

When we joined her the other morning, Kathy Parsons was setting out for a typical day's work in the field. Around nine-thirty, she steered an eighteen-foot runabout straight south, toward the Arthur Kill. Also on board were Peter Astor, a scientist and engineer for an environmental consulting firm that is directing a comprehensive "natural resource damage assessment" as a result of the pipeline spill; Nina Sankovitch, a staff attorney for the Natural Resources Defense Council (which this spring issued a report titled "No Safe Harbor: Tanker Safety in America's Ports"); and Amanda McColpin, Beverly DeAngelis, and Marina Arandjelovic, who have been assisting Kathy Parsons in her gathering of data. Our destination was the Isle of Meadows, a hundred-and-one-acre island in the Arthur Kill that is at the same latitude as the Fresh Kills landfill, on Staten Island. Just south of the Goethals Bridge, we passed a garbage barge on its way to Fresh Kills.

"If you see any birds, let us know," Nina said to Amanda.

"You mean other than gulls, right?" said Amanda.

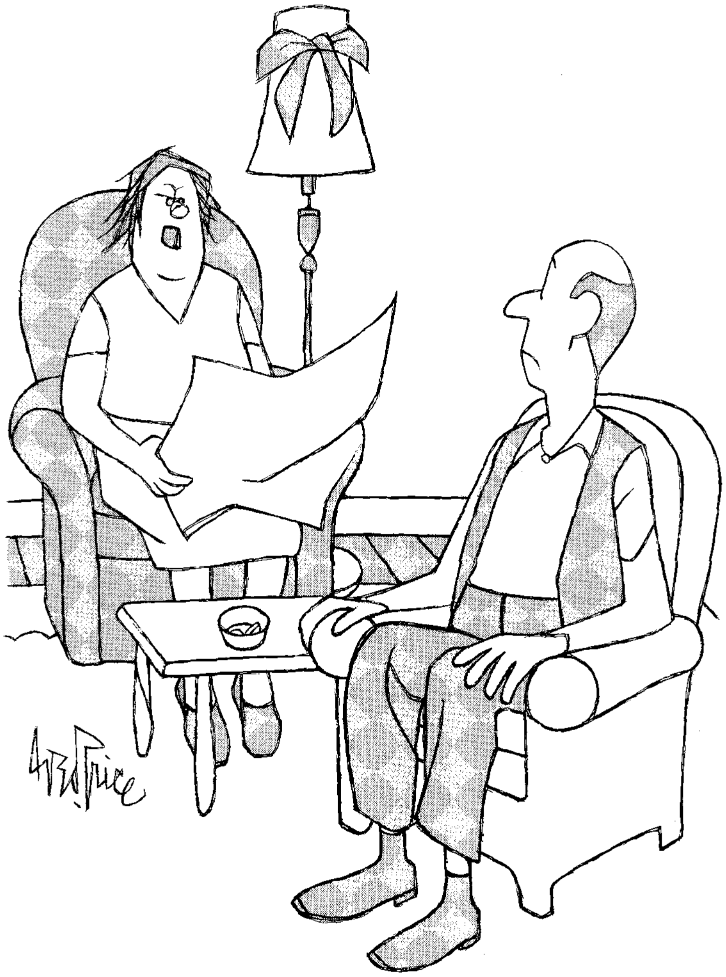
A moment later, a coal-black glossy ibis glided by, looking as if it were trying to decide whether to go fishing or to roost on a Liberian tanker that was moored near the Bayway Refinery. Kathy made a brief detour up the

Rahway River to drop off Beverly DeAngelis and Marina Arandjelovic, who would be spending the day in a tidal marsh—with compasses, binoculars, notebooks, and insect repellent—observing foraging herons. Twenty minutes later, she pulled up on the western shore of the Isle of Meadows, which the harbor herons populated for the first time only two years ago, but where each species except the green-backed heron can now be found. A census in 1988 turned up close to eight hundred pairs of birds; the count last year dropped to just below five hundred pairs.

Because of the Exxon litigation, Kathy is prevented by a gag order from discussing any conclusions she may have drawn from her research this spring and summer. In any event, she told us, raw numbers mislead. "I think too much attention gets paid to how many birds are on any given island," she said. "The number of birds is a reflection of how well they've done over two years, because that's how long it takes for chicks to mature into breeding adults. We've been plugging for a longer-term study of the effects of the spill—five years, at least—to ascertain sublethal effects not only on birds but on the estuary as a whole. It takes a long time to build up data. Nobody's studied an urban colony like this before. The birds account for an incredible pyramid of food. The great egrets and black crowns are at the top of the food chain. They eat fish. The glossy ibis eat invertebrates, and the snowies, which are shrimp eaters, tend toward omnivorousness. There's only so much production in the estuary to support these adult birds. For them to breed, there has to be more food available."

An oily rainbow coated the water surface where we disembarked, and we noticed a mucky three-yard-wide recess on the shoreline—a margin where in an unpolluted harbor vegetation would be visible at low tide. We waded through waist-high marsh grass, managed to avoid a thicket of poison ivy, and entered a grove of gray birches and black cherries, where the herons have installed themselves in a high-rise avian condominium: great egrets in the penthouse, at the top of the canopy; black-crowned night herons one level down; snowy egrets and glossy ibis below them; and cattle egrets a notch lower. Gulls nest on the ground, out in the open. "Every month, we walk through all the islands and count every heron nest we can find," Kathy said. "We're also counting gulls, and seeing if their ecology has changed since last winter. With gulls, hatching success is harder to measure, because their chicks leave the nest within a day of hatching."

For the next couple of hours, Kathy and Amanda and Peter—carrying an aluminum stepladder and a long mirror pole, and knapsacks equipped with notebooks, marking pens, food coloring, scales, rulers, and calipers—moved deliberately from tree to tree, nest to nest. They came across plenty of dead chicks, and more than once they found lifeless eggs; these were marked and bagged and would be analyzed for the presence of hydrocarbons, heavy metals, DDT, and PCBs.


"Did you say something? I thought I heard a sound bite."

As for us, we spent most of our time on the Isle of Meadows listening to the birds (a feral, continuously looping soundtrack that made it possible to fantasize Tippi Hedren and Rod Taylor, from Hitchcock's "The Birds," or Mel Brooks, from the parody sequence in "High Anxiety," charging through the brush) and encountering macroscopic reminders that, the wild setting notwithstanding, we were among urban-dwelling birds. For instance, there's a green chain-link fence that was erected on the island's western shore a year ago to prevent the garbage that has found its way there from blowing into the Arthur Kill and migrating down the Jersey shore. And at one point Peter Astor almost stepped on what looked like a gull's egg that had mysteriously wandered away from its nest. He bent down, picked it up, and tossed it to us—a waterlogged spaldeen. Gulls, it turns out, are in the habit of scavenging light bulbs, tennis balls, plastic doll heads, and the like from the landfill and roosting on them to stimulate incubation. The black-crowned night herons on Prall's Island evidently subsist mainly on fish. According to Kathy, however, the black crowns on the Isle of Meadows, which are known to forage near Fresh Kills, "eat an incredible smorgasbord, including luncheon meat, sliced chicken and roast beef, hot dogs, and complete bags of giblets and chicken necks." She added, "We've also seen birds that have swallowed whole goldfish, which have presumably come from somebody's back-yard pond on Staten Island."

In the early afternoon, Amanda offered to give us a ride back to the pier in Elizabeth. We bushwhacked through the marsh grass, stepped through an opening in the chain-link fence, and headed for the boat. On the shore Peter noticed several tar balls. "No. 6," he said—courtesy, quite possibly, of the wayward British tanker.

"Did you bring lunch, Peter?" Kathy asked.

"I brought an orange," he said. "I'll get by on that."

"I'll share my sandwich with you," Kathy said. "I hope you like peanut butter."

"Actually, I thought there might be a Wendy's on the island," he said.

"Well," she said, "you might find something *from* Wendy's on the island."

Hotel

WHERE we want to start is with our own copy of the *Hotel Red Book, 1950-1951*. That was the year when, in our opinion, New York took small steps into the modern world. Here's an ad for Manhattan's Hotel Century Paramount. "Home of Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe," it says, and then there's a tidy little "Traveler's Check List." It shows a number of little boxes, each one checked off. Here are some of the categories:

Bath and Shower in Every Room
Radio in Every Room
Television, too!
Circulating Ice Water in Every Room

Well, we weren't going to get along on circulating ice water forever. So *smash cut* to *now*, and to our checklist for the all-new Hotel Paramount, reopened here, on West Forty-sixth Street, just the other day:

Lobby That Makes Everyone Feel like a Star
Six-Foot-High Copy of Vermeer's "Lacemaker" in Each Single Room
Sinks Shaped like Ice-Cream Cones
Colors like the Colors on a Birthday Cake

A few facts. The Hotel Century Paramount was built in 1928, after a plan by Thomas Lamb (who also designed many theatres); it suffered distress and bankruptcy during the early thirties, and in the late thirties and the forties it was the site of Billy Rose's big night club, mentioned earlier. Then it fell into a kind of twilight sleep for about thirty years, and was awakened—rudely, or forcefully—by Ian Schrager and his late partner, Steve Rubell, and it has now opened a vector into the next century, which, as we know, is going to be a honey.

Here's what we saw on a recent visit. On each floor, across from the elevators, is a mirror, and incised in every mirror are the words:

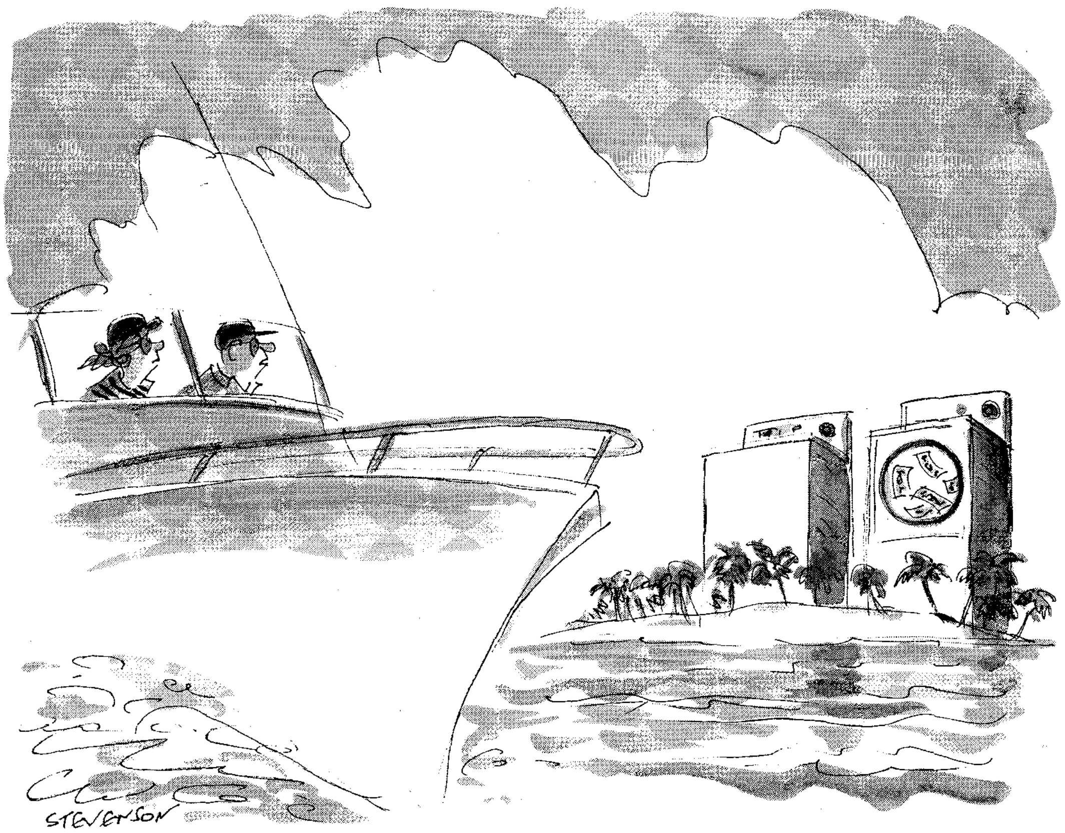
SUN
RAIN
SNOW
CLOUDS
WARM
COLD

Each day, the appropriate words are illuminated, so that you can go back and change your clothes if, say, you thought it was sunny and warm when it is actually rainy and cold. This detail is the favorite detail of Philippe Starck, the French designer of the Paramount renovation.

We saw the lobby, with a huge staircase that M. Starck has placed alongside a wall covered with platinum flakes. (The wall is lacquered, so nobody can steal them.) On the seventeenth floor, we saw a brick-colored velvet armchair and a chair with tiny legs—tiny *turquoise* legs. We saw a little round table—white—into which a touch of peach (*pêche*) had been blended. We saw views from various rooms:

a river view
Century Pawnbrokers
Hollywood Twin Theater
Brothers Donuts

We saw a *television* detail. M. Starck has designed a television cabinet for the rooms with a cyclops eye in its door, so that when the door is shut you can see just a tiny piece of television—if the television is on, that is. When we tried this, the tiny piece of television we saw was the single word "Iraq."



"I think it's our duty to notify the feds, Kelly."

BACK TO THE PRESENT—I
P. Steiner

After we toured the new Paramount, we strolled to the office of its proprietor, Ian Schrager. Mr. Schrager has a square jaw and light-brown curly hair cut fairly short. If you looked really hard for a flaw, you could say that there was a bit of gray in his hair, but he still looks more or less like a boy.

"Who will stay at the Paramount?" we asked.

"I have my own drumbeat I march to," Mr. Schrager said. "I do everything intuitive and instinctive. I use sensibility. I like to see people from Fifth Avenue together with hairdressers. They share a sensibility. I learned it in the night-club business. There were hairdressers dancing with people in ball gowns." Mr. Schrager showed us several photographs—first, one of his partner, Mr. Rubell, who died a year ago, and then some Polaroids of young hotel workers in uniforms. "We out-Japanese the Japanese," Mr. Schrager said. Then there was a small photograph of Mr. Schrager's mother and father, in a paper frame.

Mr. Schrager sometimes talks about Mr. Rubell in the present tense. "Steve and I are so lucky," he said. "We're lucky about *this*. We were lucky about 'Saturday Night Fever' and Studio 54." He pointed to a newspaper clipping on the opposite wall. "DINING CHEAPLY AND WELL," the headline said. "This helps me to think things out," Mr. Schrager said. "The retail business is being reinvented. There'll be big discount places, no more department stores, and then specialty places. It's the same thing in the hotel business. At the Paramount we have the best mattresses, sheets, and towels money can buy. That's what a hotel is about. When you strip it of the sex appeal, it's a mattress."

Then we talked to M. Starck, the redesigner of the Paramount. M. Starck had previously worked with Mr. Schrager on the redesign of the Royalton Hotel, down the street from us on West Forty-fourth, and he was, he said, reluctant at first to do another hotel job. "I said, 'Why one more? Why just work on style?'—something like that," he said. "That's why when Ian tells me, 'My dear, it's not a problem of decoration, it's a problem of rate of the room,' I say 'Ah, ah,' and when he tells me the rate will be one hundred dollars I say, 'Oh, oh, that becomes interesting,' because it is no longer a problem of look, a problem of trend. It is almost a problem of political strategy, a political concept, and it is my political idea to make the best not only for a happy few people, rich people, but for the maximum of persons. Something like democratic high fashion, and it's what I do. On one hand, I work for Mitterrand, and, on the other hand, I design the two-dollar toothbrush or a mail-order catalogue with furniture at twenty dollars. So when Steve tells me he wants to make a super Y.M.C.A., I say, 'Wow, O.K., we work.' And that's the main idea. That's why in this project, I repeat, there's no more problem of culture, no more problem of aesthetics, just political ideas. You can have a teacher, very, very, very intelligent, with an incredible culture, but he's not rich, and if he arrives in New York he must share the bed with rats when the rate is under a hundred dollars. I did that myself the first time I arrived in New York, fifteen years ago. The hotel took all the money, and *really* there were rats. That's why this hotel is interesting, because it can be the beginning of a sort of revolution in hotels. I hope people will copy this hotel, I hope the hotel companies will copy it. I hope in the next ten years you will have in every big city a hotel with a real quality, real honesty, but affordable. It's something like 'Communism is dead—now we can reinvent it.' I said that to Ian: 'But, my dear, it's a Communist project. You want to make a Communist hotel?' He said, 'You're giving me a nervous breakdown,' and after that he said, 'Yes, exactly.' "

M. Starck discussed his dramatic lobby. "The lobby by itself is made like a stage, because in my work I try to give emotion, and to give to people something exceptional. I have designed stairways all around the world—I have a collection of stairways—and all the stairways are stages. I like this idea, because I am always thinking about the people who are alone and bored, and I try to give them something to see, so they won't be alone. That is the main idea of the lobby. The stage, center of the village."

We mentioned the six-foot-high copy of "The Lacemaker" that stands behind so many beds at the Paramount. "Did you consider other paintings, other painters?" we asked M. Starck.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," M. Starck said. "A lot. We saw all the paintings in the world, perhaps, and we chose this one because that is the main idea of the room. I am always very concerned, I repeat, about the people who travel alone, because there is always a little blues when you arrive alone in a room. But in these rooms when you open the door, somebody is waiting for you, a protector, someone very maternal, very good. With this painting around your head, you are not alone. I want something strong to give a flash in the memory of people. I want the people to go back to deep Texas or Poland and say, 'Wow, I was in a hotel in New York, and, oh oh, it was—I don't know how it was, but oh, oh.' "

SEX-LINKED TRAITS

THAT winter, 1964, the latest thing was stovepipe boots. I got them for Christmas and wore them to the college lab, where my teacher said, "Those wouldn't fit *my* legs. They wouldn't even fit over my calves." It was the only thing she ever said to me that wasn't angry or harsh. I was fifteen, fat, but the tall patent-leather boots fit smoothly to my knees. Her boots covered only her ankles, just shy of the balloonlike calves, pure white, in thin nylons with crooked seams.

"Want to try one?" I asked, without thinking.

"No," she said, looking at them lined up under the radiator, with the stovepipes leaning to one side. She waited to see if I had more to say. I tried to keep my face from smiling, twitching, or otherwise showing that I was having a thought. "Why are you standing there?" she demanded. "Do you think I invited you to work with me just so you could stand around and admire yourself?" I started to grin. "There's nothing funny about it. Did you remember to make fresh medium? You didn't. I can see that you didn't."

She took her own boots off and set them near, but not touching, mine. She handed me her tweed coat to hang and the knit hat: a hand-knitted hat, orange, yellow, and blue, with a snowball on the crown. When she wasn't in the lab, she told me, she knitted and her old mother knitted, or sometimes she went to the theatre with some neighbors, or played bridge with the Veri-Dames—the Mothers' Club connected with the college—even though she wasn't married and had no children. "And if I did," she once told me, "I wouldn't send them here!" I asked why. "What do you mean, why? Do you have an opinion? I didn't think so. You're not old enough to think for yourself. You may never be." I was tired from a day of school, and my uniform felt tight, although I was empty, not full, and my face was oily from tiredness and not going home to wash it with a drying soap and cooling alcohol. "You should develop your opinions, you know," she said. "You can't start too young. I have no faith in girls who don't trouble themselves to develop their minds. Isn't that what we're put on earth to do?"

WHEN I was twelve I started a science project at school. Every year after that I worked on one and was picked for the state science fair. The students who worked with Dr. Foley in the labs at St. Vincent's College always won the big prizes, sometimes even money prizes. The September I turned fifteen I started going every day to the St. Vincent's labs. On the way over—first I took the bus home from school, then walked the length of College Drive—I stopped at Janet Conneally's house to see if Janet's mother would let her go to the lab. Janet lived in a big white house on a lawn covered with pine trees. In the middle of the lawn was a statue of St. Francis with birds resting on his shoulders and in his hand. Real birds, Janet told me, wouldn't go near him, although they loved the birdbath in the back yard and hundreds came to eat breadcrumbs in the winter and sip the rusty water or peck at the ice. I asked her why and she said that the bluejay who lived in their yard spent his time in the tree next to the statue and bombed it and squawked at it all day long. I thought that was funny, but Janet said her father had to hose the statue down because the jay covered the square pedestal with twigs and leaves and shat on the head and arms. It was a disgusting bird, Janet said, and her brother meant to kill it some night when the next-door neighbors, who could hear and see everything, were asleep. Janet's brother was a freshman at St. V.'s and had made the basketball team, although he hadn't played in a game yet. St. Vincent's was famous for basketball, and it was an honor, Janet had said, just to sit on the bench. Did he know Dr. Foley? I asked. Did he take biology? "Are you kidding!" Janet had screamed. "You've got to be kidding." Janet was a year older than me and attended the high school downtown, where the tuition was a hundred dollars more and the uniform more up-to-date: plaid skirt and white blouse with a navy cardigan. My uniform was one solid color: blue serge skirt and vest, blue jacket, long-sleeved shirt, and blue bow tie.

Janet noticed the boots right away. It was the first week of January and we were back to school. She looked at them, half covered with melting snow and some sand from the roads, and asked me what color the lining was and to fold down the tops so she could see. I told her I couldn't.

"Why?" she asked. "Why can't you fold them down?"

"They're too tight."

I watched her pull on short boots and then struggle into her fur parka. "I don't think they're supposed to be *that* tight," she said.

I didn't say anything.

"They're too expensive for *me*," she said.

I said they were cheap.

She said she didn't mean that. She meant that having the boots required you to have everything else that went with them.

All the way to the lab, as we walked in silence, side by side, I wondered what else the boots might need. And why a girl like Janet Conneally, rich and the daughter of a big shot working for the City of Providence, didn't already have it. That I had nothing to go with them, not even the thought that anything else was necessary, was no surprise to me. I was a reckless person, impulsive—everyone told me this; I was the one who was always going too far.

I asked Janet why her mother had let her come to the lab without an argument, when usually there was a fight and hard words, and once Mrs. Conneally had bolted the kitchen door and stood in front of it. Why does your mother hate Dr. Foley so much? I had asked, and Janet shrugged. It had something to do with being home alone all those dark afternoons with no one to talk to. Mrs. Conneally was forever asking me why "the girl" couldn't stay put just once in a while—stay at home, do something her mother wanted, for a change!

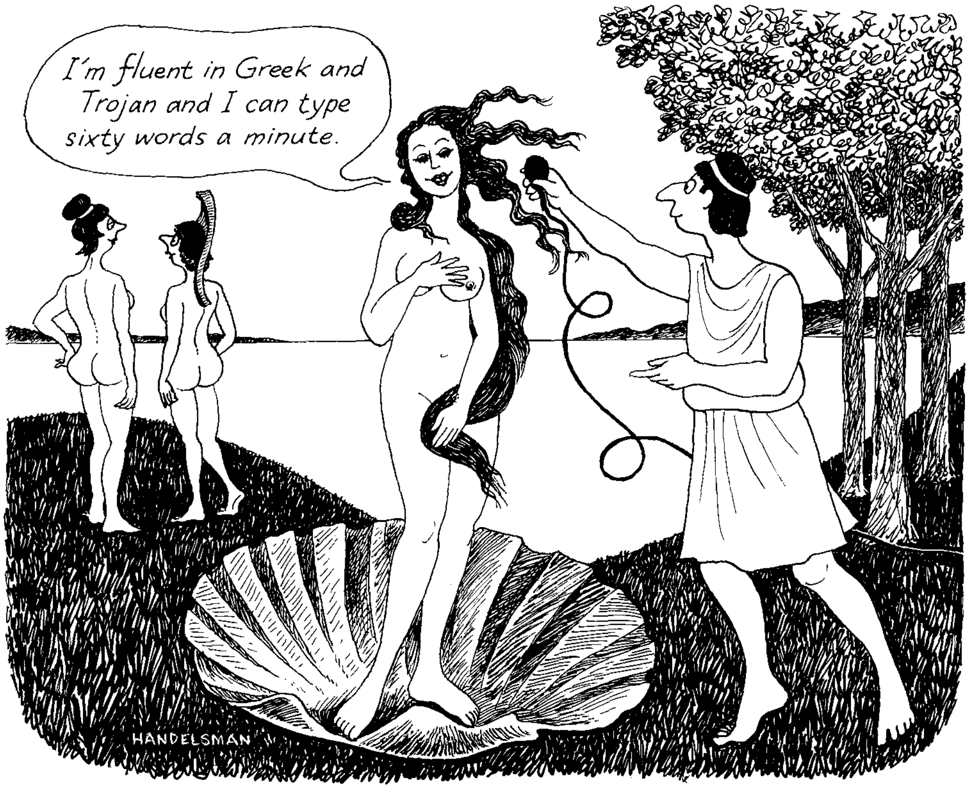
"What does she want you to do?" I asked.

"Sit in the bedroom," Janet said, "while she puts four coats of polish on her nails, then bites it all off."

We laughed. Mrs. Conneally was known for her nerves.

"Go out shopping, make brownies," Janet went on. "Watch the stories."

"Wouldn't you rather?" I asked her.


I'm fluent in Greek and Trojan and I can type sixty words a minute.
HANDELSMAN

The Judgment of Paris

"I don't know," she said. "Don't ask."

We walked up the hill to the main campus, a circle of concrete buildings with dirt sidewalks and no trees, and turned left into Feeney Hall. We were late because we had circled past the Smith Street Spa for Cokes and to look at Valentine cards. Sometimes the boys from St. V.'s went there to drink coffee or read magazines. Two were there that day, one smoking a cigarette. He pointed it at Janet, or maybe it was at me, and Janet got nervous. She forgot to pay for her Coke, still on the counter, and the druggist ("Hey, girlie!") yelled from his little window. We froze. Janet's face was red under her angora tam. "Jackie," she whispered to me, "feel this," touching my hand with a hand that was cold and wet.

"I know you girls," the druggist said when he got to the doorway. Janet handed him a quarter. The boys—I could see them—were laughing.

"No harm done," the druggist said, taking the coin, but he was wrong. I told Janet, when we were halfway up the hill, that he *owned* the drugstore, and could be as rude as he wanted, but she still planned to tell her father, assistant superintendent of schools, and was sure that the guy's goose was cooked. I wanted to tell her to start fighting her own battles, but I didn't like the druggist, either.

We knocked on the lab door that afternoon, but there was no answer. The door was locked; only the exit sign was lit. Someone told us Dr. Foley had gone home. When we were late, she often left, and it was—she was always saying—our funeral if the flies starved in the dried-up cake of medium or escaped in the night. Escaped (I liked to elaborate on this when I had my brother Donald as a listener) by collecting in a big army on the underside of the cotton ball that trapped them in their jar. Pushing that cotton with a mighty fly push (I laughed when I told him this story, because he acted it out with a pillow on his head), out they would come. Thousands, millions and jillions of flies, red eyes and white eyes, little flies and big flies would escape into the lab and onto the campus and into the city until they found the bowl of fruit, especially ("Stop!" my brother would squeal when I got to this part) the rotten bananas and stinky apples and split-open grapes they craved. All those days locked up in their jars with nothing to eat but an inch or an inch and a half of smelly agar-agar. My brother didn't know what that was, and I never told him. The story always ended with him trying to hit me and my mother yelling from the foot of the stairs that we were too loud and too silly at a time when we should be settling down to sleep.

Once, dangling off the bed with his hair touching the floor, my brother said, "I think they'd all go to *her* house."

"Whose?" I said.

"*Her*," he said. "Roly-Poly."

"Roly-Poly who?" I asked, because I liked this kind of talk, if it didn't get too babyish.

"Roly-Poly Foley," he said, "the Holy Joe with the big fat ass!"

"That's not funny," I said.

"Yes it is!" he said. "Her house is chock-full of fute fries."

"Say it right!" I yelled.

"Flute flies," he said.

I hit him with my pillow, then whispered, "I heard those flies are coming to hide under your bed tonight—to itch you!"

He was quiet, and I climbed onto my bed, still hot from bounding around.

He said, "Don't tell me that, Jackleen, right before I go to sleep."

"Why?"

"I'll have dreams," he said, in a voice a hair away from crying.

I NEVER had one dream about the flies, but Donald always had dreams about everything. He was babyish and dumb for a ten-year-old—that's what everyone told him—but he wasn't a retard, and he wasn't *that* dumb. Now that I was fifteen, and spent my time up at the lab or on the phone with the cord all stretched out, talking about dates I didn't have to my friend Eileen, who didn't have any either, he hated me the way he hated everyone else, except Nana, our grandmother, who lived with us. She didn't get along with anyone either, and stayed up in her room reading mysteries and listening to her transistor. Sometimes Donald went up there and they played cards or bingo. They were two of a kind, my mother said, when she was mad at them: they were spoiled, selfish, and lazy, Nana and her Deedee. "While *you* spend," she would say to me, "every livelong hour of the day up at the college with that harpy, I'm stuck here alone with them, waiting on them hand and foot, and no one to help me.

"I don't blame you, though," she liked to add. "If I had someplace to go, I'd go, too, and *you*'d have to take care of them." I laughed, and then she laughed.

THE white-eyed flies, *Drosophila melanogaster*, were just like the red-eyed ones. Their eyes were white because they had received a recessive trait for eye color from both parents. I was working on a genealogy of the white-eye trait, linked with other traits on the sex chromosome. I kept charts of the series of offspring: f1 and f2, f3 and f4. The percentage of whites varied with each generation, and my job was to mate the flies: pick a male and female from a generation and isolate them in a jar coated with medium and stoppered with a cotton ball, then wait until pupae were stuck to the walls of the jar. When these pupae had hatched, I would dose all the baby flies with ether and sort them under a low-power microscope. I counted the males and females, the red and white eyes, and then I brushed the flies back into an empty jar so they could wake up. They were not supposed to wake up under the warm light of the microscope and toddle off the glass, drop to the floor, and fly away. That would mean I hadn't etherized them enough; the count would be off and the flies would be up on the ceiling, where Dr. Foley could see them. When I watched the flies through the microscope, using the sable brush to roll their little bodies over, I could see everything I needed to see: the tapered male body and rounded female, their different sets of stripes, the eye color, and something that, at first, I didn't understand. I was going to go find Dr. Foley to ask her, but instead I just looked. I looked for so long that some of the flies started to twitch and one tottered around like a drunk on legs like threads. I carefully brushed them all into a jar—it was easy to kill them when they were awake, with their wings and legs stretched out—and no flies were lost, none escaped, and no legs or wings were torn or broken.

I made sure the autoclave was off and all the cotton balls were tight on the jars. I looked into the new jar, with the male and female all alone in there, the white-eyed male and the red-eyed female from the f4 generation—now they were P5. The male was hanging upside down from the cotton ball and the female was sitting on the lump of agar—was she stuck? I shook the jar and they both buzzed around.

"You love them flies," my brother once said. "Admit it." He was brushing his teeth and I was sitting on the bathtub rim waiting for him to finish so I could brush mine. "You can brush yours," he had said. "There's room. You think I'm poison!"

"I don't love flies," I said.

"Yes, you do," he said. "Just like you loved your rats last year."

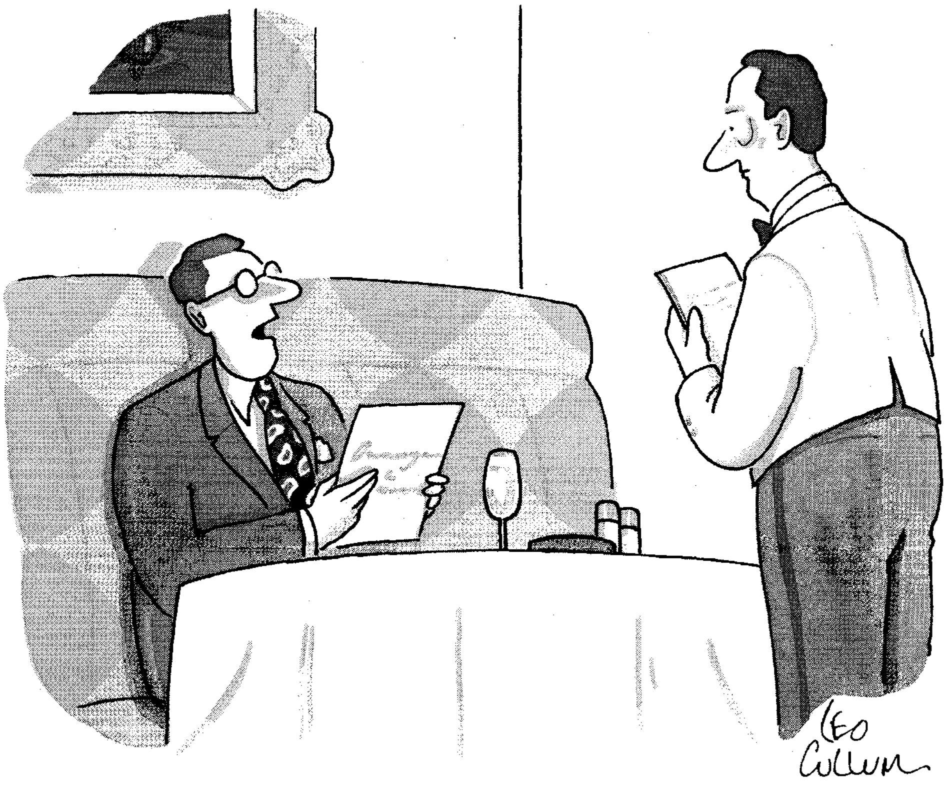
"Why don't you shut up," I said. I picked up the *Reader's Digest* that was always there on the radiator cover and looked for a joke I didn't already know.

"Talk to me when I'm talking to you!" he shouted.

He spit his toothpaste out. I was trying to keep from laughing. For my last year's project, I had kept three rats in the cellar and was feeding each one a different diet to show the importance of the four food groups. I had to starve two of them because the experiment wasn't working. "Feed your rats!" my mother was always yelling, just to get a rise out of me. My experiment on the value of a balanced diet proved nothing, but my rats almost became pets, letting me stroke their soft backs when I brought them their jelly lids of leftovers from our dinner. One night, though, the biggest rat—the one I was still feeding to make him look better than the rest—locked his jaw on my hand. Then the lid to the cage crashed down on my finger and broke it. "Sickening things," my mother would say, if the subject came up.

I carried the rats and my chart of their diets to the science fair, but I didn't win anything. It wasn't an interesting project, and all the rats looked healthy, even the two I starved. The newspaper took my picture, though, when a reporter spotted my bandaged hand and saw that I had rats. I got twenty-five dollars from the newspaper, for sacrifice in the cause of science. "Take it," my mother said, even if it wasn't for science but for the sake of faking science that I'd been bitten.

I PUT the jar of new parents down and went looking for Janet, even though Janet was usually gone by then: she hated the lab and left as soon as she could. Still, I always looked for her at seven-thirty or eight, whenever my work of counting and transferring, making up fresh medium, washing and sterilizing jars, and tidying the lab was finished. I went the long route in case Dr. Foley was still working late with her college student. She didn't like me



"The Attorney's Lunch—may I hear the warranty again?"

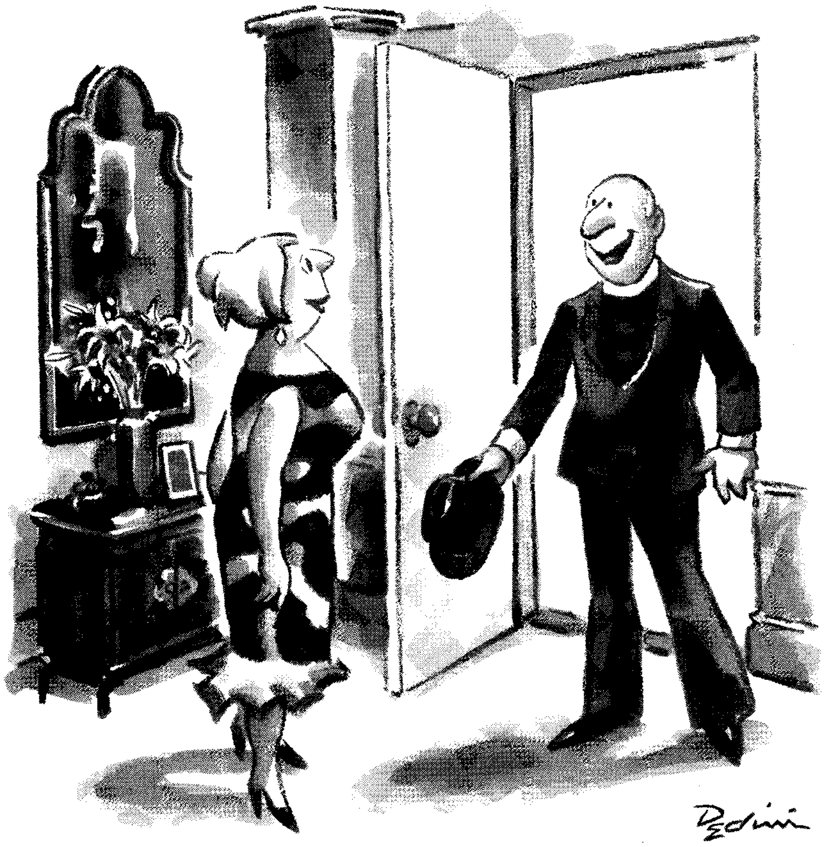
to go home until she went home, and she didn't go home until nine or nine-thirty, sometimes later. If I waited till then, there wouldn't be time to finish my homework and next day I'd get in trouble with the nuns, which happened a lot. On my last report card, all my marks had gone down. Some of the nuns did it deliberately: they had met Dr. Foley and they didn't like her. They discouraged any of us who were picked to work with her, but once you were picked, as I tried to explain to Mother Francis Marie, the homeroom nun, you didn't have any choice. "Don't be a little silly!" she said, in that automatic way the nuns said everything, but then she said, "Where's your backbone, Jackaleen McManus? And you were the one who was going to show us all."

What do you think I *am* doing? I felt like saying, but that remark was worth a week's detention, and I'd be late for the bus and late for the lab and late getting home for my heated-up dinner and late for my ten-o'clock five-minute call from Eileen, which lasted at least an hour, or until my father went through the roof and started yelling how he'd rip that phone right out of the wall if I didn't hang the damn thing up, and late for bed—with a slap from my mother for not picking up my clothes or hanging up my uniform—and late getting up the next day and late for school, everyone yelling their heads off. All except Dr. Foley, who didn't care how late we stayed at the lab, the later the better.

Winter nights, when Dr. Foley and I walked out on the hard snow of the campus, nobody would be there, and no sound except the stupid pigeons moaning from the top of the gym and Dr. Foley, if she talked at all, which she usually didn't, telling me that if I thought *this* was hardship I was living in a dream world. I liked to relax, I was a dawdler, I liked my sleep and my comforts, she told me, and a life in science demanded effort, discipline, sacrifice, patience, good health, mental independence, indifference to what other people think and to the idle way they live. "Are you listening to me?" she once said, when we had got into the frigid car and slammed our doors.

"Yes," I said.

"No you're not!" she said. "You're thinking about yourself. I was young once."



"The bride was radiant, the groom was radiant. I was radiant!"

• •

"I know," I said, trying to be tactful.

"No, you don't know!" she said, driving out of the parking lot—as she always did—like a maniac. My mother used to watch for me on school nights from the upstairs windows, until the time she saw Dr. Foley slam on the brakes after squealing around the corner and going up over the curb so that half the car was parked on the sidewalk. She told me my father would come pick me up after that, on late nights, but nothing doing, Dr. Foley told him when he arrived at the door of the lab: "This girl is not finished yet and I'm not letting her go home and throw a wonderful career in science out the window just so your family can lead a tidy life. Go on back home. You're lucky to have a daughter as smart as Jacqueline!"

I couldn't believe she had talked that way to my father, and neither could my mother when he told her. At first, they just yelled and screamed, then they blamed me for the rotten things Dr. Foley had said. I tried to say something, but they kept interrupting to tell me that never in his entire life had my father been walked on that way. I tried to say she was always like that, and if they thought *this* was bad they should hear what she said to me or to the college student she hated so much. This quieted them down, or at least my mother piped down enough to hear about the college student who was Dr. Foley's special doormat. Marguerite Birch, the girl's name was, and she was studying a sickness called PKU, and, according to Janet, she had it. She wasn't smart enough to be a scientist; she was barely going to finish this year at college and then she was going to be put away to die.

"You're making this up," my mother said. "I don't believe you."

My father had already left the room, after giving me a look that said he was too mad to hear this story now but I would hear from *him* later on.

"It's true," I said. "She's already starting to smell bad."

"What's that got to do with it?" my mother said. My brother had come into the kitchen and sat down at the table.

"Don't you be listening," I said to him.

My mother looked at Donald, then rubbed an orange stain from the corner of his mouth with a little bit of spit on her finger.

“It’s a free country,” he said.

“Is anybody listening to me?” I yelled, and my mother said, “Finish your story and don’t be so bossy.”

“She’s in the science fair,” my brother smirked, “so she knows everything.”

I couldn’t help but laugh at that, and the tone of it: it was as if my grandmother were in his head talking for him.

“You mind your p’s and q’s,” my mother said.

Then my grandmother walked into the kitchen. She had taken a nap and was still holding her prayer book, which she read to put herself to sleep. “Well,” she said, “what’s going on here, a little party?”

“No one asked you,” I said.

“Don’t be fresh,” said my mother.

“It’s a free country!” Nana and Deedee said together, as Nana sat her bulk in a chair, taking my father’s place at the table.

Nana took Deedee’s hand after she put her prayer book down. “Shh,” she said. “Jack-a-leen is talking.”

“Now that you’re all talking,” I said, “I forget what I was going to say.”

“Oh, no, you don’t,” said my mother. “You’re talking about how that girl smelled. *Why* did she smell?”

“What girl?” asked Donald.

“Shut up,” I said, and then to my mother, “She’s also overweight and has a mustache.”

“Who?” my grandmother said.

“Don’t interrupt!” I said. “The girl at the lab with PKU.”

“What?”

“She’s dying of PKU,” my mother said. “Whatever *that* is.”

I told them (it took half an hour to get it out) about Marguerite and how, in her senior year of high school, she’d won the thousand-dollar award from the medical society for her research on mental retardation—it was the biggest prize at the science fair—and how she used the money to spend a year at St. V.’s. And even though it was all boys, they let her in, the only girl, so she could work with Dr. Foley and attend Dr. Foley’s classes. “She makes an extra thousand,” I said (although I didn’t know exactly what she made, if anything), “working for Dr. Foley as a lab assistant.”

DECATHLON MAN

Believe me, the marathon is nothing,
So are the hammer and the weights: no single contest
Can compare with our ordeal.
I won, yes: I’m more famous today than yesterday,
But a lot older, and worn out.
I ran the four hundred like a hawk,
Without pity for the runner just behind me.
Who was he? No one in particular, a novice,
Never seen before,
A poor Third World wretch,
But the man running beside you is always a monster.
I broke his back, the way I wanted to;
Relishing his agony, I didn’t feel my own.
As for the pole vault, that was less easy,
But luckily for me the judges
Didn’t notice my trick
And I did the five metres well.
In the case of the javelin, that’s my secret:
You don’t have to hurl it against the sky.
The sky is empty: why would you want to run it through?
All you need do is picture, at the far end of the meadow,
The man or woman you want dead,
And the javelin will turn into a weapon.
It will scent blood, and will fly farther.
I wouldn’t know what to say about the fifteen hundred;
I ran it in a state of dizziness
And with cramps, determined, desperate,
Terrified by the convulsive drumbeat of my heart.
I won, but it cost me a lot.
Afterward the discus was lead-heavy
And fell out of my hand, slippery
With my broken veteran’s sweat.
They booed me from the sidelines;
Don’t think I didn’t hear it.
But what do you people require of us?
What more can you demand?
To take off into the air?
Compose a poem in Sanskrit?
Arrive at the end of *pi*?
Console the sorrowful?
Operate by compassion’s rules?

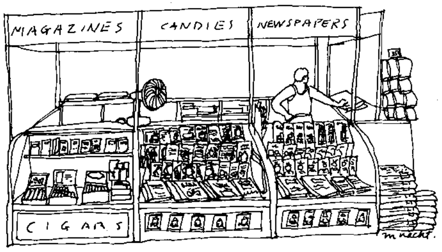
—PRIMO LEVI

(*Translated, from the Italian, by Ruth Feldman.*)

• •

“What kind of parents,” my mother said, “would let their kid spend every waking hour in a lab with that woman?”

“Her parents are old,” I said. “That’s why she has PKU. Her parents are too old. They had a genetic flaw.”



“How do you know how old they are?” my grandmother asked.

I looked at Donald to see how he was taking this.

“Don’t be looking at him,” my mother said. “*His* parents weren’t too old!”

“I wasn’t thinking that,” I said, but I was still looking at Donald. “You’re the only one,” I said to him, “who thinks you’re a retard. Nobody else thinks that but you.”

Donald told me to shut up.

“Finish your story,” my mother said.

“It *is* finished,” I said.

My mother looked at me. "Oh, no, it isn't. You were all set to say something else."

I was simply going to say that Dr. Foley treated her much worse than she treated me, but my father came back into the kitchen. He'd been listening the whole time. Now he wanted to know, too. We were all in the kitchen and everyone was gawking at me.

"What does Foley do to her?" my mother asked.

"Yeah," said Donald. "Tell us."

"I can't tell," I said, and a commotion started around me. "She does to her," I said, when I saw the commotion get out of hand—especially since my father was in the room with his belt on—"what she does to me, but worse." They weren't satisfied with this, but they got involved with each other—my grandmother and my father were never in the same room for more than five minutes without finding fault and treating each other to a stream of insults, which usually got my mother involved on my grandmother's side, and Donald, too. Once I said, "It's three against one!" but that didn't make my father any more a friend of mine, so I didn't say anything when chairs began to scrape the floor and ugly tones and tempers flared up.

But I had wondered myself why Dr. Foley was so ugly to Marguerite, when the girl was completely devoted to science—never washed her hair, never bought a new dress, spent her every waking hour in the lab. And she wasn't really retarded, either, just weird. "Two peas in a pod," Janet remarked one day when we were wisecracking. I had to ask her who the other pea was.

"Foley, you stooge!" she said. "Birch and Foley."

I laughed, even though it was mean. "But are they peas," I said, "or flies?" and then Janet laughed.

THE night I was mating the *Drosophila* parents, I found Janet on a lab stool writing on a pad. "What are you doing?" I asked. "I mean, what are you doing here so late?"

"I'm doing my homework," she said, "if it's any of your business."

I went over to look at her sheet of Latin declensions. "We did those already," I said, bragging like I always did about how hard my school was, and how far ahead I was, and a year younger.

NO
SWIMMING
BEYOND
THIS POINT
Shanahan

"Who asked you?" she said. Then, "If you're so smart, why don't you do a couple for me?"

I looked at them—fifth declension—but I didn't do them. I just said them out loud.

"Again," she said. "Slower, so I can copy."

On the way home in the pitch-dark night, my feet freezing in their boots and slipping on the hard crust of snow ("Here, hold on to me," she said), I told her what I had seen. "To do it," I said, "first they back into each other."

"They *what*?"

"They back into each other." But I couldn't really describe it because she had never seen a fly under a microscope and didn't know what their backs looked like or how their rear ends were shaped differently.

"Tell me again," she said.

"They back into each other and stick there, tail to tail."

"Gross," she said.

"They stick there, squeezed together and all puffed out."

"I don't want to hear about it," she said.

"That's all there is," I said. "It lasts a long time."

"What else happens?" she asked. We were only a few feet from her front door, and the porch light was on. I could see into her house where someone was watching TV, and then her mother came to look out the window. She didn't see us: we were standing in the dark.

"I don't know," I said. "Foley calls it a transfer of genetic materials."

Janet looked at me. "You're so naïve," she said.

"Me!"

"Yeah. Plus you're a bullshitter."

I watched her walk up the path and onto the porch. Pretty soon the door would fling open. "Hey, Janet!" I yelled.

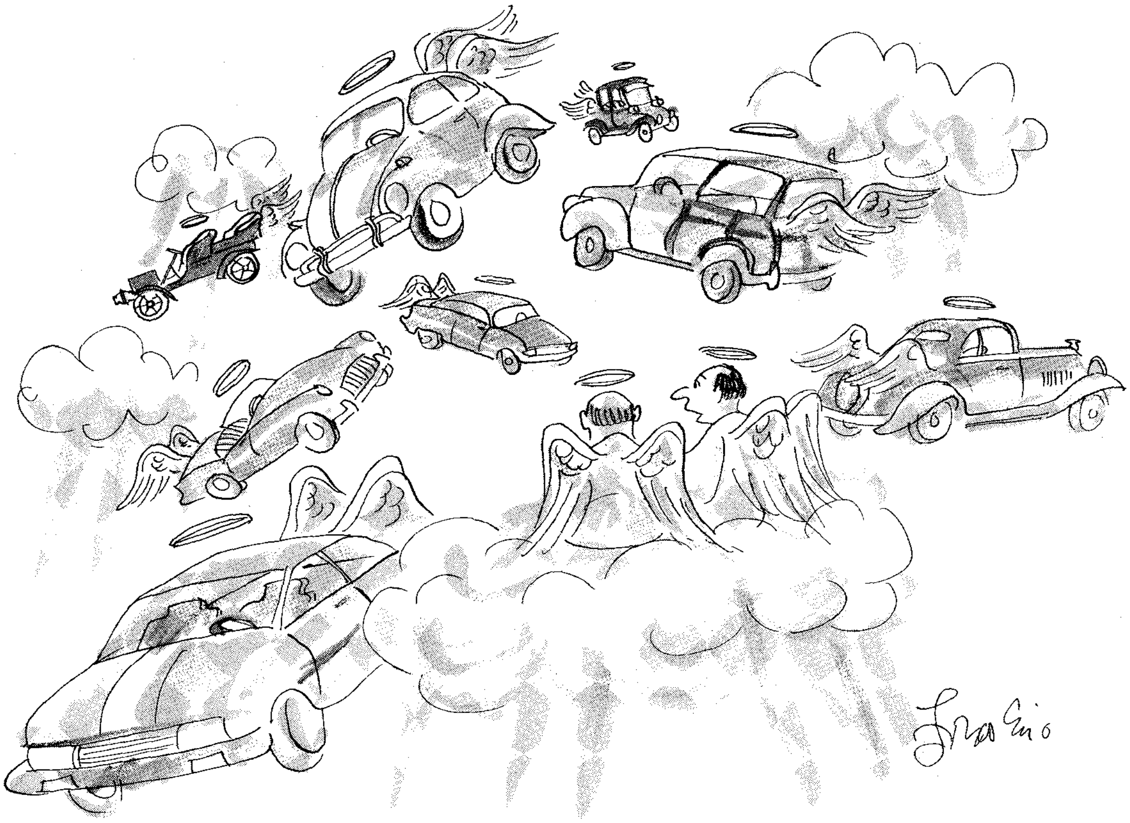
"What?" she said, but didn't turn around.

"Flyshitter," I said.

Now she did turn around, and her mother was behind her. I said it in a louder voice, adding, "It isn't a transfer of *shit*, stupid!"

"Jacqueline McManus!" her mother said, then dragged Janet in by the arm and shut the door behind her.

I walked along the sidewalk, carefully shovelled by Mr. Conneally or by Jimmy Conneally, past St. Francis cov-



"*I thought it was only a metaphor when people said, 'My car died.'* "

• •

ered in whatever the jay had covered him in that day. It looked like nothing from where I was standing, but I knew you couldn't always see what was there—sometimes the shit was flat and just a gritty streak of green on the white stone. "Stop!" my brother would say, "you're making me sick on my stomach!"

I FINALLY got a grant for my project on flies, "Sex-Linked Traits," and a money prize of three hundred and fifty dollars from the Society of Experimental Geneticists. It happened in June. By the next September, when I went back to the lab, both Janet and Marguerite were gone, Janet to college and Marguerite I didn't know where. At first I thought she was dead, but Dr. Foley mentioned her one day in a fit of rage over a set of pipettes that were laid every which way in a drawer that also contained metal objects. "Did you do this?" she said.

"No."

"Then it must have been Birch. I didn't think it was you."

"Why not?" I asked.

She looked at me—I was sitting on a stool next to hers, handing her one prepared slide after another, which she clamped under the microscope, looked at, made a note about, then discarded, the little glass smashing in the wastebasket. "Are you telling me I'm wrong?" she asked, starting with the quiet voice.

"No," I said, "but—"

"Yes, you are," she said, a little louder, taking a slide from my hand. On it, and embedded in a sandwich of clear gel, was a young moss root exactly one cell wide and growing by doubling its nuclear material, then splitting. It was a perfect act of asexual reproduction and her job was to introduce a shock of ultrasound to the splitting cell to alter it in some unpredictable way. First she had to find a root with an engorged nucleus and puffy cell jacket, the sign that it was ready to divide, then rush it into the inner lab—where I was now allowed to enter, as Marguerite had been, and work, and even eat my lunch on a Saturday—and aim a high-speed sound wave at its silvery skin.

"I never expected you to amount to much," she said, when we had taken a slide to the sound room for Step Two. "You come from an unexceptional background and you've had nothing but those mediocrities as teachers."

I stood in the doorway, watching while she placed the slide in the chamber and directed the beam at it. "You're not a natural scientist—some people are, you know. Your friend Conneally—I forget her first name—*she* was. But all she can think about is boys and clothes. Like you. But you impress me," she went on. "You're either the most reckless person I've ever met or your skin is so thick that nothing ever penetrates. Maybe it's both."

She said more, and not just on that day. I worked for the whole school year and entered an ultrasound project, first in the state and then in the national science fair, in Seattle. I won prizes in both, three thousand dollars in prize money. I called her from Seattle and she said, "Why are you so surprised? Do you think I'd work with a loser?" I also met a boy from a Catholic school in Iowa whose project was on fish, and we went out after the last day of the fair. It was my first date, and I didn't have to ask anybody's permission because my sponsor got the measles and flew home. She left me in the hotel with no instructions. "I don't need to tell you how to behave, Jackie," she said. "You could tell *me.*"

When I got back from my date—we went to the movies, then had a Coke in the hotel lobby—I had three messages at the desk, two from my family and one from the principal of my high school. On the bed upstairs was a box of flowers: roses and daisies. "You don't often see that combination," the desk clerk said when I came down looking for a vase. There was a card. I found it later, when I went to throw the box out. "Do you think you'd be in Seattle," it said, "or anywhere, if it weren't for me?" —JEAN MCGARRY

AMNESTY

WHEN we heard he was released I ran all over the farm and climbed through the fence to our people on the next farm to tell everybody. I only saw later I'd torn my dress on the barbed wire, and there was a scratch, with blood, on my shoulder.

He went away from this place nine years ago, signed up to work in the city with what they call a construction company—building glass walls up to the sky. For the first two years he came home for the weekend once a month and for two weeks at Christmas; that was when he asked my father for me. And he began to pay. He and I thought that in three years he would have paid enough for us to get married. But then he started wearing that T-shirt, he told us he'd joined the union, he told us about the strike, how he was one of the men who went to talk to the bosses because some others had been laid off after it. He's always been good at talking, even in English—he was the best at the farm school, he used to read the newspapers the Indian wraps soap and sugar in when you buy at the store.

There was trouble at the hostel where he had a bed, and riots over paying rent in the townships, and he told me—just me, not the old ones—that wherever people were fighting against the way we are treated they were doing it for all of us, on the farms as well as in the towns, and the unions were with them, he was with them, making speeches, marching. The third year, we heard he was in prison. Instead of us getting married.

We didn't know where to find him, until he went on trial. The case was heard in a city far away. I couldn't go often to the court, because by that time I had passed my Standard 8, and I was working in the farm school, teaching the little ones. Also, my parents were short of money. Two of my brothers who had gone away to work in the city didn't send home; I suppose they lived with girlfriends and had to buy things for them. My father and other brother work here for the Boer and the pay is very small; we have two goats, a few cows we're allowed to graze, and a patch of land where my mother can grow vegetables—no cash from that.

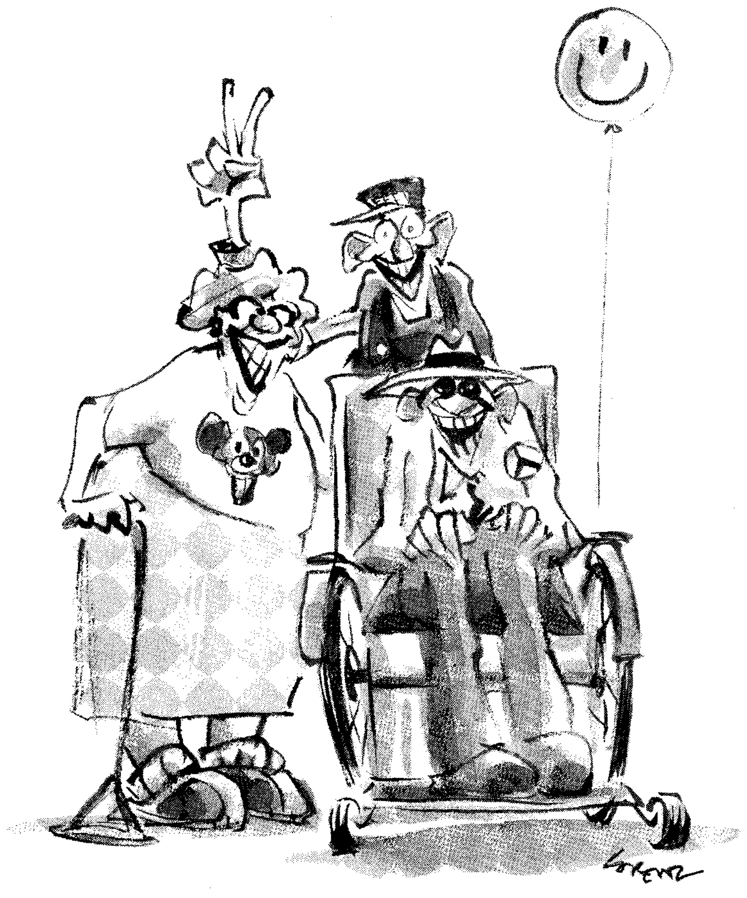
When I saw him in the court he looked beautiful, in a blue suit with a striped shirt and brown tie. All the accused—his comrades, he called them—were well dressed. The union bought the clothes so that the judge and the prosecutor would know they weren't dealing with stupid yes-*baas* black men who didn't know their rights. These things and everything else about the court and trial he explained to me when I was allowed to visit him in jail. Our little girl was born while the trial went on, and when I brought the baby to court the first time to show her to him, his comrades hugged him and then hugged me across the barrier of the prisoners' dock, and they had clubbed together to give me some money as a present for the baby. He chose the name for her, Inkululeko.

Then the trial was over and he got six years. He was sent to the Island. We all knew about the Island. Our leaders had been there so long. But I had never seen the sea except to color it in blue at school, and I couldn't imagine a piece of earth surrounded by it. I could only think of a cake of dung dropped by the cattle, floating in a pool of rainwater they'd crossed, the water showing the sky like a looking glass, blue. I was ashamed only to think that. He had told me how, where he worked in the city, the glass walls showed the trees and the other buildings in the street and the colors of the cars and the clouds as the crane lifted him on a platform higher and higher through the sky to work at the top of a building.

He was allowed one letter a month. It was my letter, because his parents didn't know how to write. I used to go to them where they worked, on another farm, to ask what message they wanted to send. The mother always cried and put her hands on her head and said nothing, and the old man, who preached to us in the veld every Sunday, said, Tell my son we are praying, God

21ST CENTURY PREVIEWS

HISTORY IS MADE AS THE MEDIA COMPLETELY IGNORE THE 75th ANNUAL WOODSTOCK REUNION



will make everything all right for him. Once he wrote back, That's the trouble—our people on the farms, they're told God will decide what's good for them so that they won't find the force to do anything to change their lives.

After two years had passed, we—his parents and I—had saved up enough money to go to Cape Town to visit him. We went by train and slept on the floor at the station and asked the way, next day, to the ferry. People were kind; they all knew that if you wanted the ferry it was because you had somebody of yours on the Island.

And there it was—there was the sea. It was green *and* blue, climbing and falling, bursting white, all the way to the sky. A terrible wind was slapping it this way and that; it hid the Island, but people like us, also waiting for the ferry, pointed where the Island must be, far out in the sea that I never thought would be like it really was.

There were other boats, and ships as big as buildings which go to other places all over the world, but the ferry is only for the Island, it doesn't go anywhere else in the world, only to the Island. So everybody waiting there was waiting for the Island, there could be no mistake we were in the right place. We had sweets and biscuits, trousers and a warm coat for him (a woman standing with us said we wouldn't be allowed to give him the clothes). And I wasn't wearing, anymore, the old beret pulled down over my head that farm girls wear—I had bought relaxer cream from the man who comes round the farms selling things out of a box on his bicycle, and my hair was combed up thick under a flowered scarf that didn't cover the gold-colored rings in my ears. His mother had her blanket tied round her waist over her dress, a farm woman, but I looked just as good as any of the city girls there. When the ferry was ready to take us, we stood all pressed together and quiet like the cattle waiting to be let through a gate. One man kept looking round with his chin moving up and down, he was counting, he must have been afraid there were too many to get on and he didn't want to be left behind. We all moved up to the policeman in charge and everyone ahead of us went onto the boat. But when our turn came and he put out his hand for something, I didn't know what.

We didn't have a permit. We didn't know that before you come to Cape Town, before you come to the ferry for the Island, you have to have a police permit to visit a prisoner on the Island. I tried to ask him nicely. The wind blew the voice out of my mouth.

We were turned away. We saw the ferry rocking, bumping the landing where we stood, moving off, lifted and dropped by all that water, getting smaller and smaller until we didn't know if we were really seeing it or one of the birds that looked black, dipping up and down out there.

THE VIEW FROM HERE 25¢
W Miller

The only good thing was someone else took the sweets and biscuits along for him. He wrote and said he got them. But it wasn't a good letter. Of course not. He was cross with me: I should have found out, I should have known about the permit. He was right—I bought the train tickets, I asked where to go for the ferry, I should have known about the permit. I have passed Standard 8. There was an advice office to go to in town, the churches ran it, he wrote. But the farm is so far from town, we on the farms don't know about these things. It was as he said: our ignorance is the way we are kept down, this ignorance must go.

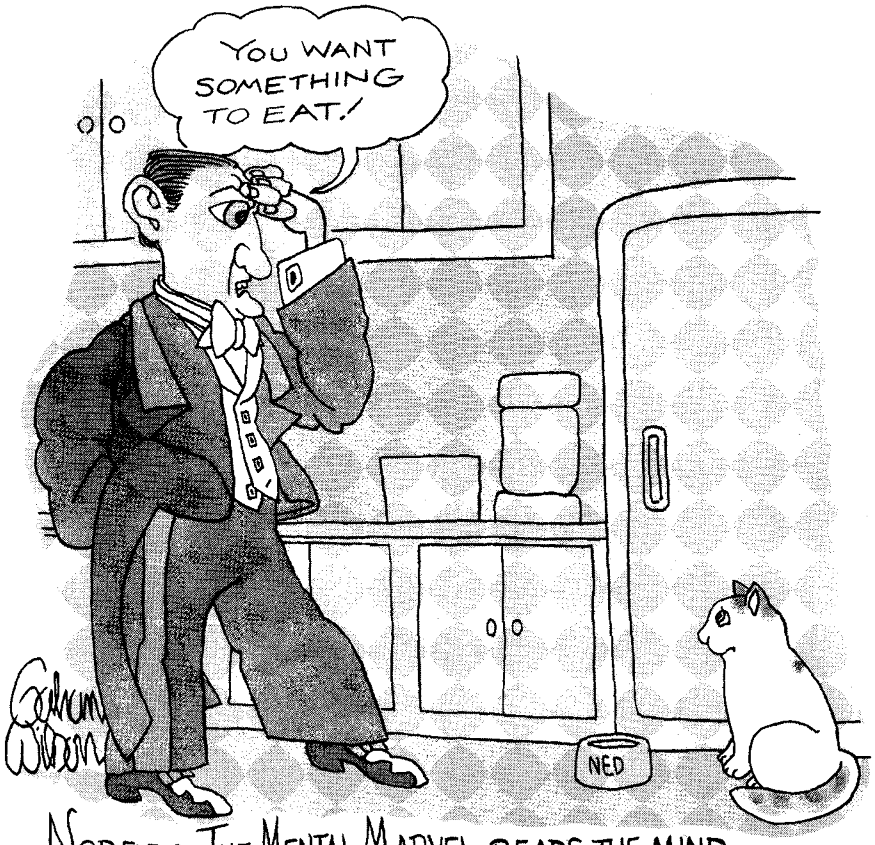
We took the train back and we never went to the Island—never saw him in the three more years he was there. Not once. We couldn't find the money for the train. His father died and I had to help his mother from my pay. Because I couldn't afford to go to teacher-training college, I don't get advancement, I don't get increases. I wrote, For our people the worry is always money. When will we ever have money? Then he sent such a good letter. He said, That's what I'm on the Island for, far away from you, I'm here so that one day our people will have the things they need—land, food, the end of ignorance. There was something else—I could just read the word "power"—the prison had blacked out. All his letters were not just mine; the prison officer read them before I could.

HE was coming home, after only five years!

That's how it seemed to me, when I heard—the five years were suddenly disappeared—nothing!—there was no whole year still to wait. I showed my—our—little girl his photo again: That's your daddy, he's coming, you're going to see him. She told the other children at school, I've got a daddy, just as she showed off about the kid goat she had at home.

We wanted him to come at once, and at the same time we wanted time to prepare. His mother lived with the family of one of his uncles; now that his father was dead there was no house of his father for him to take me to as soon as we married. If there had been time, my father would have cut poles, my mother and I would have baked bricks, cut thatch, and built a house for him and me and the child.

We were not sure what day he would arrive. We only heard on my radio his name and the names of some others who were released. Then at the Indian's store I noticed the newspaper *New Nation*, written by black people, and on the front a picture of a lot of people dancing and waving—I saw at once it was at that ferry. Some men were being carried on other men's shoulders. I couldn't see which one was him. We were waiting. The ferry had brought him from the Island, but we remembered Cape Town is a long way from us.


YOU WANT SOMETHING TO EAT!
NED

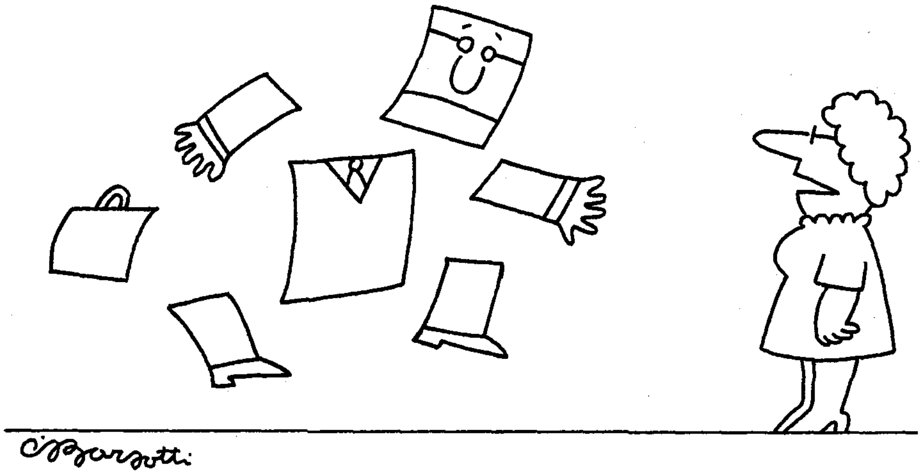
NORELDO, THE MENTAL MARVEL, READS THE MIND OF HIS CAT, NED.

Then he did come. On a Saturday, no school, so I was working with my mother, hoeing and weeding round the pumpkins and mealies, with my hair, that I meant to keep nice, tied in an old *doek*. A *combi* came over the veld and his comrades had brought him. I wanted to run away and wash, but he stood there stretching his legs, calling, Hey! Hey! with his comrades making a noise around him, and my mother started shrieking in the old style, Aie! Aie! and my father was clapping and stamping towards him. He held his arms open to us, this big man in town clothes, polished shoes, and all the time while he hugged me I was holding my dirty hands, full of mud, away from him behind his back. His teeth hit me hard through his lips, he grabbed at my mother and she struggled to hold the child up to him. I thought we would all fall down! Then everyone was quiet. Inkululeko hid behind my mother. He picked the child up, but she turned her head away to her shoulder. He spoke to her gently but she wouldn't speak to him. She's nearly six years old! I told her not to be a baby. She said, That's not him.

The comrades all laughed, we laughed, she ran off, and he said, She has to have time to get used to me.

He has put on weight, yes; a lot. You couldn't believe it. He used to be so thin his feet looked too big for him. I used to feel his bones, but now—that night—when he lay on me he was so heavy; I didn't remember it was like that. Such a long time. It's strange to get stronger in prison; I thought he wouldn't have enough to eat and would come out weak. Everyone said, Look at him! He's a man now. He laughed and banged his fist on his chest, told them how the comrades exercised in their cells: he would run three miles a day, stepping up and down on one place on the floor of that small cell where he was kept. It used to be that after we were together at night we would whisper a long time, but now I can feel he's thinking of some things I don't know, and I can't worry him with talk. Also, I don't know what to say. To ask him what it was like, five years shut away there; or to tell him something about school, or about the child. What else has happened here? Nothing. Just waiting. Sometimes in the daytime I do try to tell him what it was like for me, here at home on the farm, five years. Teaching the little ones to sing and pray, working in my mother's vegetable garden, going to sing and pray myself on Sundays. Dancing sometimes, outside our houses, with other men when they'd been drinking (did he think of that?). He listens, he's interested, just like he's interested when people from the other farms come to visit and talk to him about little things that happened to them while he was away all that time on the Island. He smiles and nods, asks a couple of questions, and then he stands up and stretches. I see it's to show them it's enough, his mind is going back to something he was busy with before they came. And we farm people are very slow; we tell things slowly. He used to, too.

He hasn't signed on for another job. But he can't stay at home with us, either. We thought, after five years over there in the middle of that green-and-blue sea, so far away, he would rest with us a little while. The *combi* or some car comes to fetch him and he says, Don't worry, I don't know what day I'll be back. At first I asked, What week, next week? He tried to explain to me: In the Movement it's not like it was in the union, where you do your work every day and after that you are busy with meetings; in the Movement you never know where you will have to go and what is going to come up next. And the same with money. In the Movement it's not like a job, with regular pay—I know that, he doesn't have to tell me—it's like it was going to the Island, you do it for all our people, who suffer because we haven't



"Oh dear! You know that we have to be at the Johnsons' by eight."

• •

got money, we haven't got land. Look, he said, speaking of my parents' home —my home, the home that has been waiting for him, with his child. Look at this place where the white man owns the ground and lets you squat in mud-and-tin huts here only as long as you work for him—*Baba* and your brother planting his crops and looking after his cattle, Mama cleaning his house, and you in the school without even having the chance to train properly as a teacher. The farmer owns us, he says. I had been thinking we haven't got a home because there wasn't time to build a house before he came from the Island, but we haven't got a home at all. Now I've understood that.

I'm not stupid. When the comrades come to this place in the *combi* to talk to him, I don't go away with my mother after we've brought them tea or (if she's made it for the weekend) beer. They like her beer, they talk about our culture, and there's one of them who makes a point of putting his arm around my mother, calling her the mama of all of them, the mama of Africa. Sometimes they please her very much by telling her how they used to sing on the Island, and getting her to sing an old song we all know from our grandmothers. Then they join in with their strong voices. My father doesn't like this noise travelling across the veld; he's afraid that if the Boer finds out my man is a political, from the Island, and he's holding meetings on the Boer's land, he'll tell my father to go and take his family with him. But my brother says, If the Boer asks anything, just tell him it's a prayer meeting. Then the singing is over; my mother knows she must go away into the house.

I stay, and listen. He forgets I'm there when he's talking and arguing about something I can see is important, more important than anything we could ever have to say to each other when we're alone. But now and then, when one of the other comrades is speaking, I see him look at me for a moment the way I will look over at one of my favorite children in school to encourage the child to understand. The men don't speak to me and I don't speak. When they talk about the Big Man, the Old Men, I know who these are: our leaders are also back from prison. One of the things they talk about is organizing the people on the farms—the workers, like my father and brother, and like his father used to be. I learn what all these things are: minimum wage, limitation of working hours, the right to strike, annual leave, accident compensation, pensions, sick and even maternity leave. I am pregnant: at last I have another child inside me, but that's women's business. I told him about the child coming. He said, And this one belongs to a new country, he'll build the freedom we've fought for!

I know he wants to get married, but there's no time for that at present. There was hardly time for him to make the child. He comes to sleep with me just like he comes here to eat a meal or put on clean clothes. He picks up the little girl and swings her round and there!—it's done, he's getting into the *combi*, he's already turning to his comrade that face of his that knows only what's inside his head, those eyes that move quickly as if he's chasing something you can't see. The little girl hasn't had time to get used to this man. But I know she'll be proud of him one day!

How can you tell that to a child six years old? But I tell her about the Big Man and the Old Men, our leaders, so she'll know that her father was with them on the Island, that this man is a great man, too.

On Saturday, no school, and I plant and weed with my mother. She sings, but I don't; I think. On Sunday there's no work, only prayer meetings out of the Boer's way under the trees, and beer-drinks at the mud-and-tin huts where the farmers allow us to squat on their land. I go off on my own as I used to do when I was a child, making up games and talking to myself where no one would hear me or look for me. I sit on a warm stone in the late afternoon, high up, and the whole valley is a path between the hills, leading away from my feet. It's the Boer's farm—but that's not true, it belongs to nobody. The cattle don't know that anyone says he owns it, the sheep—they are gray stones, and then they become a thick gray snake moving—don't know. Our huts and the old mulberry tree and the little brown mat of earth that my mother dug over yesterday, way down there, and, way over there, the clump of trees round the chimneys and the shiny thing that is the TV mast of the farmhouse—they are nothing on the back of this earth. It could twitch them away like a dog does a fly.

I am up with the clouds. The sun behind me is changing the colors of the sky, and the clouds are changing themselves, blowing up like bubbles. Underneath is a bar of gray, not enough to make rain. It gets longer and darker, it grows a thin snout and long body and then the end of it is a tail. There's a huge gray rat moving across the sky, eating the sky.

The child remembered the photo; when she saw him she said, That's not him. I'm sitting here where I came often when he was on the Island. I came to get away from the others, to wait alone. I'm watching the rat—it's losing its shape, eating the sky—and I'm waiting. Waiting for him to come back.

Waiting. I'm also waiting to come back home, myself.

—NADINE GORDIMER

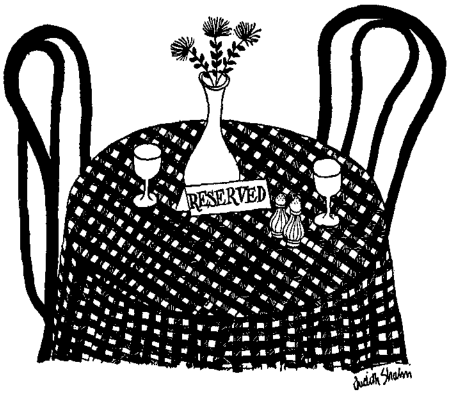
A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE RIGHTFUL OWNER

ON the morning of March 18, 1984—a Sunday—Edward Devlin, an eighty-year-old lawyer, dictated his last will and testament to Ruth Paradise Fiorello, his longtime secretary. He bequeathed his house and all his belongings to Mrs. Fiorello. He planned to take the will on Monday to a bank near his home in the Ridgewood section of Queens to have two bank employees witness his signature. On Sunday afternoon, Mr. Devlin stumbled against a bookcase, dislodging a copper horse on top of it. The horse struck him on the forehead, leaving a four-inch cut. Mrs. Fiorello, who was living in Mr. Devlin's house with her husband, Joseph Fiorello, immediately telephoned Dr. Harold Menger, one of Mr. Devlin's closest friends; Dr. Menger drove right over. He looked at the cut and told Mr. Devlin he should go to a hospital to have the wound stitched. When Mr. Devlin refused, Dr. Menger said that the best he could do for him at home was to put a compression bandage on the cut to stop the bleeding. Before Dr. Menger left, he asked Mrs. Fiorello to call him if there was any bleeding through the bandage. Later that evening, there was. Mrs. Fiorello telephoned Dr. Menger, who advised her to get Mr. Devlin to a nearby hospital. Mrs. Fiorello called a local volunteer ambulance company. In the hospital's emergency room, Dr. Menger cleaned Mr. Devlin's wound, anesthetized it, and closed its edges so that there would be little or no scarring. By the time he had finished, it was around midnight. Dr. Menger urged Mr. Devlin to spend the night in the hospital. Knowing that Mr. Devlin was a thrifty man, he reminded him that he had Medicare and offered to pay any charges himself that Medicare didn't cover. Mr. Devlin agreed to stay in the hospital; he appeared to be exhausted.

When Dr. Menger returned to the hospital on Monday morning, he reviewed Mr. Devlin's chart. The blood tests done routinely on admission showed that Mr. Devlin's kidneys were failing. Dr. Menger sent for an internist. On Tuesday, Mr. Devlin was transferred to the intensive-care unit. On Wednesday he was comatose. A surgeon performed abdominal dialysis, to no avail. Edward Devlin died at seven-thirty on Thursday morning, March 22, 1984.

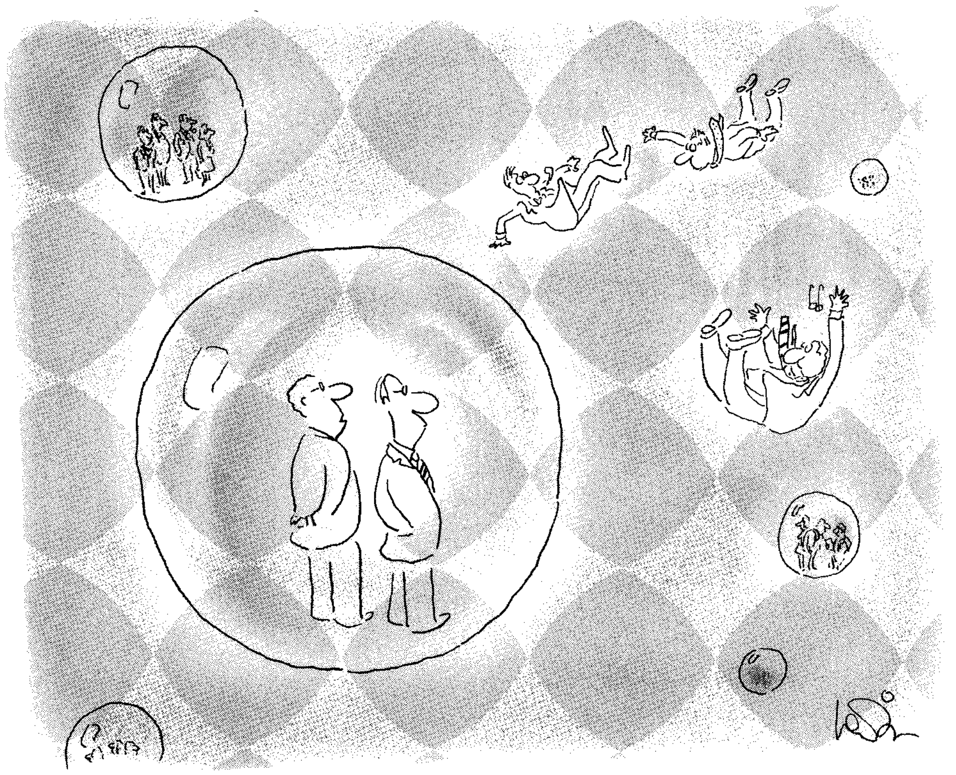
ON November 12, 1985, Burlington Northern, Inc., sent the Markham Company Research Services, Inc., a list containing the names of a hundred and ninety individuals who had held stock in the St. Louis–San Francisco Railway Company (known as Frisco) in November, 1980, when it merged into Burlington Northern. The Markham Company was then one of the country's most active firms in the business of restoring unclaimed assets to their rightful owners. Between 1960 (when the Markham Company was founded) and 1988, it located more than a hundred thousand people and recovered more than ninety million dollars' worth of assets on their behalf. These unclaimed assets included bank accounts, the contents of safe-deposit boxes, and insurance policies but were primarily stocks. The Markham Company was most often hired by large, publicly held corporations—Colgate-Palmolive, Xerox, General Mills, Ford, and U.S. Steel had been clients—to find missing stockholders. Most corporations are missing at least one per cent of their stockholders. In many cases, the stockholders have inadvertently lost touch with their assets, often by moving and neglecting to send out change-of-address cards; postal regulations now limit mail forwarding to one year. In a significant number of cases, the stockholders have died and their heirs are unaware of the stockholdings. The cost of Markham's services was generally not paid by the corporation. Markham preferred to operate on a contingency-fee basis, collecting a percentage of the sum recovered from the person for whom the assets had been recovered. The fees generally ranged from thirty-five to fifty per cent. Markham received nothing from stockholders it couldn't locate, and nothing from the considerable number of people it did locate only to learn that they were aware of the dormant asset and simply hadn't bothered to do anything about it.



The hundred and ninety people on the list that Burlington Northern sent to Markham on November 12th were stockholders who had never exchanged their Frisco shares for Burlington Northern shares. The list was given to Bernie Jacobs, Markham's manager of new accounts, who figured out how much each stockholder's Frisco shares were worth. According to Jacobs' calculations, a person who had owned a hundred shares of Frisco stock in November, 1980, owned three hundred and eighty shares of Burlington Northern common stock and fifty shares of Burlington Northern preferred stock five years later. With accumulated dividends, a hundred shares of Frisco were worth $28,700, or $287 a share.

The names of the hundred and ninety former Frisco stockholders were listed in alphabetical order. The list had their last known addresses as of 1980 and, in most cases, their Social Security numbers. Thirty-six people had only one share of Frisco; their names were each printed out on a plain piece of paper called a scan sheet, and were given no numbers. The names of the rest of the stockholders, with two or more shares, were printed up a few times, on labels and cards as well as on scan sheets; they were assigned identifying numbers and placed in colored folders. (Cases worth twenty thousand dollars or more went into pink folders.) On December 2, 1985, Bernie Jacobs turned the scan sheets and the colored folders over to Rita Stricker, the head of Markham's Research Department.

The Markham Company, which



"Well, I guess the bubble has burst over at Phillips Rodny Associates."

• •

occupies a floor in a building near Wall Street, had forty-four employees at the end of 1985. Eight of them were full-time researchers and five were part-timers—"night scanners," who worked from 5 P.M. to 10 P.M. The night scanners first checked all hundred and ninety names of the Frisco shareholders against a list of the names of all the people Markham had ever looked for. They were the only researchers to work on the thirty-six unnumbered cases with one share of Frisco and had instructions to make a maximum of four calls in attempting to trace those stockholders.

On January 2, 1986, Nicola Knight, a Markham Company researcher, looked at the label on one of the file folders Rita Stricker had recently handed her. It was Case No. 59,897 and was worth $28,700. A label on the pink folder gave the name and the address of the asset's "Original Owner" as

DEVLIN, Edward
58-40 69 Av
Ridgewood, N.Y. 11227

Miss Knight walked over to the Markham Company's library. Its shelves are filled with reference books, the current telephone books for virtually every town and city in the United States, and thousands of out-of-print phone books. She took down the 1985 issue of the Cole's directory for Queens, a "reverse telephone directory" to which firms like Markham subscribe. It lists all the buildings in Queens by their street addresses. Under the address for each building are the name and the telephone number of every person residing there who has a telephone number in the regular Queens telephone directory. Nicola Knight found five listings for 58-40 69th Avenue—Bacher & Devlin; Edward Devlin; Edward Devlin Lwyr; Ruth W. Paradise; and E. C. Volmer Ins.—and two telephone numbers. She dialled both numbers and twice heard a recording announce that the number had been disconnected. She had been somewhat surprised to find Edward Devlin in the 1985 Cole's directory, because the label on the file indicated that Mr. Devlin's assets had been dormant since at least 1980, but she did occasionally find a person she was looking for still at a "label address." Some people who receive notices instructing them to send in shares of one corporation so that they may be exchanged for shares in another are afraid to put the shares in the mail. Other people become forgetful and don't cash their dividend checks or vote their proxies, and are "lost" to corporations that way.

One reason Nicola Knight went first to Cole's was that she had learned from experience that while most Original Owners weren't at the label address, their neighbors might provide information about them. At 3:30 P.M., Nicola Knight chose to call Mrs. M. Wirth, who lived at 58-39 69th Avenue, across the street from Devlin's old address. Mrs. Wirth told her that Mr. Devlin had died about two years earlier, without a will; that he had owned the two-family house in which he had lived; and that he had had no children. She referred Miss Knight to Mr. Devlin's sister-in-law, Eleanor Devlin, who lived with her sisters two houses away from Devlin's old house, at 58-36 69th Avenue.

Miss Knight reached Eleanor Devlin a few minutes later. Mrs. Devlin confirmed what Mrs. Wirth had said, and added that Edward Devlin had had only one sibling, Arthur—her husband, who had died in 1979. Arthur had no children. Mrs. Devlin said that the Public Administrator, whose office was on Sutphin Boulevard in Jamaica, Queens, had assumed control of Edward Devlin's estate. Its people "came in and took everything," she said. With another telephone call, Miss Knight reached Susan Brown, an employee in the office of the Public Administrator for Queens County. Miss Brown verified the fact that the Public Administrator was the administrator of Edward Devlin's estate, told Miss Knight to send whatever information she had about Edward Devlin to the Public Administrator's office, and gave her its address.

On January 3, 1986, Miss Knight turned the Devlin case over to the director of Markham's Pending Agreements Department. It was the task of the Pending Agreements Department to attempt to negotiate a contract between the Markham Company and the Original Owner, or his heir or heirs (if the Research Department has found them and they prove to be unaware of the asset), or, as in this instance, with the Public Administrator if he is unaware of the asset. In the past, the Markham Company had dealt amicably with the Public Administrator of Manhattan.

On January 3rd, Markham sent the following letter to Susan Brown:

DEAR MS. BROWN:

We are in the business of tracing the

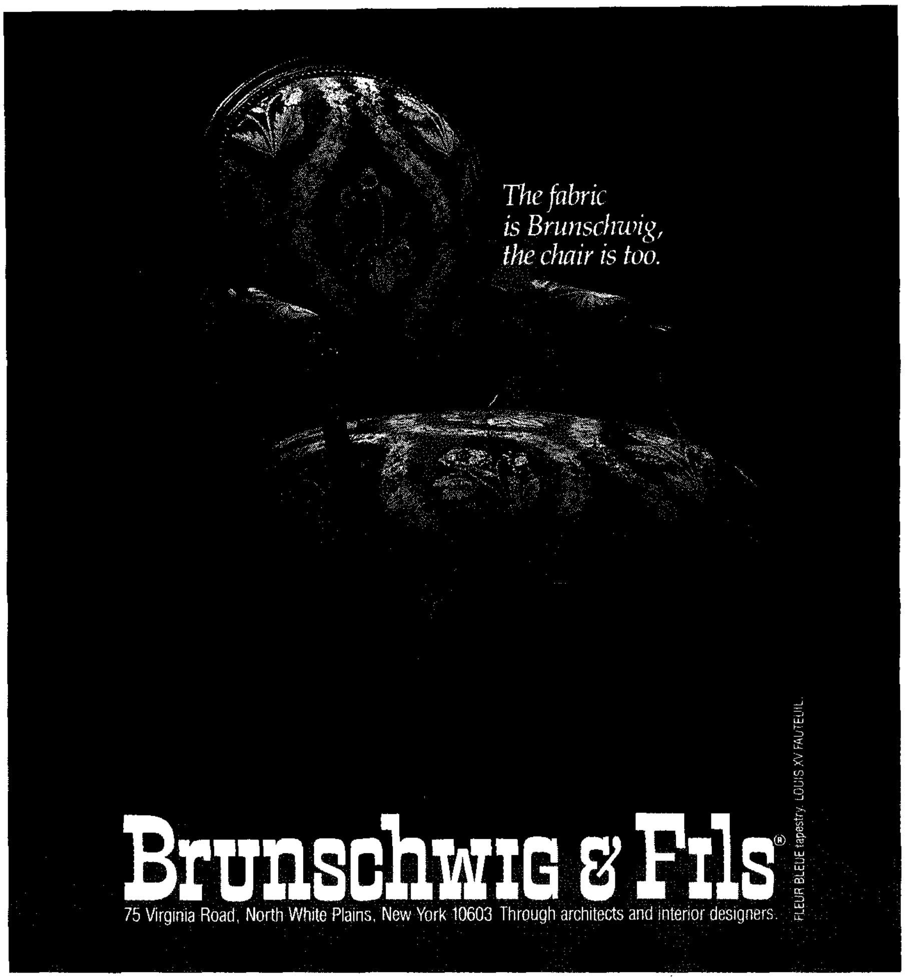
> owners of dormant assets and have uncovered a dormant asset to which we believe you are entitled.
>
> We have enclosed two copies of our contract. You will note that we charge 50% of the amount recovered, out of which we pay all costs and expenses. If there is no recovery, you would not be obligated in any manner.
>
> If these terms are acceptable, please sign and return one copy of the agreement, upon receipt of which we will send you the details regarding the asset in question.

After three weeks went by without a reply from Susan Brown, a Markham representative tried to reach her by phone. The representative had no luck at the end of January, but spoke to her twice on February 10th. Susan Brown asked a number of questions about the asset that Markham had discovered—for example, what category it fell into and what its value was—and was told that the asset was stock worth $28,700. Miss Brown said she would take the information to the Public Administrator's counsel. The Markham representative said that if the fee was the stumbling block the company would be glad to talk with the counsel. (Markham would have accepted a forty-five-percent fee or perhaps even less.) In February, 1986, the Queens County Public Administrator was George L. Memmen; Memmen's counsel was Michael K. Feigenbaum.

The next seven weeks went by without any word from Susan Brown. The Markham representative reached her again on April 8th. A summary of their telephone conversation read:

> She remembered me and our proposal very well. Told me she wrote a memo to their attorney, Mr. Feigenbaum. Expressed distaste for our fee, indicated there is some possibility the assets are known. Yet, felt it worthwhile and important enough to refer to her counsel. Reiterated to me that assets are stock. I confirmed that once more. [I] Asked what corporations Devlin held stock in. She replied several. . . . I outlined for her verbal exclusion opportunity. Encouraged her or the attorney to tell me the names of the corporations. She said she will bring that to Feigenbaum's attention today, mentioning to him that I called to follow up. . . .

Markham always offered the people it got in touch with an exclusion opportunity. If the Original Owner, or his heir (usually referred to as the Rightful Owner), an estate executor or administrator, or a Public Administrator already knew about an asset and could identify it satisfactorily, there was nothing for the Markham Compa-



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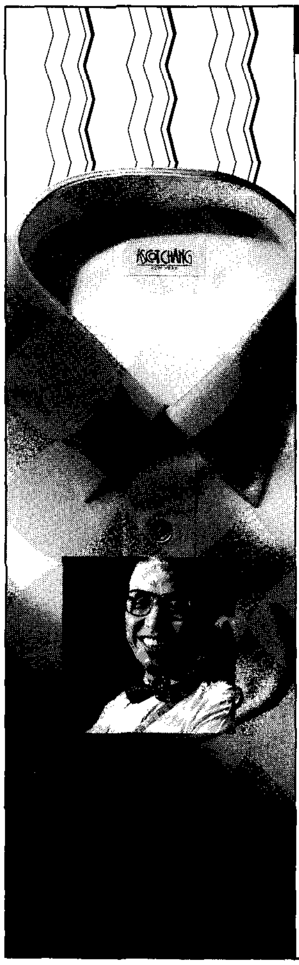

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ASCOT CHANG

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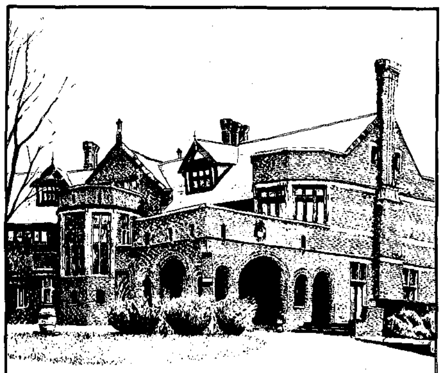
ny to recover. If this were the case, Markham would simply send Burlington Northern the Original Owner's current address, the address of the Rightful Owner, or the address of whoever represented the estate. Miss Brown promised to mention the matter to Mr. Feigenbaum.

On May 5, 1986, George L. Memmen, the Public Administrator, sent subpoenas to the Markham Company ordering representatives of the company to appear before him at Queens General Courthouse on the morning of June 9, 1986, and to bring "any and all information, books, records with reference to any assets belonging to Edward Devlin or his estate, of which you may have knowledge." The subpoenas said that failure to comply was punishable as contempt of court.

ABOUT a week before George Memmen sent the subpoenas, Edward H. Goldfader came to work for the Markham Company. Goldfader, a tall, well-built man then in his late fifties who went through Brandeis on a football scholarship, had spent thirty years at the Tracers Company of America. In December, 1985, Goldfader and his partner decided to go their separate ways. A large percentage of Tracers' business had consisted of looking for lost stockholders, but Goldfader had also spent time searching for runaway husbands, wives, and children; for the biological parents of adopted children and for children whose mothers had given them up for adoption; for college alumni on behalf of their fund-raising alma maters; and for people who had participated in health studies and were needed for follow-up studies. In the process Goldfader had become known as one of the country's expert tracers of missing people, including heirs, and after he decided to leave the Tracers Company the owner of Markham, David Mickelson, had persuaded him to join the firm.

On Friday, May 9th, Goldfader was handed the Edward Devlin file folder. By then, two items Nicola Knight had requested in January had been added to it: Edward Devlin's death certificate and the Public Administrator's petition, dated April 3, 1984, for "letters of administration" in his estate—formal notice of his right to administer it. The petition stated that "decedent was the owner of and died possessed of certain PERSONAL PROPERTY, the value of which does not exceed the sum of $15,000.00" and that the estimated value of decedent's "REAL PROPERTY" was "none." It went on to state that the decedent left surviving no spouse; no child or children, or descendants of predeceased child or children; no father or mother; no brothers or sisters, or descendants of predeceased brothers or sisters; no grandfather or grandmother; no uncles or aunts; no descendants of predeceased uncles or aunts.

Goldfader was skeptical about the contents of the petition—particularly the assertion about real property. He believed that Mrs. Wirth, Edward Devlin's neighbor, had accurately informed Nicola Knight that Mr. Devlin had owned his house. At a lunch held on May 12th to introduce Goldfader to one of the attorneys used by the Markham Company, the question of how to respond to the Public Administrator's subpoenas in the Devlin case came up. (Feigenbaum later agreed to let the Markham Company send a description of Devlin's Frisco holdings in lieu of appearing in court.) Goldfader mentioned that he wanted to run a deed check on Edward Devlin's house. The attorney said he knew someone in the Queens City Register and offered to run the check. The deed search revealed that Edward Devlin had owned his house, mortgage-free, and that the Public Administrator had sold it for $146,000 late in 1984; the petition for letters of administration was incorrect when it said Devlin had owned no real property. Goldfader also doubted the Public Administrator's sweeping declaration that the decedent had left no survivors. According to Edward Devlin's death certificate, he was the son of Thomas Devlin and had been buried in Calvary Cemetery, in Woodside, the largest cemetery of the Archdiocese of New York. Goldfader's experience had convinced him that it was rare for Catholics born in the nineteenth century, like Thomas Devlin, to have been only children. He also doubted whether Edward Devlin's mother, Frances Ackerman Devlin, had been an only child. Goldfader was prepared to concede that Edward Devlin had left no wife, chil-



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dren, brothers or sisters, or nieces or nephews (Eleanor Devlin would almost certainly have known of any), and it was probable that his parents, grandparents, and uncles and aunts had predeceased him, but Goldfader considered it highly likely that Edward Devlin was survived by "descendants of predeceased uncles or aunts." The laws of inheritance vary from state to state. Goldfader knew that in New York first cousins or any of their descendants may be entitled to inherit. If either Thomas Devlin or Frances Ackerman Devlin had had siblings who had children, and if any of those children had survived Edward Devlin—their first cousin—by as much as a minute, they would qualify to inherit. If none of Edward Devlin's first cousins had outlived him, any of their children—who would be his first cousins once removed—would qualify as his rightful heirs.

The Public Administrator is required by statute to make a "diligent" effort to locate heirs. Goldfader called Feigenbaum to ask if any heirs had been found—it would be pointless for him to search for them in that event—and was told that there "may be cousins" but "none have come forth, and the Public Administrator's search stage hasn't even begun yet." Ed Goldfader decided that finding Edward Devlin's heirs would take time, but that the time would be financially worthwhile. What had come to the Markham Company as a $28,700 Burlington Northern case was now at least a $189,700 case—the value of the original Frisco shares, plus as much as $15,000 worth of personal property, plus $146,000 from the house sale. And Goldfader reasoned that Edward Devlin's estate was larger than that. In his opinion, an eighty-year-old lawyer wouldn't have bought stock in just one company during his lifetime, and the questions that Susan Brown had asked and the subsequent subpoenas suggested that the Public Administrator was aware of additional stock. Goldfader was convinced that if he found Edward Devlin's first cousins or first cousins once removed they wouldn't know they were his heirs, because more than two years had elapsed since his death and they hadn't come forth. They would therefore willingly enter into an agreement with the Markham Company to enable them to collect their inheritance, and Markham would get a handsome fee.

Edward Devlin's death certificate stated that he was born in New York, which Goldfader thought most likely meant Manhattan. Goldfader conjectured that Edward Devlin's parents had been married in Manhattan a few years before his birth. He went to the city clerk's office on May 12th, and looked unsuccessfully for a record of their marriage in the marriage indexes for 1898 and 1899. The 1900 index led him to the marriage certificate of Thomas E. Devlin and Fannie Ackerman, who were recorded as having been married on the Lower East Side by an alderman on April 24, 1900. The certificate provided him with the ages the bride and the groom would reach on their next birthdays and with the names of their parents. Goldfader knew that such records weren't perfectly accurate—he distrusted the ages and he thought that the maiden name of Fannie's mother was more likely to be Mary Isaacs than Marie Isacs. When Ed Goldfader searches for heirs, he draws diagrams to illustrate his progress. On May 13th he drew a diagram based on the information that he had gathered so far (*Diagram A*).

On his way to work on May 14th, Ed Goldfader stopped off at Queens Surrogate's Court and obtained the petition for letters of administration in the estate of Arthur Devlin, which Edward Devlin had filed for his brother's estate; it gave the years of Thomas Devlin's death (1925) and Frances (Fannie) Ackerman Devlin's death (1962). He also picked up Arthur Devlin's death certificate, which gave the dates of his birth and his death. In addition, Goldfader obtained the petition for letters of administration in the estate of Thomas E. Devlin, which Edward Devlin had filed for his father's estate, on June 2, 1925. Frances Devlin had left no estate in Queens County. Later that day, Goldfader telephoned Calvary and asked for the site of Edward Devlin's grave and for the names and the dates of burial of relatives buried in close proximity to Edward Devlin. Because Calvary provided only a limited amount of information on the telephone, he also wrote to the cemetery for a complete list of interments in the family plot that included Edward Devlin's grave, enclosing the requisite check for thirty-four dollars. On the fifteenth, he returned to Queens Surrogate's Court, where he looked at all the probate records for the name Devlin. The records for an Elizabeth Devlin showed that she was Thomas E. Devlin's sister, and that she had had at least one other brother, John Devlin, and at least one sister, Mary Martin. Goldfader then found probate records for both names. On his way to work on the sixteenth, he went to see the Devlin graves at Calvary. There were no individual headstones, but there was an elegant rectangular marble monument with a cross carved at an angle on its

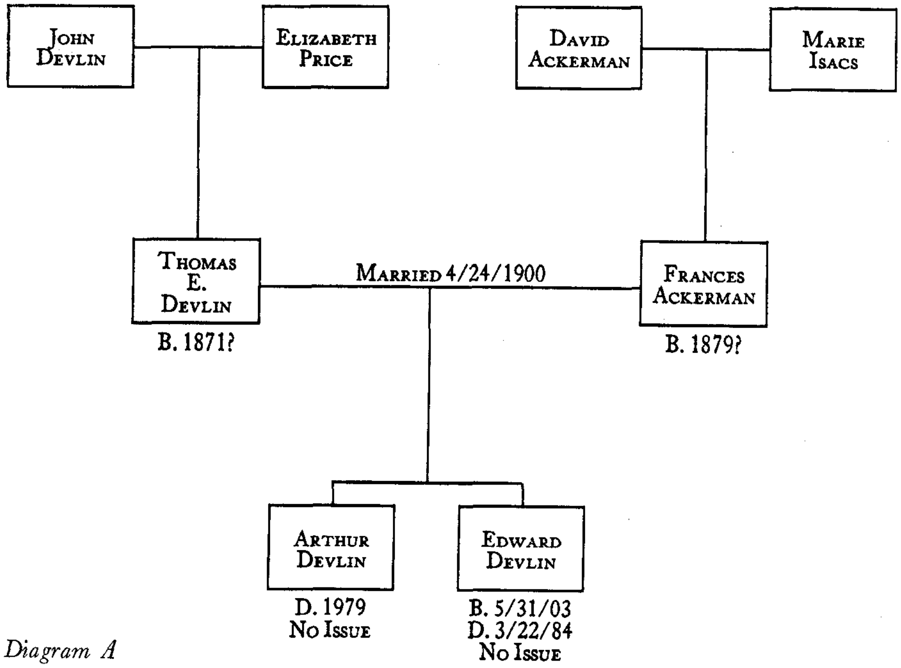
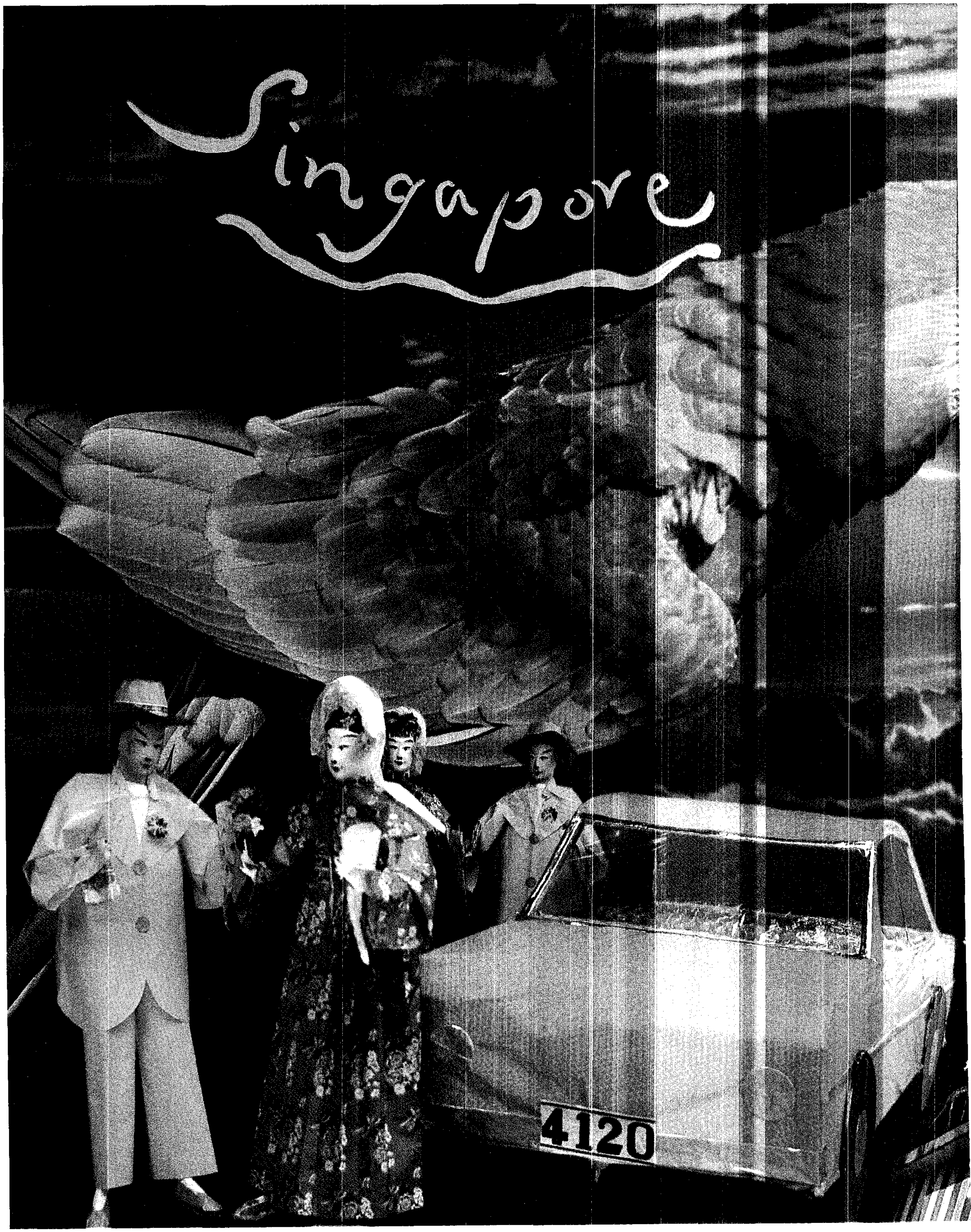


Diagram A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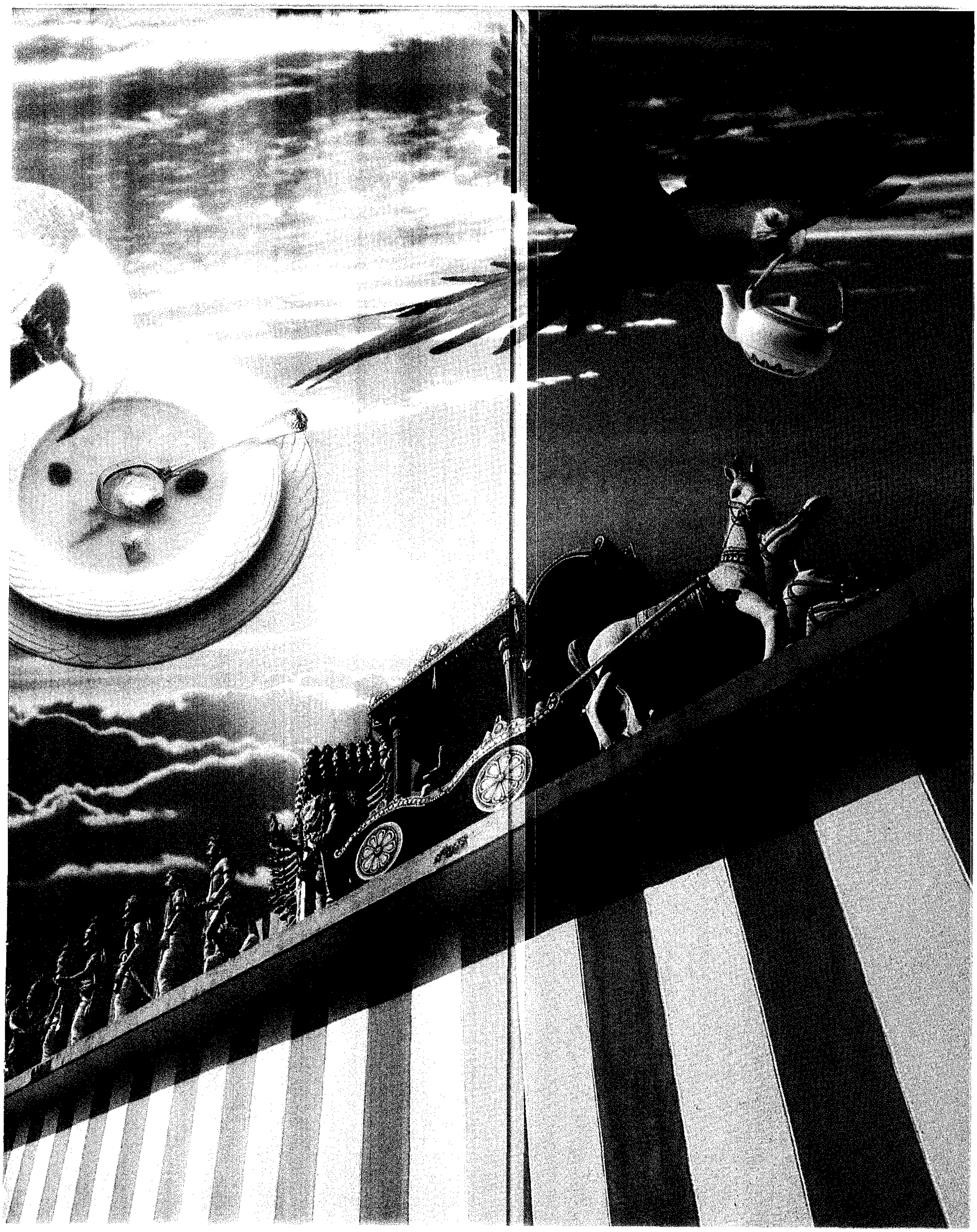

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After Calvary sent him the information he had requested, Ed Goldfader drew another chart (*Diagram B*). It extended as far as Edward Devlin's aunts and uncles, in accordance with burial records, which gave the approximate age at death of each person buried there, and with the other records he had found. There was no estate in Queens for the Devlin sister Rosanna, whose married name was given in Calvary's records as Koster.

Goldfader had spent a good portion of his life in archives, courthouses, and cemeteries. He is grateful for inscriptions on tombstones: they often clarify family relationships. It was of interest to him that Mary Martin had honored her parents and what he (correctly) assumed were all her brothers and sisters, including John, the only sibling who wasn't, according to Calvary's records, buried at Calvary. Probate documents are even more informative than death certificates and cemetery records: they often provide a list of immediate heirs and their addresses. When Thomas E. Devlin's brother John died, in 1924, he left a wife, six sons (Thomas, John, Frank, Edward, Arthur, and Michael), and two married daughters, Katie Nordt and Mary Hahn.

In early June, Goldfader had turned his attention briefly to a possible descendant of John Devlin—Harry Nordt, the only person with that surname on record at the Queens Surrogate's Court. In 1965, Doris N. Balko, a resident of Floral Park, Queens, had petitioned Surrogate's Court to determine the estate tax on the $47,000 estate of her father, Harry Nordt. Goldfader found a D. Balko listed in the latest Queens directory at the 1965 Floral Park address. He dialled her number on June 11th, 12th, and 13th and received no answer. Meanwhile, he had found a probate record showing that a Mary Martin who had died in Queens in 1940 had left an estate to numerous children and grandchildren. For several weeks, he spent most of his time trying to locate her descendants.

ON Monday, July 14th, Goldfader sent a letter to Doris N. Balko. After telling her of his genealogical study pertaining to the descendants of John and Elizabeth Devlin, he wrote:

> It is known that they had several children, including a son, John Devlin, who died on August 20, 1924. He had eight children, one of whom was a daughter, Katie Devlin, who married and became Katie Devlin *Nordt*.
>
> We are writing to you on the basis that you are the daughter of the late Harry Nordt and because you live in Queens County, where the family described is known to have resided.
>
> It has occurred to us that you may be a member of this family and, if so, may qualify to participate in unclaimed assets accruing to their interest.
>
> If you are related, would you kindly telephone me and I will provide further details.

At noon on July 23, 1986, Goldfader's phone rang. A man who identified himself as Albert Nordt was on the line. Mr. Nordt sounded miffed and suspicious. Doris Balko had just forwarded to him the letter she had received from Goldfader. Nordt wanted to know why Goldfader hadn't written to *him* if he had any questions about Katie Devlin Nordt. After all, he was in the Queens telephone book, and he was the son of Adolph and Katie Nordt. Doris was Katie's niece, the daughter of Albert's Uncle Harry. Goldfader explained that he had found Doris Balko's name in connection with the only Nordt estate in Queens Surrogate's Court and that if he hadn't heard from her or some other relative of John Devlin's soon he would have written to all the Nordts and Hahns in the Queens, Nassau, and Suffolk County directories.

Albert Nordt sounded mollified, and answered Goldfader's questions. Did he know the names of his mother's siblings? Nordt said that his mother had one sister, Mary Hahn, "and a bunch of brothers—Tom, John, Frank, Eddie, Arthur, and Mikey." Were any of them alive? No, they had all died many years ago. Only his mother was alive. Ed Goldfader asked Albert Nordt how old Katie Nordt was and where she was living. "She'll be ninety-eight next month and she's in a nursing home on Long Island not far from my sister Mary McDowell's house," he answered. Were Albert and Mary McDowell her only children? They were the only two who were

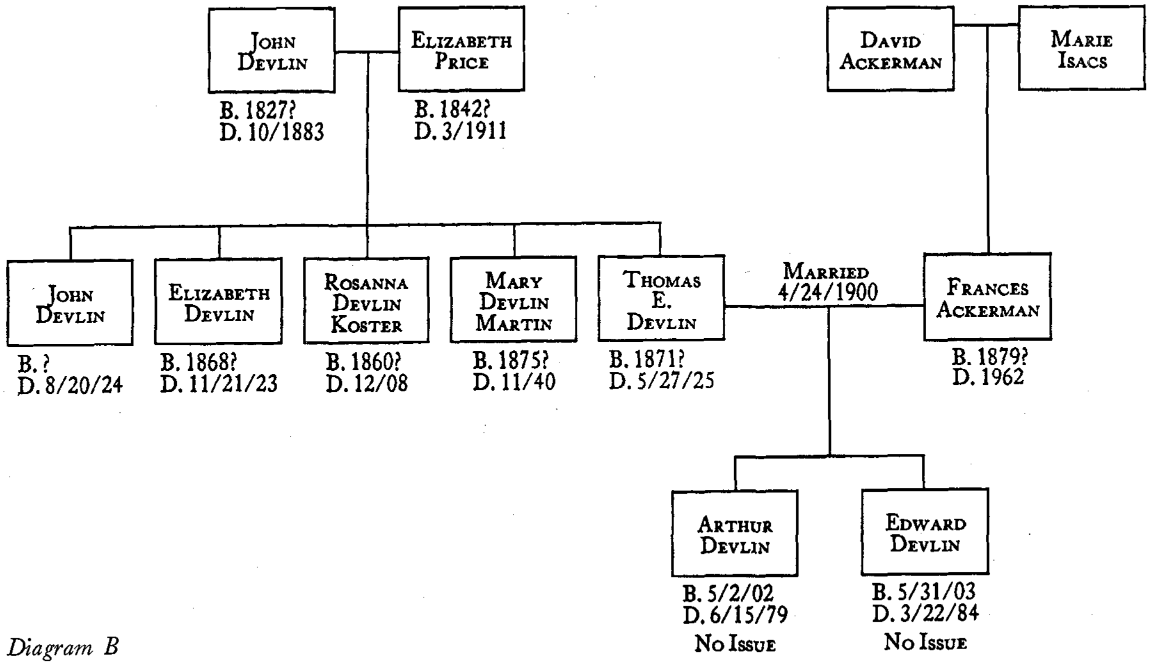

Diagram B

alive. Albert Nordt agreed to let Ed Goldfader come to his apartment in Glendale, Queens, on July 25th for a discussion of genealogy and unclaimed assets.

Ed Goldfader bounded out of his office and into the office of David Mickelson, Markham's owner. "We have an heir in the Devlin case—a first cousin," he told Mickelson, who had been following his genealogical progress. Albert Nordt was certain that his mother was the only one of John Devlin's children who was still alive.

Albert Nordt, a man of seventy-four who was wearing a short-sleeved sports shirt, polyester pants, and a pair of thick glasses, let Goldfader into his apartment on the morning of Friday, July 25th. They sat down at a table in the dining end of a long dining room–living room with a purplish carpet. "We're trying to establish who is the closest living relative to John Devlin," Goldfader began. He took the latest version of the family tree out of his briefcase and showed it to Albert Nordt, but Nordt said he had developed a serious eye problem a few months earlier and couldn't read it. Goldfader asked him about his Devlin relatives. Had he known his mother's parents? Nordt remembered his grandfather John Devlin as a "tough Irishman" and said that his grandmother, Catherine Donnelly Devlin, was known in the family as Big Katie and his mother as Little Katie. What about his aunts? He had known his mother's aunt Elizabeth ("Lizzie was a spinster") and aunt Mary Martin. Had he known Mary Martin's husband or her children? Nordt looked perplexed. "I heard that Aunt Mary had had a husband, but he was no longer around during my boyhood when I was taken to visit her," he said. "And she didn't have any children." (Goldfader later learned that the Mary Martin who died in Queens in November, 1940, leaving numerous children, was not Mary Devlin Martin, who also died in Queens in November, 1940, but left no estate. He had wasted weeks on the wrong Mary Martin.) Albert Nordt said he had never heard of his mother's aunt Rosanna Koster, but he remembered his mother's uncle, Thomas Devlin. "His wife, Fannie, was of the Jewish faith," he told Goldfader. "They had two sons, Edward and Arthur. Edward was a lawyer. My mother knew them both, and so did I. I saw their obituaries in the newspaper."

Nordt was able to tell Goldfader something about his mother's brothers—where they had lived, whether they had married, and approximately how many children they had had. He believed that one brother had died in the nineteen-thirties, the others between the nineteen-forties and the nineteen-sixties. He had lost track of his mother's sister, Mary Hahn, a long time ago, but he was sure that she, too, had been dead for years. He hadn't kept up with any of his Devlin cousins. He said that his father, Adolph, had also had a number of brothers and sisters, but the only one of their children he was friendly with was his cousin Doris Balko. "You know how it is," he said. "Sometimes big families aren't close."

Goldfader asked whether his mother might know anything about Rosanna Koster (whose children, were there any alive, would share Edward Devlin's estate with her). "She just might," Nordt said. "She's sometimes mixed up about the present, but often when we visit her in the nursing home and ask her about someone from years ago she'll remember a lot." Goldfader asked for the name of the nursing home that Katie Nordt was in and who paid her bills there. Nordt gave Goldfader the nursing home's name but said that his sister, Mary McDowell, handled his mother's finances and Goldfader should talk to her about that. Goldfader asked if Nordt had spoken to his sister since he'd heard from Doris Balko or since he'd called Goldfader. The answer to both questions was no. Would he be willing to call Mary McDowell, so that Goldfader could talk to her? The telephone in the Nordts' apartment is in the kitchen on a long cord. Nordt got up, carried the phone into another room, came back after a few minutes, and handed the telephone to Goldfader, who made an appointment to see Mary McDowell at her home in East Patchogue on Monday afternoon.

Afterward, Nordt asked, "How did this all come about?" Goldfader explained that the Markham Company was engaged by major corporations to look for missing stockholders and that if the stockholders were dead it sought their rightful heirs. He left on Albert Nordt's table a packet of information about the Markham Company, which included letters from people who had

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AIG Issues Forum

Why it's important t
establish a National E

A "SHORT-TERM" PROBLEM WILL TAKE DECADES AND COST BILLIONS.

Alarmed by the poisoning of our environment at Love Canal and other toxic waste sites, Congress created the Superfund program ten years ago. Superfund was intended to be a short-term cleanup program for the most serious hazardous waste sites across the country.

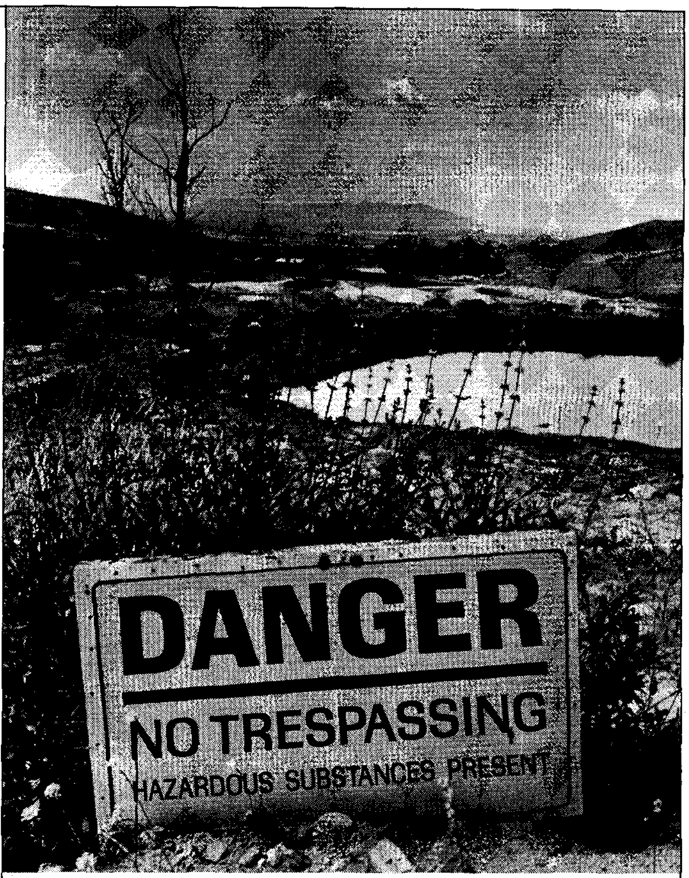
More than a decade later, it's painfully clear that cleaning up hazardous waste is not a short-term problem for America. It will take many decades and cost hundreds of billions of dollars.

Currently, 1,200 of the most dangerous sites have been selected for priority action. Billions of dollars have been spent, but very few sites have been cleaned up. In fact, only 45.

SO FAR, ABOUT ALL WE'VE DONE WITH HAZARDOUS WASTE IS WASTE TIME AND MONEY.

One problem is that Superfund requires establishing liability–who sent what waste, how much and where. And this has taken priority over cleaning up. With the cost of cleanup at just one site estimated as high as one hundred million dollars, the question of who pays has serious consequences for everyone involved.

At most hazardous waste sites, the operator of the dump caused the environmental harm. But under Superfund,



everyone who used the site is liable for the cleanup bill. The record of users can go back 25, 30 or 40 years and can number in the hundreds. Users can include major corporations, small businesses, local governments, hospitals, nursing homes, schools, even individuals.

For example, at 422 sites almost 14,000 entities have been notified by the government that they could be liable for the cleanup cost. And many of these entities have themselves identified still others.

The result? A bonanza for lawyers and

ut cleanup first and ironmental Trust Fund.

consultants. And a tragedy for the environment. At some sites, as much as 60% of the money spent goes toward legal expenses in costly and time-consuming efforts to assign liability instead of solving the cleanup problem. An avalanche of lawsuits has resulted, all aimed at getting someone else to pay.

HERE'S AN IDEA THAT DESERVES EVERYONE'S CONSIDERATION.

At AIG, we think it's high time to find a better approach to the problem of cleaning up old hazardous waste sites. One that encourages prompt cleanup and spreads the cost more broadly. And more equitably.

We propose creating a National Environmental Trust Fund similar to the National Highway Trust Fund. Its resources would be used exclusively for cleaning up old hazardous waste sites. The Fund could be financed by adding a separate fee to commercial and industrial insurance premiums in the United States.

Even a modest assessment, say 2% of premiums and an equivalent amount for self insurers, would provide about $40 billion over the next decade, more than enough to deal with the 1,200 highest-priority sites.

A national advisory board of private citizens, industry and public officials could be charged with overseeing the program. We also suggest giving consideration to establishing local technical monitoring committees in each community. These groups would be composed of local citizens, industry and others who would work with the Environmental Protection Agency and the state on the particular cleanup site, from the very beginning of the cleanup effort.

Just think. A new way to finance Superfund's mission without the need for new taxes, a new government agency or expensive and unproductive lawsuits.

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We've started this dialogue to encourage people like you to help shape the future. Perhaps you'll want to keep the ball rolling by contacting your elected officials, or an environmental or trade group. We hope you will. Shouldn't we stop trying to fix the blame and start fixing the problem?

If you agree with this idea or have thoughts of your own to share, write to Mr. M.R. Greenberg, Chairman, AIG, 70 Pine Street, New York, NY 10270.

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been happy to be found by Markham. Nordt said his wife, Vera, would read it when she got home from work that evening.

ON Monday, July 28th, Ed Goldfader drove out to East Patchogue, in Suffolk County, Long Island, to see Mary McDowell. Mrs. McDowell, seventy-two, proved to be a short, friendly woman. She was dressed in a flowered shift and lived in a three-bedroom ranch house on a large lot with plenty of grass, which her second husband, Jack McDowell, was mowing. Mary McDowell said, “Mary Martin was either separated or divorced but she had no children.” The name Rosanna Koster was familiar to Mary McDowell. Her mother had told her that Rosanna’s husband had driven a horse and buggy for a funeral parlor and that they had been childless. Her mother’s Uncle Tom occasionally came to her parents’ apartment to visit, and she had heard nice things about his wife, Fannie, from her mother, who had helped her with her housekeeping before Fannie had to be put in a mental institution. Mary McDowell had known their two sons, Edward and Arthur. “Eddie handled my separation from my first husband in 1941 and later became an assistant district attorney,” she said. “When I read his obituary in the paper, I noticed that the only survivor mentioned was Arthur’s widow.”

Mary McDowell knew a fair amount about her mother’s sister and brothers. Goldfader explained that it was his job to prove that all the people on the same line of his chart as her mother were dead. He needed to know their exact dates of death in order to procure their death certificates. Mrs. McDowell told Goldfader that the person who could help him most was Richard Devlin, the son of her mother’s brother Michael Devlin. Richard Devlin was the one Devlin cousin she heard from regularly. “Richard is an only child of older parents,” she said. “Ever since he was a kid, he has always been more interested in older people than in his contemporaries. He used to take his mother to parish dances. Richard’s a bachelor in his mid-forties who always went to family wakes and still goes to his cousins’ weddings.” Richard Devlin lived in Queens. Mrs. McDowell gave Goldfader his phone number.

Mrs. McDowell was more forthcoming than her brother and far more emotional; she kept wiping tears from her eyes. She explained that her husband, Jack, hadn’t been feeling well; that Jack’s brother, Bill, was terminally ill with cancer; and that for the past three Wednesdays when she visited her mother in the nursing home her mother hadn’t recognized her. Until then, Katie Nordt had been quite lucid, considering her age: she would be ninety-eight on August 9th. Mary McDowell seemed puzzled by the “assets” that Goldfader told her about, and more interested in their origin—Goldfader’s questions had led her to believe that they had something to do with Mary Martin—than in any money that might be involved. “Mama doesn’t need any money now,” she said. Mary McDowell began to cry, and added that it was a terrible shame these assets hadn’t come to her mother when she really needed the money—in the nineteen-twenties, thirties, or forties, or, especially, the late fifties, after Adolph’s death.

Until Katie Nordt signed a contract with the Markham Company enabling Markham to collect Edward Devlin’s assets on her behalf—or until Albert Nordt and Mary McDowell entered into such an agreement if Katie Nordt was no longer able to sign—Goldfader wasn’t at liberty to reveal the source of the assets. In the hope of cheering up Mrs. McDowell, he did say that the assets had been brought to the attention of the Markham Company only a few months before.

TO A CHILD

Here, here
beneath the tented pallor
August has hung upon this coast
the direct sight of airy light
encloses me
more or less
in terror.

Madness
feels like memory
the sexless angel
has appeared
to me since boyhood
has spread my eyes
has coated me in pale jellies of faith
of hesitant
and burning
worry

learn to speak

the air is like wax
stilled and gay with intimacy
as if beneath an awning

the air

I see no odd light, hear no voices
but a man in the waves
stroking and children silent
or shouting
with focussed attention
in my dispersed attention
I feel false feelings
here
here
water is always mirror

is a child heart
that slaps oddly
in rhythmic idiocy
it moves and lapses

child, child,
the white murderers
the enemies
are here in the glare arrestedly
my faith is happily empty of faith
trust
me.

—HAROLD BRODKEY

• •

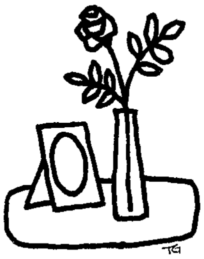
“THE ideal is a family Bible containing a record of several generations of births, marriages, and deaths,” Ed Goldfader remarked to his wife, Paula, over dinner a couple of hours after he left Mary McDowell’s house. “The next-best thing is a self-designated family historian, like Richard Devlin. In my line of work it’s lucky that he’s the rule rather than the exception.”

Richard Devlin, a talkative, meticulously dressed man, who had inherited from his father a blackthorn stick that Richard’s great-grandfather, John Devlin, was said to have brought with him from Ireland, came to Ed Goldfader’s office at the Markham Company after work one afternoon in the summer of 1986. He presented Goldfader with memorial cards from the wakes of four of Katie Devlin Nordt’s six brothers, which gave the dates on which they had died, and enabled Ed Goldfader to obtain their death certificates. With information Richard Devlin supplied about Katie

Nordt's two other brothers and her only sister, Mary Hahn, Goldfader had little trouble securing their death certificates as well.

One fact about the Devlin case that had interested Ed Goldfader from the day he learned of Thomas E. Devlin's marriage to Frances Ackerman was that it was a mixed marriage. Ed and Paula Goldfader are Jewish; on August 9, 1986—Katie Devlin Nordt's ninety-eighth birthday—their only son was married in East Patchogue, about a mile from Mary McDowell's house, to a Catholic. Goldfader knew that interfaith marriages had been far rarer in 1900 and had been viewed with alarm. Soon after he started working on the Devlin case, he had thought that it would be nice to find two heirs, one on the Devlin side and one on the Ackerman side, who weren't aware of each other's existence.

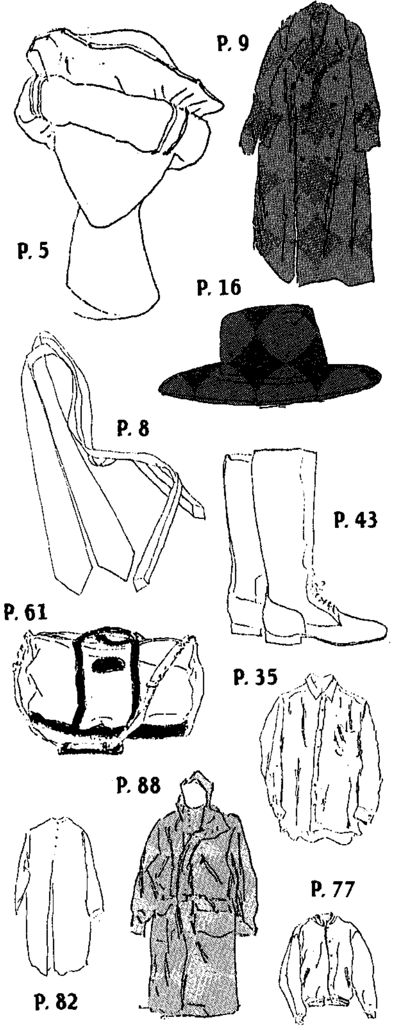
According to Edward Devlin's 1925 petition for letters of administration in his father's estate, Thomas E. Devlin had been survived by his sons Arthur and Edward and his wife, Frances, "an incompetent who has been legally committed to Kings Park State Hospital." On May 14, 1986, Goldfader wrote to Kings Park Psychiatric Center, requesting her birth and death dates, her place of burial, and any biographical information they had about her. A day later, Kings Park wrote back that Frances Devlin had been transferred to Pilgrim Psychiatric Center and he would have to write to Pilgrim for any information he desired. He sent a similar letter to Pilgrim, and on May 28th he got his answer. Frances Devlin was born on April 5, 1879, had died on January 18, 1962, and was buried at Mount Hebron Cemetery, in Flushing, New York.



Goldfader telephoned Mount Hebron on May 30, 1986, and was told that four other people were buried in the same plot as Frances Devlin. Mary Ackerman, in whose name the plot was recorded, had died in the Bronx, at the age of eighty-three, on August 4, 1936; Isidore Ackerman had died, at the age of eighty-two, in Wingdale, New York, on March 7, 1963; Carrie Ackerman had died, at the age of eighty, in Bronx State Hospital (now Bronx Psychiatric Center) on October 7, 1965; and Martha Ackerman had died, at the age of eighty-five, on June 18, 1975, at the Florence Nightingale Nursing Home in Manhattan. Their death certificates said that Isidore, Carrie, Martha, and Frances were Mary and David Ackerman's children. The certificates stated that Carrie and Martha Ackerman were single but Isidore was "separated." Isidore's death certificate also said that he had died in the Harlem Valley State Hospital, and that he had suffered from schizophrenia, hebephrenic type —an extremely serious form of schizophrenia, which usually develops in childhood. People with hebephrenia rarely marry, which made it unlikely that Isidore could have been separated from a wife. Goldfader wrote to Harlem Valley and learned that Isidore Ackerman had been continuously confined to mental institutions—first Manhattan State Hospital, later Harlem Valley—from April 1, 1903, when he was in his early twenties. Goldfader's letter to Harlem Valley also inquired whether Isidore was survived by any children; the answer came back, "In reviewing his record there is no reference to children whatsoever."

Ed Goldfader had discovered one other Ackerman child when he consulted the police census for Manhattan, done in 1890. When Frances Ackerman married Thomas Devlin, in 1900, she gave as her residence 210 East Seventh Street. Goldfader had found David and Mary Ackerman living at 212 East Seventh Street in 1890 with five children, who were listed in order of their birth: Frances, Rose, Isidore, Carrie, and Martha.

David Ackerman had not been buried with his wife, nor had Rose been buried with her mother—a circumstance which suggested to Goldfader that both had died before 1936, when the Ackermans acquired the plot at Mount Hebron. A search of death certificates showed that David Ackerman, listed in the 1900 United States census as a tailor, had died on September 15, 1925, at the age of eighty, and had been buried in Washington Cemetery, in Brooklyn. Goldfader decided to pay a visit to Washington Cemetery. He suspected that he would find Rose Ackerman's grave near her father's, and he did. Not far from David Ackerman's tombstone was a stone that



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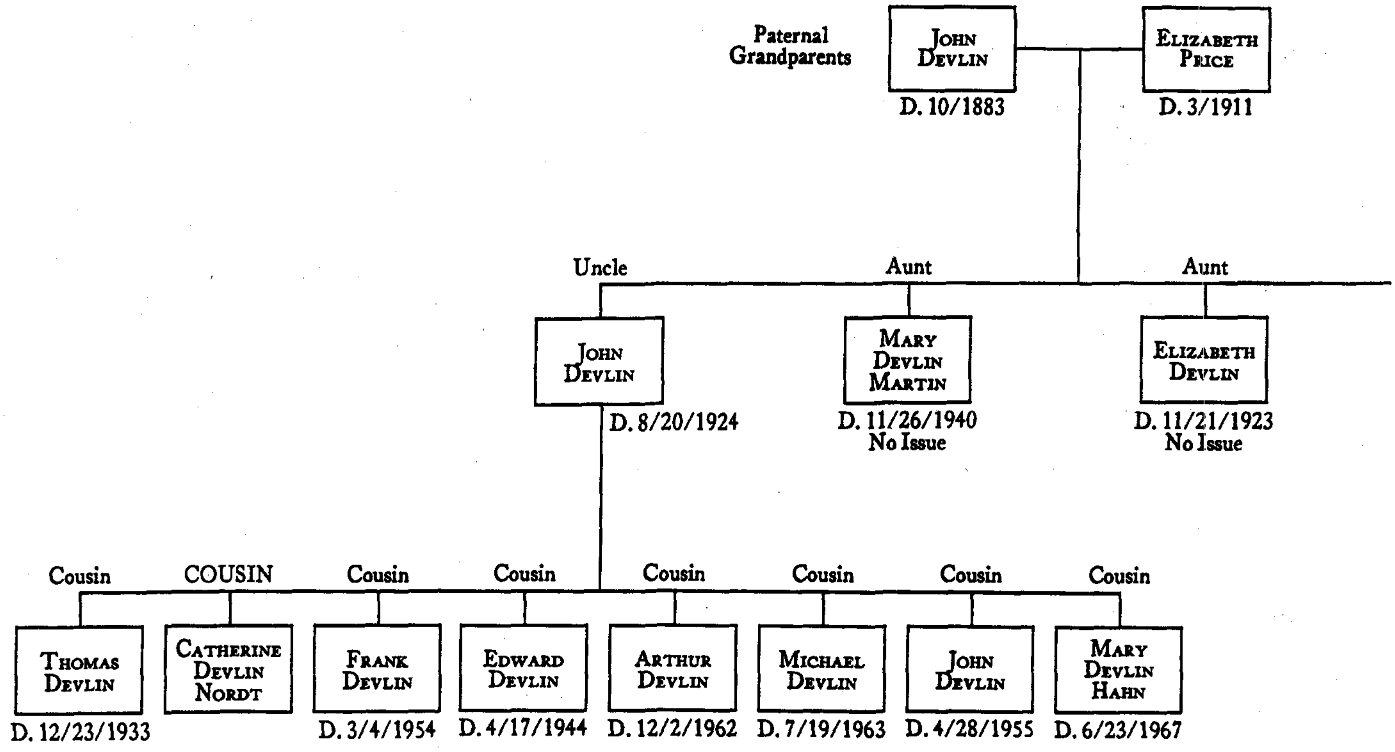

Paternal Grandparents
John Devlin
D. 10/1883
Elizabeth Price
D. 3/1911
Uncle
John Devlin
D. 8/20/1924
Aunt
Mary Devlin Martin
D. 11/26/1940
No Issue
Aunt
Elizabeth Devlin
D. 11/21/1923
No Issue
Cousin
Thomas Devlin
D. 12/23/1933
COUSIN
Catherine Devlin Nordt
Cousin
Frank Devlin
D. 3/4/1954
Cousin
Edward Devlin
D. 4/17/1944
Cousin
Arthur Devlin
D. 12/2/1962
Cousin
Michael Devlin
D. 7/19/1963
Cousin
John Devlin
D. 4/28/1955
Cousin
Mary Devlin Hahn
D. 6/23/1967

read "In memory of our beloved daughter and sister ROSE ACKERMAN b. July 7, 1878, died December 26, 1908. Rest in peace." When Goldfader got Rose Ackerman's death certificate, it said that she was single.

After a search of birth records and adoption proceedings, to determine whether Martha, Carrie, and Isidore ever had or adopted children, and a separate search of marriage records, to demonstrate further that Isidore had never been married and thus could not have been "separated," Goldfader concluded that Katie Devlin Nordt was Edward Devlin's rightful heir, and he drew up his final genealogical chart on the Devlin and Ackerman families (*Diagram C*).

SINCE Mary and Albert had no lawyer, the Markham Company retained one to represent Katie Nordt—Ira Meislik, a boyhood friend of David Mickelson's. Meislik suggested that she sign a form giving her son and daughter, jointly, her power of attorney. Mary McDowell took the form to Oak Hollow on August 27, 1986. Her mother's signature was an "X," witnessed by a member of the staff of Oak Hollow, but a few minutes later, when Mary McDowell handed her mother an envelope she happened to have with her and asked her to sign it, she had no trouble writing "Catherine Devlin Nordt." Catherine Nordt's mental condition had improved in August, and she had eaten with enthusiasm a piece of a cake that Albert and Vera brought her on her birthday. In early September, Mary McDowell and Albert Nordt, as their mother's "attorneys in fact," signed an agreement with the Markham Company to share any recovered assets with it. (Markham would pay all expenses, including Meislik's legal fees, even if no assets were recovered. Markham would get fifty per cent of the first hundred thousand dollars recovered, forty-five per cent of the next four hundred thousand, and thirty-five per cent of any assets exceeding five hundred thousand. Goldfader, in addition to his salary from Markham, would get as a commission approximately twenty per cent of Markham's share.) When Goldfader told Mary McDowell and Albert Nordt that Edward Devlin was their mother's benefactor, they displayed little emotion. Mrs. McDowell did find it odd, however, that Devlin, the only lawyer in the family—among her other Devlin relatives had been steamfitters, apartment-house superintendents, and ladies'-room attendants—had left no will.

MARY McDOWELL was not the first person to be surprised that Edward Devlin had died intestate. Between Devlin's death, in the spring of 1984, and Mary and Albert's learning that their mother was his apparent heir, dozens of other people had been, too.

One was Robert Werst. He was the vice-president of George Werst, Inc., the funeral home Ruth Paradise Fiorello called on March 22, 1984, after she received word of Edward Devlin's death. Bob Werst had handled Arthur Devlin's funeral, in 1979, and Mrs. Fiorello knew that Edward Devlin had been the lawyer for the firm that Bob Werst's great-grandfather George Werst had founded and his heirs had continued to run. Bob Werst came right over and had Ruth Fiorello fill out a Queens County Public Administrator's "Report of Death." He took that to George Memmen's office the next day. Memmen's office had to give its consent for any burial arrangement, because there was no one on hand as close as a niece or nephew, and the Public Administrator would be responsible for seeing that the funeral bills were paid.

The office of the Queens Public Administrator is next door to the courtroom of the Queens Surrogate. Edward Devlin was a general practitioner, but he had two specialties—criminal law and estate law. He was a familiar figure in Surrogate's Court. Louis D. Laurino, who had been the Surrogate since 1971, knew him well; Devlin was an executor of numerous estates and had frequently been appointed by the court to be a conservator for those

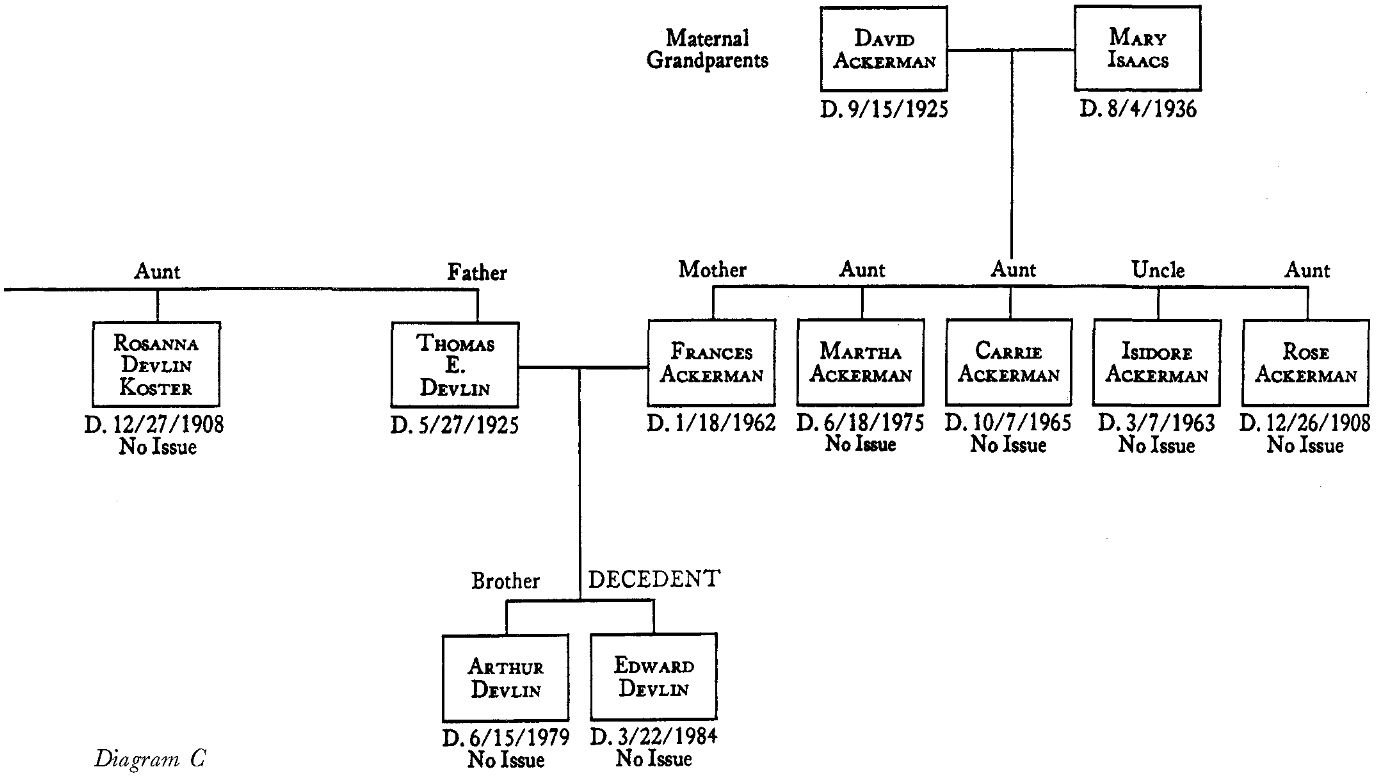


Diagram C

considered legally incompetent. He was often in Laurino's courtroom probating and contesting wills. The court clerks and the staff of the Public Administrator's office were also acquainted with him. He was the last person they would have imagined would die intestate, and the only lawyer in Queens, to the best of their memory, whose estate had become a Public Administrator's case.

In early April, Michael Feigenbaum, the counsel to the Public Administrator, Feigenbaum's assistant, and two members of the Public Administrator's staff went to Devlin's house, at 58-40 69th Avenue, a two-story attached brick dwelling. At the time of Edward Devlin's death, he and the Fiorellos lived on the second floor. The ground floor, a railroad-flat-like series of rooms, served as his office. The office was in disarray. The four men spent two days going through file cabinets and desk drawers, some of the time with the assistance of Ruth Fiorello. They left files that Ruth Fiorello told them dated back forty or fifty years, and sorted out those she said were current, taking them to Feigenbaum's office in Jamaica. They also scooped up bankbooks, income-tax returns, safe-deposit-box keys, and paper bags stuffed with uncashed checks and postal money orders, and drove off with them to the Public Administrator's office.

Edward Devlin's frugality was well known in Ridgewood. In the nineteen-forties and fifties, he and Arthur had driven black Chryslers and Cadillacs whose engines backfired, disturbing the tranquillity of the neighborhood. The rattletraps were replaced as they expired, and their replacements were also allowed to run down, noisily, until the nineteen-seventies, when Edward Devlin was no longer able to drive. In his final years, Devlin had let the house fall into disrepair, too. A pair of new lights that had been put up on either side of the front door after Arthur was mugged one evening while he was coming home from buying a newspaper illuminated the door's lack of paint. The snow was never shovelled, and the back-yard garden had become a tangle of overgrown rosebushes. Devlin, who had once been a dapper dresser, got smaller and thinner as he aged, seemed to cease caring how he looked, and wore threadbare overcoats several sizes too big for him, which almost touched the ground.

At Surrogate's Court it was assumed that Devlin had had a modest practice and that his estate would be modest. From the material taken from the house and from mail diverted to the Public Administrator after the petition for letters of administration was granted, there was evidence, in the form of bank statements, stockbrokers' and bond brokers' statements, and stock-dividend checks, that Devlin had been far more affluent than anyone had realized.

When the men from the Public Administrator's office went to Manufacturers Hanover, a bank in Ridgewood just five blocks from Devlin's home, they learned that he had three accounts together totalling $58,000; a safe-deposit box; and a money-market account with a balance of $522,000. On the morning of April 1, 1984, a member of the Public Administrator's staff, a New York State tax auditor, and an assistant manager of the bank opened the box. Inside were $2,000 in Macy's gift certificates, $55,000 in cash, one bond, and a few gold coins. At Ridgewood Savings Bank, two blocks from Devlin's house, the Public Administrator's men found a bank account and two safe-deposit boxes. Inside the first box were $45,000 in bearer bonds, $45,000 in United States currency, a few gold coins, and a modest amount of ladies' gold jewelry. The second box contained another $45,000 in bearer bonds and $99,000 in cash. Devlin also had some sixteen thousand dollars split between two other banks. The Public Administrator is not permitted to take risks with the assets of estates it administers. If the decedent owns a house, as Edward Devlin did, it must be sold promptly, to minimize maintenance costs and to avoid any liability problems. Seven months after Devlin's death, his house was sold at public auction. Stocks must also be sold in a timely fashion. In the case of Edward

Devlin, that was not always possible. Ed Goldfader's intuition had been correct: Devlin had owned stock in many corporations besides Burlington Northern. On April 18, 1984, the Public Administrator's office sold thirty-six shares of American Express that Devlin had held, and, on April 24, 1984, forty-five shares of the Jim Walter Corporation. A great many stocks and bonds were sold in the summer of 1984. Many other stocks weren't sold until 1985, because the original stock certificates couldn't be found and it took time to submit affidavits of lost stock certificates and get replacements for them. Devlin's Frisco (Burlington Northern) stock was sold on November 25 and 26, 1985, two weeks after the Markham Company received the list of the hundred and ninety Frisco stockholders who hadn't exchanged their Frisco shares for Burlington Northern shares. Had Burlington Northern then followed up and instructed Markham to take Devlin's name off the list, the quest that was to lead to Katie Nordt would never have begun.

It took much more time and effort to marshal the assets of the Devlin estate than it did to marshal those of many other estates. Feigenbaum and other lawyers in his law firm and two paralegals he had hired had to sort through and organize Devlin's files and settle a dozen legal matters that Devlin had left uncompleted; the fees Devlin was owed came to more than sixty-six thousand dollars. A secretary was employed to help liquidate an insurance company that Devlin owned. As Devlin's stocks, bonds, house, and possessions were sold, the money they fetched was put into interest-bearing accounts at about twenty banks.

Other professionals were hired by the Public Administrator, among them an accountant. Devlin's income taxes were in arrears for 1981, 1982, and 1983. An income-tax return would also have to be prepared for 1984, and federal and New York State estate taxes paid. In mid-1986, the accountant was still filing tax extensions. The Public Administrator's office appeared to be in no particular hurry to settle the Devlin estate and did not seem unduly concerned with finding an heir. In the State of New York, unclaimed estates are eventually—sometimes the process takes years—turned over to the state's Comptroller, who becomes responsible for paying any possible future claimants. In the meantime, the Public Administrator's office collects a commission, which is turned over to the city, and any applicable fees, which the office keeps. In addition, lawyers, accountants, and others hired by the Public Administrator get individual fees for their time and expenses. They can charge complex estates such as Edward Devlin's whatever the Surrogate allows.

In November, 1984, George Memmen, who had worked for the New York City Fire Department before being appointed as Queens County Public Administrator, had hired Herbert K. Johnson, a Fire Department acquaintance who had retired and become an arson investigator, to look for Edward Devlin's next of kin. Mr. Johnson had been given access to the Public Administrator's files and had interviewed two of Devlin's neighbors, officers of various banks where Devlin had accounts, Dr. Menger, Bob Werst, and Eleanor Devlin. Mr. Johnson reported what Eleanor Devlin had told him: "That she does believe there should be some relatives, possibly cousins on the decedent's father's side as the Devlin family was a large one. That she has no specific knowledge of any next-of-kin, however she will contact me if she can locate any relatives in the future." The report concluded, "Based on the above the following are alleged distributees: NONE." On November 20, 1984, Mr. Johnson had been paid three hundred dollars for his kinship investigation. Michael Feigenbaum had misspoken when he told Goldfader in the spring of 1986 that the Public Administrator's search stage hadn't yet begun. It had ended.

In October, 1986, Ira Meislik, the attorney Markham had hired, met with Rocco M. Longo, who had replaced Feigenbaum as counsel to the Queens County Public Administrator some months earlier. Meislik brought with him some of the genealogical work that Goldfader had done, and informed Longo that it was his intention to claim Edward Devlin's estate for Catherine Devlin Nordt. Longo told Meislik that the estate was sizable and the Public Administrator would require more time to give a formal account of it. In May, 1987, Meislik received an informal inventory, consisting of little more than a ledger page filled with numbers, as well as the estate's tax return for that year. The gross estate was $1.8 million.

Catherine Devlin Nordt was an unlikely heiress. She was fifteen years older than her potential benefactor and had been confined to Oak Hollow Nursing Center since 1981, three years before his death. She had known Edward Devlin slightly, but they had probably not seen each other since the nineteen-forties. On August 27, 1986, the day she signed the power-of-attorney form with an "X" and her name in full on an envelope, she was seated in a wheelchair near the window of her room, which contained two beds. At ninety-eight, she was one of the oldest residents of Oak Hollow, but she appeared more fortunate than most of the nursing home's other residents, including her roommate, who was connected to tubes and rarely stirred. Catherine Devlin Nordt didn't have cancer or Alzheimer's and hadn't suffered a debilitating stroke; she simply suffered from the frailties of her extraordinary age. She was dressed that day in a pastel seersucker housedress, a pair of lavender knee socks, low-heeled shoes, and a white cardigan. (The day was hot, but she always felt chilly, even without the air-conditioner on.) There was rouge on her cheeks, a bright-pink yarn ribbon in her white hair, which had been newly permed, and a double strand of pink beads around her neck. Her nails were polished pale pink. Her legs were spindly and her feet tiny, her nose was sharp and her chin pointed (she no longer wore her dentures), and she appeared to weigh about eighty pounds. Her hearing and her eyesight (she wore pink-rimmed glasses) weren't what they used to be, but she welcomed visitors. Her son Albert and daughter-in-law Vera visited most weekends, her daughter Mary visited most Wednesdays, and three grandchildren—two sons and a daughter of Albert and Vera—and some of her great-grandchildren came to see her occasionally, as did a few other Devlin, Nordt, and McDowell relatives.

After Catherine Devlin Nordt signed the power of attorney, she looked at the "X" and fretted that it was crooked (the nursing-home employee who witnessed it said it was fine) and reached her hand out for a plastic glass filled with cold root beer that Mary McDowell had brought from her home. While she was drinking it, her daughter asked her what she would do if she came into a million dollars. "First, I wouldn't get that offer," Catherine Nordt said. "Then I'd have to think about it an awful lot. I'd have to investigate where the money came from. I'd see what we needed. Clothes I don't need. Not jewelry. I'm not interested in that. That's my least problem. I don't want to wear these beads—they get hung on me. I don't want no part of no house. I'm an old buck, but if you keep a clean mind and a clean body age don't mean nothing. I ain't got it bad now. I wouldn't get the money, so I'm not worrying about it. I don't know why I came here, but from where I am I can buy a chicken."

Catherine Devlin was born to John Devlin and Catherine Donnelly Devlin on August 9, 1888, in a tenement on the Lower East Side. By the time Katie was fourteen, she had five younger brothers and a younger sister; she would have had more siblings if her mother hadn't lost several children as infants and hadn't also suffered a number of miscarriages. John Devlin, the father of the family, who was a boilermaker, didn't earn much money, and life in the Devlin household was harsh. There wasn't enough food or affection to go around. There were too few beds and too much commotion. At ninety-eight, Little Katie still recalled the best year of her childhood as a year she spent with one of her mother's more prosperous relatives, for whom she worked as a live-in maid in exchange for room and board and clothes. At the age of thirteen, Katie dropped out of school. (Her mother wrote down on her application for working papers that she was fifteen.) She got a job folding and packing sheets and pillowcases for Claflin's, a linen manufacturer; later, she boxed chocolates for Huyler's Cocoa, Chocolates & Bonbons, and then she returned to Claflin's. In her teens, she met Adolph Edward Nordt, who lived on the same block as the Devlins. On Sunday, December 22, 1907, Catherine Devlin, nineteen, and Adolph Nordt, twenty, were married in the rectory of St. Brigid's Church, on Avenue B, where Katie had been baptized. They couldn't be married at the altar, because Adolph was a Protestant; he converted to Catholicism shortly after the wedding. Sitting in a wheelchair more than three-quarters of a century later, Katie Nordt remembered what she had worn at her wedding ("a new white blouse and a new black jersey skirt") and what the few friends and relatives who gathered at her parents' apartment after the ceremony had been served ("corned-beef sandwiches and coffee"). On Monday morning, Adolph Nordt returned to his job at the Eagle Pencil Company, and Katie Nordt to hers at Claflin's. After their marriage, the Nordts rented the first of what was to be a series of two- or three-room tenement flats on the Lower East Side, where they shared a bathroom in the hall with the many other tenants on their floor. Katie soon stopped work. The Nordts' first son was born in 1908 and died as an infant. A second son, Frank, was born in 1910. Albert was born in 1911, Mary in 1914. By then, Adolph Nordt had a job "uptown"—as an elevator operator in a building at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street. He worked overtime and weekends.

Adolph Nordt earned between seven and twelve dollars a week during the Nordts' first ten years of marriage. "It wasn't big pay, but our rent was six to ten dollars a month," Katie Nordt said in 1986. "You couldn't go out and spend your money on just anything—I was married four or five years before I saw a movie—but on Sundays you could buy a chicken. You felt it was a holiday, and you made a fine dinner. I tried to help my younger brothers when they came over by giving them bread spread with condensed milk to eat. I made my maternity clothes by buying two housedresses and sewing them together. I bought material and made kitchen curtains. We didn't have it hard. It was how a woman ran a home, and if she cleaned and sewed that counted."

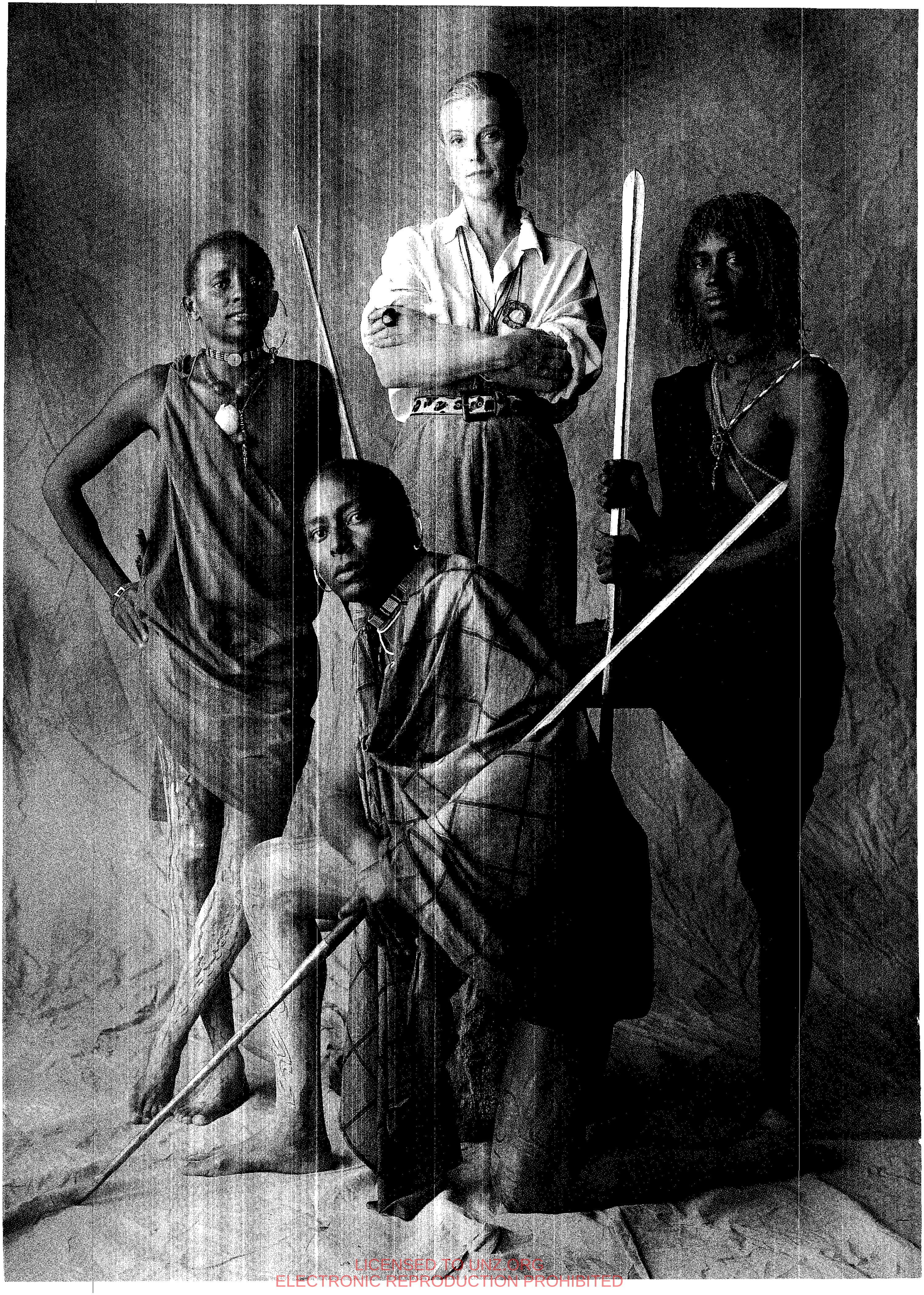
In 1916, the Nordts moved from the Lower East Side to Brooklyn, where apartments were less costly and were properly maintained. They rented a five-room gaslit railroad flat in a six-family house and, this time, shared a hall toilet with just one other family. There were an icebox, a bathtub, and a coal stove in the kitchen; Katie Nordt took special pride in polishing the stove. The stove was used for cooking and for drying clothes, and it provided the only heat in the apartment—an arrangement that Mary McDowell recalls as an advantage. "My father made sure we always had a Christmas tree," she says. "The tree kept its needles, because the other rooms were cold, so we were able to enjoy it until March." Shortly after the move, Adolph Nordt got a job at a higher salary, with the New York Telephone Company.

Katie and Adolph Nordt were determined to give their children a better life than they had had when they were growing up, and both Albert Nordt and Mary McDowell remember their childhood fondly. "Grandma Nordt had worked for a family as a cook," Albert Nordt says. "She taught Papa how to cook, and he taught Mama. We had good food to eat and good clothes to wear."

"Papa made sure we had treats," Mary McDowell says. "He used to take a cut-glass bowl to a candy store around the corner and bring it back filled with a quart of ice cream." The cut-glass bowl also served another purpose. The Nordts had a crystal set—an early radio—with earphones. They would put the earphones in the cut-glass bowl, and it magnified the sound, so that everyone sitting at the kitchen table could hear.

The Nordts knew only one great sadness during the years they lived in Brooklyn. On a spring afternoon in 1920, ten-year-old Frank Nordt, who was out roller-skating, was hit by a truck and killed. Shortly after Frank's death, Katie Nordt, whose health had been excellent, began to suffer from asthma. The doctors attributed her asthma attacks to the shock of losing her son—a loss she never got over.

Not long after John Devlin, Katie Nordt's father, died, in 1924, she and her family moved into a house in Glendale with her mother and two of her brothers. Adolph Nordt and Katie's mother—Catherine Donnelly Devlin, Big Katie—shared the down payment and the monthly mortgage payments. Two years later, there was a family quarrel, and Big Katie and her sons moved into an apartment. Adolph Nordt paid back his mother-in-law's share of the down payment and had to



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make the monthly mortgage payments alone.

Friends of Albert's and Mary's were welcome at the Nordts', and the family and the friends often gathered around a large dining-room table to play games like Hearts. Albert completed the eighth grade in 1925. He started high school but didn't care for studying, dropped out before the end of his freshman year, and went to work in 1926. Mary completed two years of high school. She, too, preferred work to studying, and got her first job in 1930. Albert eventually became a sales manager for a firm that imported drugs and chemicals. Mary became a receptionist and switchboard operator for the same company in 1934, and kept the job for forty-five years. In June, 1936, Albert was married, and he and Vera moved into their own apartment. Mary was married three months later; she and her husband also moved into their own apartment. In 1939, Adolph and Katie Nordt lost their house. In the nineteen-twenties and thirties, people were permitted to pay just the interest on their mortgages, and pay nothing on the principal. In fifteen years, they had therefore built up no equity in the house in Glendale. When the holders of a second mortgage called it in, the Nordts moved to a five-room walkup apartment in Ridgewood, about three blocks from Edward Devlin's house.

Albert and Vera's first son was born in 1941, their second son in 1943. Katie and Adolph Nordt were always willing to babysit when their son and daughter-in-law went out on Saturday night, and the boys looked forward to visiting their grandparents. "My mother-in-law was wonderful," Vera Nordt says. "She didn't care what the boys did to her apartment. She let them put a sheet over a card table and play in their 'tent.' There was a half-bay window in the living room, and the boys liked to look at the traffic going up and down the street. In the late forties, long before television was common, Mary bought her parents a seven-inch Hallicrafter TV set with a magnifier. The boys loved to watch TV there. If we were supposed to return at one o'clock on Sunday and called to say we'd be late, that was fine with everyone."

In 1949, when Adolph Nordt was earning $68.90 a week as a telephone-company building foreman, he developed serious heart trouble. At first, he worked shorter hours; then he took a leave of absence. In 1951, he had to retire. Mary persuaded her parents to move from Ridgewood to a modern elevator building in Sunnyside, Queens, where she and Jack McDowell were then living, so that she could stop in to see them every evening on her way home from work. Jack's sister, Evelyn Mowdy, lived two floors above the Nordts. Every week, Evelyn Mowdy and Katie Nordt, then a small, plain-looking, buxom woman—she weighed about a hundred and fifty pounds from the nineteen-twenties to the nineteen-sixties—wheeled their shopping carts to a nearby supermarket and had lunch together. Evelyn Mowdy remembers Adolph Nordt as a short, trim, thrifty man. "Adolph gave orders like 'Don't put on the TV too much, electricity costs money,' but Katie was willful and paid no attention," Evelyn says. "She loved to watch wrestling—no one could convince her that Gorgeous George was a fake. She frequently went to a neighborhood knickknack store. When she bought a figurine for two-ninety-five, she told me to tell Adolph it had cost a dollar in case he asked."

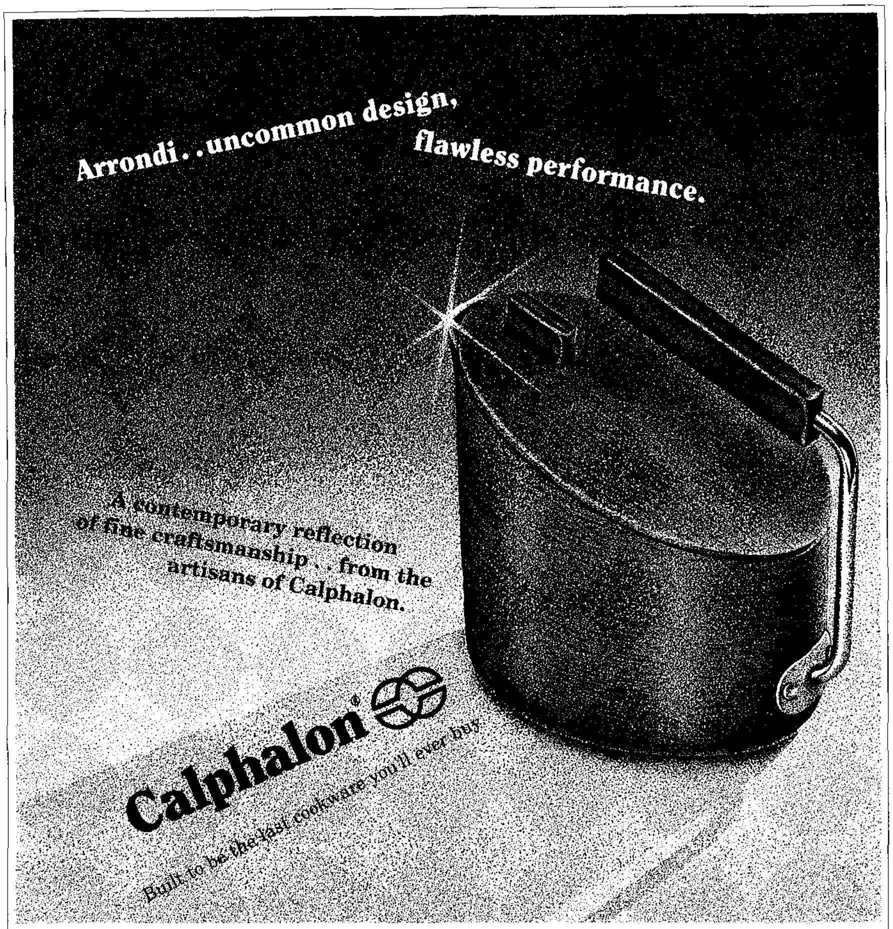
Adolph Nordt died in 1955. Between 1951 and 1955, the Nordts had lived on his pension and Social Security and had been able to make ends meet, even with Katie's porcelain extravagances. Her income declined after his death. She paid her rent with Adolph's modest Social Security checks; Mary McDowell paid her utility bills and some of her grocery bills. Katie Nordt kept cheerful and busy: she watched TV, read novels and *The Reader's Digest*, sewed, and enjoyed visits from her relatives. Every year, Vera Nordt's mother went to the Miss America contest, in Atlantic City. In 1957, she invited Katie Nordt to join her. The two women shared a room at the Hotel Dennis. Katie Nordt loved the beauty contest and the boardwalk, and for thirty years kept her memories of the only night she ever spent in a hotel.

In 1959, Mary and Jack McDowell took a larger apartment in Sunnyside, and Katie Nordt went to live with them. Then, in 1962, they bought a two-story house in Jamaica, and she accompanied them there. Every year, when Mary had a vacation and went to Vermont to visit a friend, her mother joined her. In her late seventies, Katie Nordt became difficult. If Mary and Jack stayed home, she asked them why they didn't go out. If they invited her out, she declined the invitation. When they went out, she would be pouting when they came home. In the mid-nineteen-sixties, Katie Nordt moved into a studio apartment and kept it for six years. Then she returned to Mary's house in Jamaica. In 1978, when Katie Nordt was eighty-nine, the McDowells moved to East Patchogue, and gave her the largest bedroom in the house. Just after Mary McDowell retired, in 1979, at the age of sixty-five, Katie Nordt, while visiting one of her grandsons and his three children, fell on some stairs she had been advised against climbing. She fractured her pelvis. Until then, except for her asthma, she had been in remarkable health. After she fell, she was never well or happy. Once, when the McDowells were going to Boston to visit relatives of Jack's and made arrangements for a friend to stay with her, she accused Mary of abandoning her dying mother, threw her radio against a wall, and made a scene before they left; she had a grand time with the friend while they were away. From 1979 on, nurses' aides, provided by a Catholic agency and paid for by Medicare, came in three times a week for a few hours to help care for her. She treated the nurses' aides like visitors, insisted that Mary serve them tea while she chatted with them, and had Mary bathe her and change her clothes before they came. She dozed during the day and summoned Mary at night; she displayed resentment if Mary left the house to go shopping. The nun in charge of the aides told Mary that her mother was too domineering and the time had come for her to go to a nursing home. The sister explained that Katie, because her life savings were only twelve hundred dollars, qualified for Medicaid. All she would have to pay the nursing home was her monthly Social Security check, and the nursing home would give her twenty-five dollars a month for her personal expenses. In early 1981, Mary McDowell, who was exasperated by

her mother's attitude and was worn out, began to look for a nursing home. At nine o'clock in the morning on February 25, 1981, she got a call from Oak Hollow, which a neighbor had recommended highly. They had a bed for her mother, the caller said, and if Mary wanted it she would have to be there with her mother by two o'clock that afternoon. Katie Nordt had not been told that she would be going into a nursing home for good but instead had been informed that she was going to a hospital for a temporary stay, and she was enraged when she got to Oak Hollow. "If you've had anything to do with this, you'll never sleep again," she told her daughter. She did not have her own telephone at Oak Hollow, but she had the nurses call Mary often to say that she wanted Mary to take her home. As her health declined—she broke her hip and later suffered a mild stroke—and her mind began to wander, she became better adjusted to the nursing home. Mary McDowell, however, was afflicted with insomnia from the day her mother entered Oak Hollow.

ON September 10, 1987, seven men of the court came to Oak Hollow to ask Catherine Devlin Nordt about her family, but she was too confused that day to give any valid testimony. She remembered her parents' names but believed that her mother was alive. She remembered the names of her sister and brothers but thought that most of them were alive. She said that she believed she was living with her in-laws, that she had been with them for ten or twenty minutes, and that she was about sixty-seven years old. The deposition lasted half an hour.

A kinship hearing—to formally determine if Catherine Devlin Nordt was an heir, and if she was the only heir—was scheduled for January 28, 1988, but was cancelled at the last minute and rescheduled for May 9, 1988. At one-thirty on the afternoon of March 30, 1988, Catherine Devlin Nordt died, in her room at Oak Hollow. She had had few lucid moments during the last six months of her life, but when Mary McDowell's husband, Jack, died, on March 3, 1988, she said to her daughter, "Oh, my poor child. Who will take care of you? You can't be alone. I'll come home with you." She had suffered from lung congestion the week before her death. Mary and Albert had called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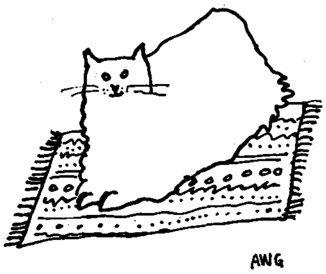
a priest to anoint her on March 27th. When she saw the priest, she folded her hands and started to recite the Lord's Prayer. Three days later, she died in the arms of one of her nurses.

The kinship hearing was convened in a room in Surrogate's Court at two o'clock on May 9th. Eleanor Devlin, Richard Devlin, and Mary McDowell gave their testimony about the Devlin family. Then Ira Meislik, representing Katie Nordt's heirs, presented Edward Goldfader as his next witness, identifying him as an expert in genealogical research. (Although Feigenbaum had known of Goldfader's connection with the Markham Company and his financial interest in the case, Longo did not, and no one in the room thought to ask whether Goldfader had such an interest.) Goldfader proceeded to lay out his evidence that Katie Nordt had been Edward Devlin's sole heir; his testimony took up the rest of the day and the morning and most of the afternoon of June 2nd, when the hearing resumed.

Albert Nordt was the only other witness that afternoon. He had been irritated at not having been called to testify on May 9th, as Eleanor Devlin, Mary McDowell, and Richard Devlin had been. He had waited on a bench outside the hearing room while they were questioned. Then, on June 2nd, he had to wait again, and because he had nothing to add to the earlier testimony he was asked few questions. After the hearing ended, Goldfader wondered how it had gone. He was heartened to learn that after the hearing was adjourned one of the lawyers present had said of Albert Nordt, "There goes a curmudgeon," to which Edward Siragusa, the Special Referee, who had presided over the hearing, had replied, "There goes a rich curmudgeon."



IN early August, Michael Mariani, who had been appointed by Laurino as guardian ad litem to protect the interests of Edward Devlin's unknown heirs (if there were any), filed his report on the kinship hearings. He stated that Catherine Nordt had been Edward Devlin's sole heir. Siragusa submitted a similar report, which noted, "Letters of Administration were issued to Mary E. McDowell and Albert M. Nordt on May 6, 1988, and therefore the net proceeds shall be distributed to her Administrators accordingly."

The Public Administrator released his final accounting of Edward Devlin's estate shortly thereafter. The gross amount of the estate, which was nearly $2 million, had been reduced to a net amount of barely $1 million. The largest sums deducted from the gross were approximately $742,000 for income and estate taxes, $58,000 in statutory commissions to the Public Administrator's office, and $118,000 in fees to the Public Administrator's counsels—first Feigenbaum and then Longo. The accountant hired by the Public Administrator had prepared Devlin's 1981, 1982, and 1983 federal and state income taxes, and also his 1984 taxes. Feigenbaum had worked out an arrangement with the tax auditors whereby $150,000 of the inordinate amount of cash found in Devlin's safe-deposit boxes would be treated as 1984 income. No one would ever know for sure whether some of the cash, which included old hundred-dollar bills, resulted from undeclared income or Depression-era thrift. Devlin's cancelled checks attested to his modest way of life. He paid Ruth Fiorello's salary, drew two hundred dollars every so often for personal expenses, paid his utility bills, spent small sums on groceries, and, each December, sent checks—most of them for five dollars, a handful for ten or twenty-five dollars—to an array of charitable organizations.

In September and October, 1988, checks totalling nearly a million dollars, made out to Mary McDowell and Albert Nordt "as adm. of the Estate of Catherine Devlin Nordt," were sent to Ira Meislik. He deposited them in a Cash Management Account for the estate at Merrill Lynch.

On the morning of Friday, October 14, 1988, Meislik drove out to Mary McDowell's home in East Patchogue, as did Vera and Albert Nordt. Meislik had brought a book of checks on behalf of the estate. Albert Nordt and Mary McDowell each drew an initial $75,000. Meislik's law firm received $20,000 for the work he had done and would do in the future to administer the estate. Goldfader and the Markham Company together received $291,000, roughly three-quarters of what their contract promised.

Meislik was still waiting to hear how much money the estate owed Medicaid. According to law, if a person or the estate of a person deemed eligible for Medicaid subsequently comes into money Medicaid must be reimbursed for the money expended on his or her behalf. The Medicaid bill, for $174,332.14, arrived a few weeks later and was paid to the Suffolk County Department of Social Services. The Medicaid payment didn't affect Goldfader and Markham's share, because their share came from the net amount of Edward Devlin's estate, not Katie Nordt's.

Mary and Albert were not upset that, after subsequent payments were made from the estate, the combination of Markham's and Goldfader's fees would amount to roughly $400,000. From the outset, Albert Nordt had told Edward Goldfader that he understood that the Markham Company might get a lot of money and Catherine Devlin Nordt little or none, and Goldfader, too, had foreseen the possibility. Had the net been $300,000, then Medicaid and Markham would have split the entire estate. Goldfader had therefore been relieved when the net was close to a million dollars.

After Meislik's departure on the fourteenth, Albert and Vera suggested that they go out to lunch with Mary, who was feeling flustered. Meislik had asked her for her mother's funeral bill, and all she had been able to find was her husband's; the phone had been ringing during the hurried check-signing; and the reality that there was some money from the Devlin estate after two years had left her in a state of shock. The last year, of waiting for accounts to be forthcoming and hearings to be held—in combination with the death of her brother-in-law, Bill McDowell, in February, 1987, and her sister-in-law Evelyn Mowdy's husband's placement in a nursing home, and the deaths of her husband and her mother in March, 1988—had left her numb. At lunch, Albert and Vera, who had already said they planned to give their children some of the money they received, said they were going to give each child five thousand dollars. (In addition to the two sons for whom Katie Nordt had babysat, they had had a daughter some years later.) Mary said she would give the Nordts' three children the same sums. Mary rarely drinks, but she ordered an Apricot Sour at lunch and slept well that evening. She had been sleeping soundly since her mother's death; she no longer felt guilty about her mother's spending her last years either in a bed or strapped to a wheelchair.

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YO-HO, MONEY-O!

CAPITALISTS COURAGEOUS

SEVERAL days later, Albert and Vera invited their two sons and their wives, their daughter and her husband, and Mary McDowell to have dinner at a restaurant midway between Glendale and East Patchogue. Albert had told his children nothing about the Devlin money. Albert and Vera lived modestly on their Social Security checks. (Vera had quit her part-time job the previous December.) It was not their custom to take the family out to dinner; when they dined out, one of the boys—both of whom had graduated from college and held good jobs—picked up the check. Nor did the Nordts' family gatherings usually include Mary McDowell. Consequently, there was lighthearted speculation among the young people about the reason for the approaching dinner. Had Albert and Vera won the lottery? Had they gone to Atlantic City and hit the jackpot?

After drinks, the nine members of the family ordered appetizers. Once they had finished their entrées, Vera asked the waitress to bring them coffee and tea and told her they had some business to attend to and would order dessert later.

"I suppose you've all been wondering why we asked you here," Albert said. "You're probably guessing that your mother and I are getting a divorce, or moving to Florida." He took three envelopes out of his coat pocket and handed them to his sons and his daughter, saying, "Here. This is what Grandma left you. Open up the envelopes."

When the children saw the five-thousand-dollar checks, on which Albert had written, "From the Estate of Catherine Devlin Nordt," they were flabbergasted. One of them asked, "How could Grandma have left this? She didn't have any money."

Mary had brought nine small, hollow plastic pumpkins to the gathering. She had filled them with M&M's and had set one in front of each person at the table. Three contained five-thousand-dollar checks rolled up like diplomas and tied with gold cord.

"There's a long story connected to this," Albert explained as his daughter and son-in-law and one son and his wife began to cry. "Just before Grandma died, we found out that she was going to be the heiress to an estate." He went on to tell a little of the story of how Ed Goldfader had proved that Catherine Devlin Nordt was Edward Devlin's only heir. He added proudly, "And Grandma didn't die on welfare."

Albert had never told anyone that he had regarded Medicaid as a form of welfare, so his family had had no idea how much it would mean to him to have his mother's nursing-home and other medical bills paid for by her estate. Albert's children did realize that he and Vera had never had a lot of money.

"Why don't you hold on to the money?" they asked.

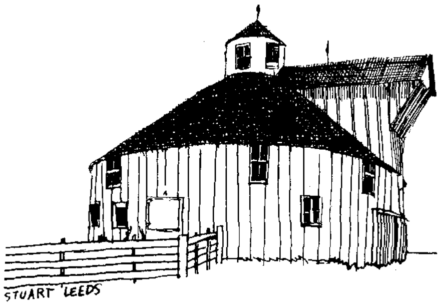
"Never mind," Albert replied. "We want you to share it."

Mary soon gave away more of the money she had inherited, to several other relatives. She and Albert also decided to give ten thousand dollars to Richard Devlin and two thousand dollars to Doris Balko for their assistance.

Edward Devlin's money enabled Mary to buy some things she hadn't been able to afford. Mary and Jack McDowell had lived on their Social Security checks and on the dividends from some stock Mary had bought years earlier. Their house and car had been paid for, they had a twenty-thousand-dollar C.D. and some money in a money-market fund, and their income covered their major expenses—property taxes, utility bills, car insurance, health insurance, homeowners' insurance, food, and clothes. (Like her mother, Mary sewed many of her clothes, and also her bedspreads.) When Hurricane Gloria tore through their lot, in 1985, the five-thousand-dollar charges to remove the broken trees dropped Mary's money-market fund low, and because she had had no insurance on Jack McDowell's life she had to pay for his funeral. After sharing a good part of the first payment from her mother's estate with her relatives, she ordered forty-three hundred dollars' worth of new windows she had wanted for her house, treated herself to a $49.95 Seiko watch from the Price Club and a $59.95 chime clock from Fortunoff (hers had broken), replaced a pair of gold earrings she had lost, and bought herself two gold chains. Money had never been important to Mary McDowell, but it gave her unexpected security. When her property taxes were raised from $2,100 a year to $2,800 in 1988, she didn't have to fret about paying them. Albert and Vera bought a new car—a four-door silver-gray Buick Century—and also felt more secure. One of their sons said, "Now you won't have to worry if the landlord raises the rent fifty or a hundred dollars a month or sells the house and you have to get another apartment."

IN November, 1988, Surrogate Louis Laurino happened to learn that Edward Goldfader worked for the Markham Company, and that he and the Markham Company had received a percentage of the Devlin estate. Laurino, a former counsel to the Public Administrator, has a distaste for companies in the tracing business. The bias of the office of the Public Administrator against firms like Markham was reflected in its petition for letters of administration in the Devlin estate, dated April 3, 1984. The Public Administrator had deliberately stated that "decedent was the owner of and died possessed of certain PERSONAL PROPERTY, the value of which does not exceed the sum of $15,000.00," and that the estimated value of the decedent's "REAL PROPERTY" was "None." Arthur Stein, an assistant to the Public Administrator's counsel, said in December, 1988, "We put '$15,000' and 'None' on all our petitions. We want to keep the tracing community at bay. Heir chasers are unscrupulous individuals."

Citing his statutory power "to fix and determine compensation or review previously paid compensation," Laurino directed Mary McDowell, Albert Nordt, Ira Meislik, the Markham Company, and Edward Goldfader to appear in his courtroom at 2 P.M. on December 15, 1988. Mary was the first one to take the stand. For about an hour, first Rocco Longo, then Ira Meislik, and then Laurino asked her in detail about her arrangement with the Markham Company. Did Mary understand the contract she had signed with Markham? Yes, she did. Had she been coerced into signing it? No. Wasn't she troubled that Markham stood to gain more from the estate of Catherine Devlin Nordt than she did? No, she was not. When Laurino and Longo asked her to recall specific details and dates of events in the two and a half years that had elapsed since she was first approached by Goldfader—for example, how much money she got and when; how much Markham had received; and how much more Markham would be getting—she became befuddled and upset, but she answered to the best of her ability until the questions stopped. While Ira Meislik was questioning Mary, Laurino asked him about how he got paid. Meislik answered that he had been paid by Markham for work involved in claiming the Edward Devlin estate for Katie Nordt, and by her estate for work administering it. He also said that he had told both Markham and Mary and Albert that if there was a dispute between them he could represent neither party. After Mary finished testifying, she was allowed to stay in the courtroom while Albert was asked similar questions for about half an hour. He, too, said he had known what he was signing. Goldfader had done his job, Albert testified, and Markham was a business that charged a fee. It seemed to Mary that Laurino was hinting that she and Albert should dispute the contract and was encouraging them to testify that they considered Markham's fee excessive. They didn't have any quarrel with the fee, because both of them believed that without Ed Goldfader they would have received nothing. When Mary had read through the accounting of Edward Devlin's estate and had a chance to look at the Public Administrator's kinship investigation, as carried out by Herbert Johnson, she had found it superficial. Mary believed that Meislik felt awkward, and was sorry for him. When Ed Goldfader was called on to testify, Laurino asked him if an attorney to represent the Markham Company was present. Goldfader was told that he should return to court with a lawyer. The hearing would resume on January 20, 1989.



Goldfader appeared in Surrogate's Court at 9:30 A.M. on the twentieth with a Long Island lawyer who had tried numerous cases before Laurino. Longo, Goldfader's lawyer, and the Surrogate questioned Goldfader, asking him about his qualifications, his methods, how much time he and others had spent on the Devlin case, and, especially, his and Markham's fee. Laurino, in effect, accused him of concealing a financial interest in the case at the kinship hearing, implying that Goldfader's earlier testimony might therefore have been tainted. Goldfader replied, under questioning by his lawyer, that no one had asked him if he was a party of interest, although there were a number of qualified lawyers around the table. Laurino stated that lawyers working for foreign consulates in the United States who located heirs charged fifteen or twenty per cent of the amount recovered; Goldfader said that he wasn't aware of any such lawyers. Around noon, Laurino said he was going to adjourn the hearing but wanted at some later date to see evidence that Catherine Devlin Nordt had been competent to grant Mary and Albert her power of attorney. A hearing on this subject was held on March 8, 1989.

ED GOLDFADER was angry that Surrogate Laurino had intervened in the Devlin case, in part because he believed he had earned the money he had been paid and the money he still expected to be paid—his twenty per cent of the approximately hundred thousand dollars still due Markham according to the contract—and in part because he had no respect for Laurino and the Queens Public Administrator's office, which he had been reading about in the *Times* since May, 1986, several weeks after coming to Markham. In 1986, Robert Abrams, New York State's Attorney General, and Edward V. Regan, the state's Comptroller, began investigating what they believed to be mismanagement in the offices of the Public Administrators in the city's five boroughs. In a report that they issued a year and a half later, Abrams and Regan raised questions about the several millions of dollars in fees paid each year to the counsels to the five Public Administrators—who in three boroughs are appointed by the Surrogates. They also questioned the legitimacy of the Public Administrators' charging large fees in addition to the commissions the offices get by law; the additional fees—twenty-five thousand dollars in Edward Devlin's case—became, they said, a sort of slush fund, not subject to public oversight. Abrams and Regan noted that the long delays in settling estates meant that fees could be collected for a longer time; and that long delays in searching for heirs, or cursory attempts to discover them, often prevented heirs from ever receiving the assets to which they were entitled. Abrams and Regan were concerned about the discrepancy between the salaries received from the city by the Public Administrators—$54,667 in 1985—and the earnings of their counsels: in Manhattan, the law firm of the counsel to the Public Administrator received $1.7 million in 1985.

On April 7, 1988, the first two paragraphs of a front-page story in the *Times* read:

> One of New York City's more powerful judges, Surrogate Louis D. Laurino of Queens, was censured yesterday for ethical misconduct by a state agency that investigates the judiciary.
>
> The agency, the Commission on Judicial Conduct, found that Surrogate Laurino had rented office space to three lawyers after he appointed them to lucrative posts, had pressured a lawyer to hire the surrogate's son and a nephew and had made an improper contribution of $2000 to Donald R. Manes, the late Queens Democratic leader.

The commission had studied Laurino's business dealings with Michael Feigenbaum, whom he had appointed counsel to the Public Administrator in 1979. Until Laurino dismissed him, seven years later, Feigenbaum earned yearly fees of between $450,000 and $500,000. During Feigenbaum's tenure as counsel to the Public Administrator, Laurino charged him a total of $219,000 to rent a two-story building he owned, three blocks from the courthouse. Laurino's son worked for Feigenbaum for six summers, while he was in college and law school. Feigenbaum also employed Arthur Stein, Laurino's nephew, as a paralegal aide, and Stein continues to work for Rocco Longo, Feigenbaum's successor. Laurino, only the second New York City Surrogate to be disciplined in the commission's fifteen-year history, did not appeal the censure.

The Markham Company also appeared in print in an unfavorable light. In October, 1988, the *Wall Street Journal* noted that the Federal Bureau of Investigation was looking into possibly fraudulent claims of stock ownership made by Markham when it was assigned to trace lost shareholders. The *Journal* said that some of the records the F.B.I. requested for the investigation turned out to be missing. Two executives left the firm pending the outcome of the F.B.I.'s investigation. The article didn't name the executives, but Edward Goldfader says that one was Markham's executive vice-president and the other was the owner and president, David Mickelson. Goldfader then became Markham's caretaker president.

Neither Rocco Longo nor Surrogate Louis Laurino read the article, but many of Markham's clients did; the bad publicity hurt the firm, and business dwindled. Goldfader says that he had agreed to stay on at Markham only if Mickelson vacated the premises. In May, 1989, Mickelson announced his intention of returning to the office and reinvolving himself in the day-to-day running of the firm. Goldfader immediately left Markham, and in July he formed his own tracing company, EquiSearch Services. An F.B.I. spokesman says that its investigation of Markham is ongoing.

ON August 1, 1989, Surrogate Laurino rendered his decision and issued an order with respect to Meislik's fee and Markham's fee. He criticized Meislik for having allowed Markham to pay his fee, commenting that as a result his responsibility and allegiance were owed to Markham when they should have been the heirs', but he let the fee stand. He allowed the Markham Company a total sum of $120,000 plus expenses. Since Markham and Goldfader had already received $291,000, they were instructed to return the balance to the estate within thirty days, at six per cent interest from the date of payment.

So far, neither the Markham Company nor Ed Goldfader has returned any money to the estate, and Markham is pursuing an appeal of Laurino's order. Mary and Albert told Rocco Longo that they were content to let Markham keep the $171,000 overpayment, so Longo, as counsel to the Public Administrator, is obliged by Laurino's

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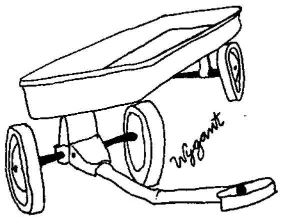
order to oppose the appeal on his own. (If Longo loses the appeal, however, Mary and Albert could be forced to pay Markham and Goldfader the additional $100,000 due them by the terms of the original contract.) Mary and Albert are grateful for the money they have received—a total of more than $200,000 each—and continue to enjoy it. Mary took a three-week tour of Egypt, Israel, and Italy and had her house repainted; Albert and Vera took a short trip to Nova Scotia and repapered and recarpeted their apartment. But, after four years, they are eager to put the whole business behind them. Mary stuffs the monthly Merrill Lynch statements into a drawer without studying them. "I'm not a youngster," Albert Nordt recently observed. "My life's been lucky without the Devlin money."

"LUCKY"—that was the last adjective anyone would have used to describe the life of Catherine Nordt's unlikely benefactor. Edward Devlin was born on the Lower East Side within a few blocks of Katie Nordt. He went through elementary school at P.S. 19, on East Fourteenth Street; his transcript shows that he maintained a B-plus average in "work" and a B-plus average in "conduct." Dr. Harold Menger's father, a general practitioner, later told his son that he had treated Edward and Arthur Devlin free of charge when they were boys, because the family was poor and because Frances Devlin was such a devoted mother.



The Devlins' financial situation apparently improved. In August, 1919, when Edward was sixteen, Thomas E. Devlin, who, like his brother John, was a boilermaker, and who was employed by the New York City Department of Plant and Structures, bought a house in Ridgewood for several thousand dollars. Two years later, Frances Devlin was sent to Belle Mead Farm Colony and Sanatorium, in New Jersey, which had been opened a decade earlier by a doctor who the following year became a Democratic congressman from Queens. Its 1915 brochure stated, "Arrangements can be made over the telephone. . . . Insane patients can be committed without publicity and at small expense." Frances Devlin's institutionalization, for depression, was precipitated by a quarrel with her husband: she had served him a meal that hadn't suited him, and he had thrown out the food; her sons had interceded to protect her from their father. Frances Devlin returned home in February, 1923. Two months later, she was committed to Kings Park State Hospital, in Suffolk County, again suffering from depression. She spent the next nine and a half years at Kings Park, and was transferred to Pilgrim State Hospital in 1932, the year after it opened. Few records concerning Frances Devlin's early years at Kings Park survive, but a brief history taken when she was admitted notes that Arthur Devlin said his mother was always jolly, sympathetic, thoughtful, and fond of her home. He described her as a good housekeeper, who took good care of the children and always had meals ready on time. The only words he used to describe Thomas Devlin were "cranky" and "irritable." Edward and Arthur Devlin, who always sided with their mother, visited her every second Sunday at Kings Park. Thomas Devlin, up to his death, in 1925, never visited her, nor did her parents or any other members of her family. Edward and Arthur continued to visit their mother virtually every second Sunday through the nineteen-thirties, forties, and fifties, at Pilgrim; they regularly brought her gifts of candy and clothes and took her out to restaurants. During the last several years of her life, Frances Devlin suffered from a heart condition, and her sons then visited every Sunday, almost to the day she died. "Those boys loved their mother," Pilgrim's current executive director says. "Such devotion is extremely unusual. Most families in those years visited a little bit at first and then stopped visiting or never came at all."

Edward Devlin entered New York University's School of Commerce, Accounts, and Finance the month his mother was put in Belle Mead. He received a Bachelor of Commercial Science degree from N.Y.U. two weeks after his father's death and, in 1929, a Bachelor of Laws degree from the N.Y.U. School of Law. In 1931, he went to work for William A. Bacher, an easygoing, well-liked man of fifty, who first specialized in handling wills and estates, then added real-estate law to his practice, and, after the advent of Prohibition, added criminal law. Bacher's father had been an alderman and an assemblyman and Bacher himself was active in Democratic politics. Bacher had a three-room, book-lined office in Brooklyn, which he shared with a sister, Eugenia C. Volmer, who had become his secretary in 1915, and who later established her own insurance business; when Edward Devlin went to work for William Bacher, Eugenia Volmer worked as his secretary, too.

William Bacher had a drinking problem. He became progressively more lackadaisical about going to the office and about sending out bills for what work he did do, and passed along many prosperous clients to Devlin. "Ed Devlin's life seemed to me to be all work, and he sent out every bill promptly," Rudolph Bacher, William's son, said in 1987. "He seemed greedy and told me he would someday be a millionaire. I can't recall a single admirable personal quality in Ed Devlin, but he did know his law, and my father liked him a great deal. He came into my father's life at the right time."

While Devlin was still in law school, he joined the Ridgewood Democratic Club. In 1936, he got a job as an attorney for the New York State Tax Commission, where he learned how the state handled estates. He worked an eight-hour day at the Tax Commission, came into the Bacher office in the late afternoon, and worked an eight-hour evening. By 1939, the firm of William A. Bacher was also listed in the telephone book as Bacher & Devlin.

William Bacher died in September, 1941. Devlin went to the church services held for him. He didn't go to the cemetery, and hurt the family's feelings by saying he had no time. In a will drawn up in 1938 Bacher left two hundred and fifty dollars for memorial Masses, two hundred and fifty dollars to a hospital, and five hundred dollars and his law practice to his sister Eugenia Volmer, whom he also appointed executrix of his last will and testament. Bacher left his home to his beloved wife and asked that the residue of his estate be divided into two equal parts—one part to his beloved wife, one part to his eight beloved children. He died owing so many people money that there was no residue. Mrs. Bacher had to sell her house and move to a smaller one. The Bachers were resentful because Eugenia Volmer was the only member of the family who had profited from William Bacher's estate. They didn't keep in touch with Edward Devlin, except to request that he remove William Bacher's name from the office windows and the telephone directory—requests with which Devlin did not comply.

In 1940, Ruth Paradise answered a newspaper ad placed by Bacher & Devlin for a stenographer and accepted the position. She was then nineteen, a high-school graduate proficient in typing and shorthand. She worked briefly for William Bacher and then for Eugenia Volmer, and for Edward Devlin when he came to the office in the late afternoon. Devlin left the Tax Commission in 1943, but he still put in sixteen-hour days, and so did Miss Paradise. When Eugenia Volmer died, in 1947, most of her estate went to her husband, Walter, but she left Edward Devlin her car, seventy-five pieces of sterling-silver flatware, worth three hundred dollars, and some furniture, and made him the executor of her will. The Bacher law practice and Mrs. Volmer's insurance business became his. In her will Eugenia Volmer directed Edward Devlin to buy two gold chalices, each to be presented to a poor priest upon the occasion of the reading of his First Mass. Mrs. Volmer's will and one chalice were found by the men from the Public Administrator's office in Edward Devlin's house after his death. Just before Christmas of 1985, the Public Administrator's office entrusted the chalice to the rector of a seminary on Long Island, who passed it on to a newly ordained Hispanic priest.

After Eugenia Volmer's death, only two people worked for Edward Devlin: Ruth Paradise and Arthur Devlin. Dr. Harold Menger describes Arthur Devlin as a nice, quiet, limited man. "Arthur didn't have much of an education," Dr. Menger says. "He told me he'd once worked at a racetrack, but in 1946 Eddie decided he'd be better off in his office, and made him his gofer. He sent him out to serve citations and summonses, and gave him letters to type. Arthur couldn't type, spell, or punctuate well enough to suit Eddie, who was a perfectionist. Eddie yelled at him and threw things at him, and he always regretted it, but he did it again and again."

Like Dr. Menger, who was also shouted at, Ruth Paradise took more than her share of verbal abuse from Edward Devlin, although he considered her competent and praised her to others as "a real crackerjack." Occasionally, she defied him. She became an insurance broker, learned to drive a car, and married Joe Fiorello—all against his wishes. "He wasn't at all happy when I married Mr. Fiorello, in 1957, and Mr. Fiorello wasn't happy that I continued to work days, nights, weekends, and holidays for Mr. Devlin," she says.

d. ehrenberg

In 1956, Frank D. O'Connor, the newly elected District Attorney of Queens County, appointed Edward Devlin an assistant D.A. Joseph Mafera, a district leader and head of the Ridgewood Democratic Club, had helped O'Connor beat the incumbent D.A. in a bitter Democratic-primary contest. In the time-honored way of clubhouse politics, Mafera was entitled to a job as assistant D.A. for the person of his choice. Ed Devlin was Mafera's choice. Devlin was assigned to felony court, and for the next few years he tried robbery, rape, and homicide cases, with another assistant D.A., Lawrence Gresser, as his partner. Frank O'Connor remembers that both Devlin and Gresser had extremely loud voices, and that when they were discussing a case in a room of the courthouse "you could always hear them before you could see them." At one Christmas party, Devlin and Gresser were each given a pair of earmuffs. Although Devlin had an impressive record, he is not one of the assistant D.A.s whom O'Connor remembers with great affection or admiration. "Devlin didn't have much background in criminal work," O'Connor says. "His courtroom manner was rough and objectionable. As I later learned, when I became a judge, it was possible for an assistant D.A. to have too strong a hide and too little compassion for a defendant."

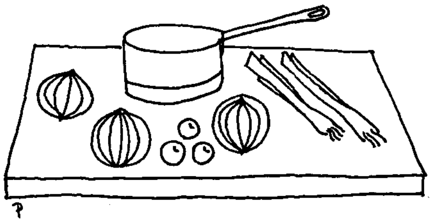
O'Connor's successor, Nat Hentel, a Republican chosen by Governor Nelson Rockefeller, reappointed Devlin, and assigned him briefly to the Alice Crimmins case, which brought Devlin the most public notice he ever received in his career. (Crimmins, a cocktail-lounge hostess, was eventually convicted of killing one of her children.) In November, 1966, Hentel was defeated in the race for D.A. by State Senator Thomas J. Mackell, a popular Queens politician. Tom Mackell would have reappointed Ed Devlin. "He was a nasty guy, but he had a terrific record as a prosecutor and he was active politically," Mackell said recently. However, Mackell had announced during the campaign that he wouldn't allow any assistant D.A.s to practice law outside. It was known that Devlin made more money from his private law practice than he did as an assistant D.A. (his salary for 1965 was $13,737), but no one knew how much more. He applied for his pension, went to a supermarket for a box, emptied the contents of his desk into the box, and left the D.A.'s office on December 31, 1966.

Although Edward Devlin and Lawrence Gresser were partners for most of Devlin's eleven years as an assistant D.A., and the two men often ate lunch together near the courthouse, neither ever set foot inside the other's home. Dr. Harold Menger was one of the few people with whom Devlin socialized. One Christmas Eve in the late fifties, Edward Devlin appeared at the Mengers' home with a Christmas present: some bottles of liquor. He had just observed an annual ritual: he had taken Ruth Paradise Fiorello and Arthur Devlin out for an early dinner to Peter Luger's, a well-known steak house in Brooklyn. Ruth had then gone home to her husband and Arthur Devlin to his wife. Dr. Menger invited Devlin in. The Christmas Eve visits continued for twenty years. "Eddie always arrived between eight-thirty and nine-thirty, carrying a basket of cheer, and he always stayed until three or four in the morning," Menger recalls. "My wife wasn't too pleased. Helen Marie wanted to go to Midnight Mass. Eddie didn't go to church. He wasn't a believer, and he wasn't a hypocrite. She stayed with us until about one o'clock, prepared some sandwiches, and excused herself to go to sleep. Eddie liked to talk about his days as a young lawyer, and the conversation didn't interest her. Eddie became my lawyer and my insurance broker in the nineteen-forties. He drew up my first will. My wife and I have three sons. I'd call Eddie shortly after the birth of each boy and tell him I wanted to amend my will. 'What time are you going to be home?' he'd ask, and he and Ruthie would be there that evening. That's why it struck me as so ironic that he didn't leave a valid will. Perhaps it's because he never cared enough for anyone except his mother to write a will—not even Ruth, until it was too late. Once, Eddie went to France on business, looking for the heirs to an estate he was handling, and brought back a bottle of perfume for my wife. Otherwise, he only gave us liquor, never personal gifts. There isn't a thing in the house that came from Eddie Devlin."

Given the nature of Edward Devlin's estate, there was little in the way of personal effects for the Public Administrator's office to sell. Devlin's most valuable personal possessions were his gold coins, which were sold for $3,400; miscellaneous personal items, disposed of for three thousand dollars, included a $595 slot machine and sterling flatware worth $382—in all likelihood the silver he had inherited from Eugenia Volmer. Although the property investigator in the Public Administrator's office who helped take the inventory of the contents of Devlin's house was subsequently indicted and convicted for stealing from what he was led by investigators to believe was the apartment of a man who had died without a will, there is no evidence that he stole from the Devlin estate.

Joe Mafera died in 1967, and Edward Devlin became the Ridgewood Democratic Club's president in 1969. His gruffness and his insistence on endlessly recounting the same stories about cases he had tried as an assistant D.A. alienated many of its members; other old-timers died, and the club, which had once had several thousand members and been kept open seven days a week, was open only on Friday evenings, so that Devlin could hold court for a dozen people. In the late seventies, some young neighborhood Democrats approached Devlin. They had prospective new members, and he had a building; he and they pooled their assets. The young people found Devlin difficult, but, like Ruth Fiorello and Harold Menger, they made allowances for his bad temper. They knew how much politics mattered to him—the only real social life Devlin had ever had was attending political dinners—and in 1983 they persuaded Donald Manes to come to the Ridgewood Democratic Club and present Devlin with a certificate honoring him for over fifty-five years of service to the community of Ridgewood and to Queens County. Devlin's house was a few blocks from the club, and after meetings the members would go out for coffee. Devlin had feuded with the owners of the nearest good restaurant, so they went to a pizza place for coffee in order to include him. They saw him getting frailer, but he usually declined their offers of rides home. Devlin had shared his house with Arthur and Eleanor after they married, in 1938, and with Eleanor from 1979 until November, 1983. He then told her to leave, so she moved in with two of her sisters, two houses away. During the last months of his life, the Fiorellos lived with him. They were unaware of how seriously his health had declined. Early in 1984, Menger, an eye, ear, nose, and throat specialist, referred Devlin to an internist, who had him make a number of trips to a hospital in Brooklyn for blood transfusions. He would return home in the evening by bus. (He would never take cabs.) Despite the fact that he was given transfusions, his kidney trouble went undetected. Devlin's death took Menger and the Fiorellos as much by surprise as it did everyone else. Menger later told Ruth Fiorello that if he had known Devlin was close to death he would have suggested that the ambulance crew witness the will Devlin had dictated and she had typed up hours earlier.

In June, 1979, when Arthur Devlin died, Eleanor asked her brother-in-law if it would be all right with him to have Arthur buried in her family plot at Holy Cross Cemetery, in Brooklyn. Edward Devlin consented. He said, however, that he wished to be buried with his mother. Five years later, Eleanor couldn't remember the name of the cemetery in which the Ackermans were buried. Bob Werst, the funeral director, eventually learned that the Devlin family plot was at Calvary, and it was decided to bury Edward there. A Mass of Christian burial was said for him at St. Matthias Roman Catholic Church, a block from his house, on the morning of Monday, March 26, 1984. Dr. and Mrs. Menger, the Fiorellos, several of Devlin's acquaintances from the Ridgewood Democratic Club, and Eleanor Devlin and her sisters attended the funeral. Only the Fiorellos and the Devlins went to the cemetery.



A few weeks later, while going through Edward Devlin's files, Ruth Fiorello came upon some documents pertaining to Mount Hebron, including a plan of the Ackerman plot there. It must have been drawn by Edward Devlin before Martha Ackerman's death, in 1975, because it showed the sites of the graves of Mary Ackerman, Isidore Ackerman, Frances Devlin, the proposed grave of Martha, and the proposed graves of Edward and Arthur Devlin, one on either side of their mother. Martha had been buried with her brother, sister, mother, and grandmother, but not in the grave specified in Edward's plan. It was understandable that Eleanor Devlin had forgotten about Mount Hebron. At the kinship hearing, she testified that she had not gone to either Carrie Ackerman's or Martha Ackerman's funeral. She hadn't gone to Frances Devlin's funeral, either. "I asked to, but they said it wasn't necessary," she said, referring to Edward and Arthur. Those who knew Edward Devlin in politics had no idea of his mother's religion or of the Ackermans' history of mental illness. He obviously wanted it that way. "Ridgewood is, historically, a predominantly German but also heavily Irish and Italian section," a lawyer of his acquaintance who knew his mother's religion commented. "For political advancement, it was almost fatal to be a Jew."

In May, 1984, Ruth Fiorello and Eleanor Devlin signed an affidavit regarding Edward Devlin's burial intentions, and, on May 29th, mailed it to the Queens County Public Administrator, attention of Michael Feigenbaum. Two days later, George Memmen, the Public Administrator, replied with a letter blaming Eleanor Devlin and Ruth Fiorello for having made a decision against Edward Devlin's wishes; he said that they should therefore assume the responsibility of correcting their error. He added that Mount Hebron Cemetery required that those interred there be of "the Jewish persuasion." His letter suggested that the two women collect documentation to prove that Devlin was of the Jewish persuasion and forward it to his office for further consideration, along with the deed to the Ackerman plot and the maiden name of Mr. Devlin's mother. Ruth Fiorello sent Memmen Frances Ackerman's name, along with Devlin's drawing, and told him that she didn't have any deed—that it would have been kept in a safe-deposit box.

The records of Mount Hebron reveal that on May 30, 1984, notice was given that Edward Devlin was "not of the Jewish faith." The source of this misinformation (Jewish law considers all children of a Jewish mother to be Jewish) is not listed in Mount Hebron's records. Memmen declined to pay the cost, estimated at thirty-eight hundred dollars, of disinterring Edward Devlin and burying him alongside his mother.

When Adolph Nordt died, in 1955, he had been buried in a grave that had on its headstone simply "NORDT" and, below that, "FRANK NORDT, 1910–1920." "Wait till I go to put both our names on the stone," Catherine Nordt had told Mary in 1955. Now both Adolph and Catherine Nordt's names and dates of birth and death are carved on the stone. "I'm sure Mama is resting in peace," Mary McDowell said recently. Some of those who knew Edward Devlin do not believe the same can be said for him. Toward the end of his life, when Ruth Fiorello was preparing a meal, he sometimes offered to help. "I helped my mother in the kitchen," he would say. He never mentioned the father whom his brother had described years earlier as "cranky" and "irritable," the father whom he took after, and with whom he is buried at Calvary (near the marble monument that Mary Martin had erected and inscribed in memory of her beloved parents and her brothers and sisters) in an unmarked grave.

—SUSAN SHEEHAN

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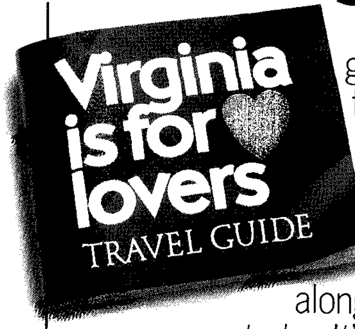

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IN FASHION

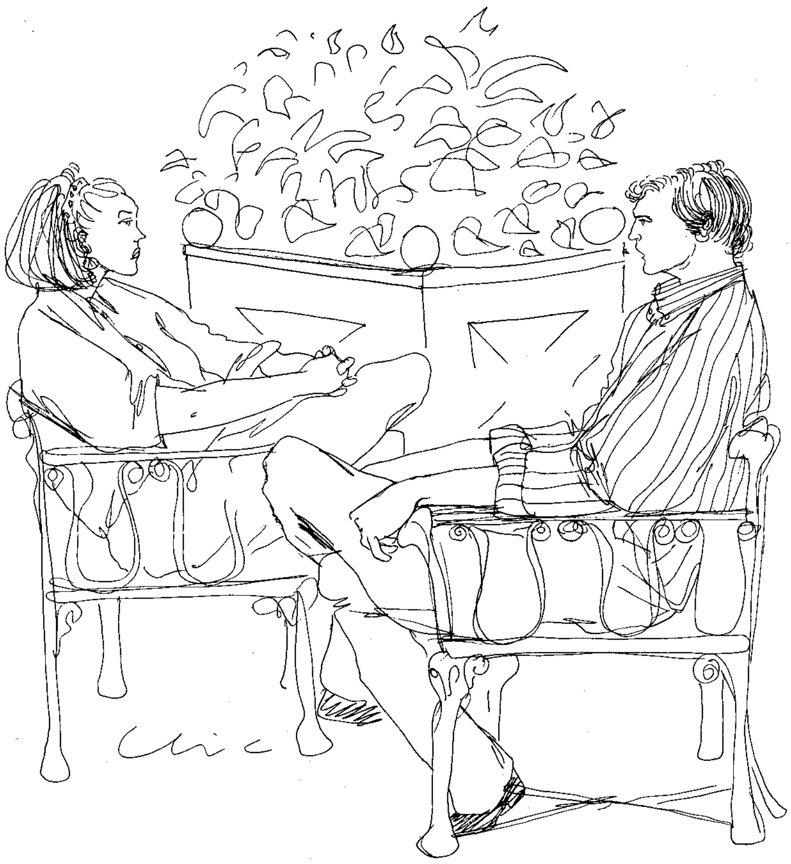
Survivors

THIS year marks the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Charles de Gaulle, a milestone that the French chose to commemorate one night in June by booming the "Appel du 18 Juin"—his famous rallying cry broadcast over the BBC in 1940—from a giant model of a radio console erected in the Place de la Concorde. Also, as it happens, it was fifty years ago this June that the Nazis occupied Paris—an anniversary that passed unmarked. At the Louvre's Musée des Arts de la Mode, however, the liberation of Paris and the end of the war are being celebrated, in an exhibition dating from that era and titled "Le Théâtre de la Mode."

In the spring of 1946, some two hundred dolls, dressed by fifty-three French couture houses in outfits from their spring/summer collections (the first available for export since the war) and displayed in sets created by twelve painters and designers, including Christian Bérard and Jean Cocteau, set sail for America to prove that Paris fashion was alive and well. They were not without precedent: French dressmakers had been outfitting dolls in the latest styles and sending them off to private clients all over the world as long ago as the seventeenth century. The "Théâtre de la Mode" was conceived in the fall of 1944, after Paris was liberated but before the war ended—when the street lamps in the City of Light had been turned back on but were dimmed. In 1945, after an opening stint at the Louvre's Pavillon de Marsan, the dolls made a good-will tour of the capitals of Europe; the following year, wearing a new, updated wardrobe, they travelled to New York (where the exhibition was housed in the Whitelaw Reid mansion, at Fiftieth and Madison) and San Francisco (to the de Young Museum). The proceeds went to Entraide Française, a war-relief organization.

Once their mission was accomplished, the dolls were retired, but they were not forgotten. In 1951, when a young woman named Susan Train arrived in Paris to work for American *Vogue*, people were still talking about them. No one seemed quite sure what had become of them, however, and, as time went on, it was assumed that they had been destroyed. Train's inquiries were met with characteristically French shrugs, and replies to the effect that "*la mode est si éphémère*." Five years ago, Train (by then Condé Nast's Paris bureau chief) was visited in her office by Stanley Garfinkel, a professor at Kent State University, who told her that he had discovered the dolls in Goldendale, Washington; they had been rusticating at the Maryhill Museum of Art, a formidable-looking poured-concrete mansion built in 1914 on a bluff overlooking the Columbia River by a wealthy American eccentric named Sam Hill, who moved in international circles and numbered among his friends Queen Marie of Romania and the dancer Loie Fuller. Garfinkel was determined to remount the "Théâtre de la Mode." Train went to investigate, and found the dolls in decent condition. Resolved that they should be shown at the Musée des Arts de la Mode, which had recently opened, she returned to Paris, where she enlisted the help of Pierre Bergé, the president of Yves Saint Laurent, and began to make arrangements for their passage home. It is through Train's persistence that the "Théâtre de la Mode" has come into being for a second time. After hearing about it for all these years, she says, she simply wanted to *see* it.

The "dolls"—which are not the kind of dolls that little girls play with, or the kind that certain grownup women proudly display in lighted curio cabinets, but, rather, twenty-seven-inch-tall wire figurines that look like the ones in Giorgio de Chirico's paintings—arrived back in Paris in a jumble. Their heads and some of their limbs had been detached, and it was often impossible to tell which shoes, which gloves, which hat had gone with which clothes. Train compiled photographs from the original exhibition in order to document every outfit and match it with its proper accessories, and Nadine Gasc, the head of the Musée des Arts de la Mode's department of textiles and fashion, consulted the fashion magazines of the time. Like Train, Gasc had been hearing about the "Théâtre de la Mode" for ages. At a *bouquiniste* in Angers a few years ago, she bought a copy of the original program—a souvenir of an event she would like to have attended. The late Stephen de Pietri, who was the artistic director of the current exhibition, and to whom it is dedicated,



"I love you, but, hey, I'm flexible."

began the task of re-creating the sets.

Eliane Bonabel, who in her early twenties designed the dolls and chaperoned them on their original tour, was called in this time around to perform what Gasc calls "a little plastic surgery." By late 1944, Bonabel was already embarked on a successful career as an illustrator; she had also worked with marionettes. Her assignment, she recalls, was to devise a mannequin that would not be a cutout. She decided against solid figures, and, using the measurement charts found in fashion magazines as the basis for the proportions, devised a body contoured in wire—one that would look as if it had been, as she puts it, "drawn in the air." The wire had the added advantage of permitting some flexibility: the arms and legs could be manipulated to make each doll look a little different from the rest and to introduce the idea of movement. Joan Rebull, a Catalan sculptor living in Paris, molded the heads, and replicas were cast in plaster, with the features left unpainted. (At some point over the years, lipstick was added, but the conservators removed it.) Bonabel says that the idea was to make dolls that would be "a little too thin and a little too pale," like the fashion models of the time. The hair varied: it was real or it was string or silk thread or wool, sometimes glazed with glue. (Alexandre de Paris, the coiffeur, was called in to refurbish the hairdos, most of which looked as if they'd been slept on for forty-five years; he reset the limp tresses on tiny rollers and rewound the curls with tiny hairpins.)

Each of the fifty-three couturiers was asked, in 1944, to dress one doll at the least, five at the most, for different scenes, to be set in the morning, at the cocktail hour, and in the evening. In some cases, the process of miniaturization was particularly complicated. The stripes in the fabric for one dress by Carven were too wide for the scale of the dolls, so the fabric was cut and resewn to make the stripes narrower. At Patou, a special weave was re-created in miniature. There were miniature hand-stitched buttonholes for miniature hand-covered buttons, which could actually be unbuttoned; there were tiny zippers, which opened and closed; and there were real pockets and exquisite linings. According to Bonabel, the instructions to the houses were to provide only the clothes, which, they were told, would be aug-

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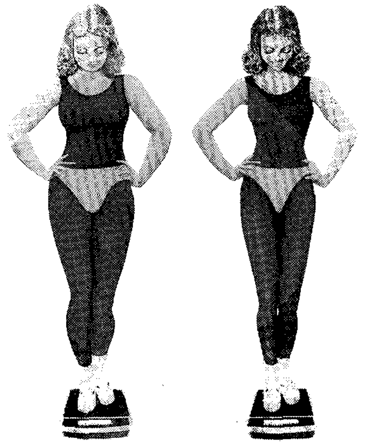

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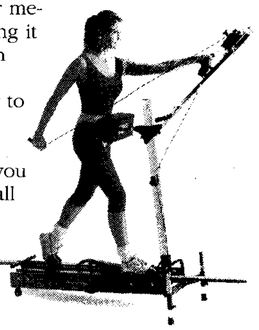

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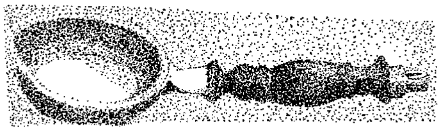
mented by hats, but some of the houses got into the spirit and furnished matching shoes and gloves and umbrellas, and in no time a competition developed, with one or two ateliers in the end going so far as to produce lingerie.

Two years ago, when all the crates were unpacked at the Musée des Arts de la Mode, some accessories were missing. "We had twenty ladies in *tenue de ville* who had no shoes," Train says. She called on Massaro, the custom shoemaker on the Rue de la Paix, in the rather faint hope of persuading him to re-create what was missing. Then she spotted some miniature shoes in a showcase there, and took heart. One of his best clients, Massaro told her, had been Mrs. Gilbert Miller, a famously elegant American who collected dolls, and in filling her orders for shoes he had been obliged to make shoes for her dolls as well. He agreed to Train's request. Two missing plastrons by Cartier (one of a jewelled bird in a cage, designed as the symbol of the Occupation) were recreated by Yves Saint Laurent's costume jewellers; François Lesage reproduced Van Cleef & Arpels' jewelled epaulets in embroidery for Schiaparelli's evening gown; Chaumet remade a matching necklace, hair ornament, and bracelet.

As it turned out, the dolls had stayed on in San Francisco after their tour, in the basement of a department store called the City of Paris. Other cities had wanted the exhibition but had been unable to come up with the financing. No one, even in France, was willing to pay to have the dolls shipped back to Paris. "Thank God," Train says. Chances are that they would have been dispersed and sold, for lack of storage space. In the archives of the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne, the trade association that still organizes the shows every season, she found the minutes of a meeting of the executive committee in September, 1951, recording that the president of the City of Paris, insisting that the dolls must not be destroyed, proposed to send them at his own expense to the Maryhill Museum; the committee agreed. But even more remarkable than the fact that the "Théâtre de la Mode" survived, perhaps, is that it came about in the first place. Fashion designers have never been known for their solidarity; that so many of them agreed to participate in a project like this probably says less about the designers themselves than it does about the circumstances that united them.

IN most fashion histories, the years from 1940 to 1944, so painstakingly examined by historians of every other field, are summarized briefly, and only, one feels, as a setup for the voluptuous dawn of Dior's New Look, in 1947. There has been a sense that the less said about the behavior of many fashion designers during these years the better. In Paris, Chanel, who closed the doors of her couture house in 1940, is alleged to have had an affair with a Nazi officer, and among the designers who stayed in business were several who apparently behaved no better; it's said that Marcel Rochas would cross the street rather than greet his former Jewish clients. As for the clothes, it is taken for granted that the war years weren't fashion's finest hour, given the restrictions under which the couturiers were forced to work, to say nothing of the daily matters of life and death which must have eclipsed questions of style. We assume that under the circumstances practicality won out over fantasy—that the immediacy of an occupying army and ration coupons must have prevented the imagination from wandering very far. If anything, the Occupation of Paris is routinely regarded by Americans as the event that launched American fashion on its own course, with New York cut off from the French inspiration on which its designers had previously relied. It is only now, with the publication, in Paris, of Dominique Veillon's "La Mode Sous l'Occupation," that we learn how valiantly French women's impulse to express themselves in the clothes they wear adapted itself to their straitened lives, and how narrowly the French fashion industry escaped extinction.

Veillon, a historian and the author of two other books on the Occupation, describes a city that woke up with a champagne hangover one morning in September, 1939, and found itself at war. The *caves* of the Ritz were transformed into air-raid shelters, complete with fur coverlets and Hermès sleeping bags. A new fashion was born, and, with it, a new adjective, *utilitaire*, to describe innovations like Schiaparelli's enormous pockets, designed to take the place of a handbag. The conscientiously stylish woman would request a *vélo-taxi*—a go-cart of sorts, pulled by a man on a bicycle—that matched her outfit.



According to an essay by Nadine Gasc in the "Théâtre de la Mode" catalogue, the system for rationing clothes which went into effect in the summer of 1941 was a complicated one. In some cases, two old garments could be bartered for one new one. Since men's clothes could not be exchanged for women's, newspapers published patterns for turning a man's three-piece suit into a woman's. Gasc quotes Colette: "I feel I ought to save this diary, so that I can open it again at a later date to attest to the fact that in February, 1941, even as we stood in line for our milk, our rutabagas, and our mayonnaise made without oil or eggs, and even though we had no crêpes to celebrate Candlemas and wore leatherless shoes, Paris went on accomplishing its most characteristic feats, producing a figured velvet dress . . . a very dressy pink lamé blouse."

Colette was perhaps the most impassioned witness to the ways in which French women of the time made do, psychologically as well as materially; she memorialized an era when "three wisps of straw, a furled handkerchief, a scrap of waxed cloth, a domino tile, and a dog's leash" could add up to a hat. Veillon documents hats made from blotting paper and from newspapers—the latter executed in a range of different dailies, and worn as a means of advertising the wearer's political views. A fashion for plaid sprang up, as a declaration that the wearer sided with the British. From time to time, women working for the Resistance, receiving shipments of arms from London, gave in to the temptation to make a blouse out of silk from a parachute, even though it might signal their ties to the English or the Gaullists. On exhibit at the Mémorial de la Paix, an excellent new museum of the war, in Caen, is a bridal gown made from a parachute.

That life went on we knew, but that it went on with such good-natured vigor—that couturiers produced outfits called Coal or Black Coffee, or an entire collection with each number named after a stop on the Métro; that they turned their hands to disguising culottes as a skirt; that a "*journée de* *l'élégance à bicyclette*" was organized as an open-air fashion show of stylish clothes for getting around town on a bicycle—comes as something of a surprise. To the American mind, particularly after the sartorial free-for-all of the seventies and eighties, the effort required to sustain an elegant appearance seems like a luxury in peacetime, let alone in time of war. How staggering, how amusing it is now to come upon photographs (in the exhibition catalogue) of Parisian women in a beauty salon where the hair dryers, for lack of electricity, were powered by two men on a bicycle in the basement, pedalling the equivalent of three hundred and twenty kilometres a day to dry the hair of a hundred and fifty clients. The instinct for fashion, put to the test during the war by relentless indignities and deprivation, proved to be fundamental to the French character. Veillon recognizes that for most women the act of making a dress out of an old tablecloth or going to the hairdresser as usual constituted not only a refusal to give in to adversity but a means of safeguarding the identities they had built for themselves in a world that, morally and physically, was being reduced to rubble. She calls the hats they wore a provocation, a "*manifestation d'insolence*," that did not go unnoticed by the occupying soldiers in the streets; in 1944, the Germans tried to close down the milliners altogether.

Meanwhile, Veillon reports, the leaders of the Third Reich had a plan for the fashion industry: the French couture houses would be integrated into the German enterprise, based in Vienna and in Berlin, which was to take the place of Paris as the cultural capital of Europe; the French ateliers would provide the specialized handwork; the French couturiers would be transferred to these new centers of fashion, where they would find reserved for them "*de brillantes situations*." Lucien Lelong, the designer who was then the president of the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne, replied that the Germans could, of course, impose anything on the French by force, but that the haute couture could not be transferred, either as a whole or in part—that its creativity was "not only a spontaneous outburst but also the consequence of a long tradition cultivated by specialized workers" in diverse *métiers*. In November, 1940, Lelong went to Berlin to argue that since the Germans considered fashion a cultural activity, every country should have the right to create its own. Eventually, the Germans relented and allowed the French couture to continue but under constant surveillance, on the premise that, deprived of its foreign outlets and of choice materials, it would find its creativity weakened and would finally, in Lelong's words, "die of asphyxia." The houses now worked under a system of "*dérogation*"—a special dispensation that, according to Lelong, was called into question fourteen times during the four years of the Occupation. The Germans imposed a series of restrictions, limiting the number of couture houses in operation and eventually forbidding photographs of the clothes (in order to curb sales). Lelong stalled for time, and fought to have the number of couture houses increased. In March, 1942, he organized a group fashion show in Lyons, in the Unoccupied Zone. In 1944, the Germans closed the houses of Mme. Grès and Balenciaga, on the pretext that they had exceeded the quotas set for fabric.

Evidently, Lelong had the foresight to recognize that France's economic future lay in a continuation of its long-standing role as the provider of luxury goods to the rest of the world—that the luxury-goods industries, of which fashion was the most highly visible, would be France's bread and butter. Veillon relies on Lelong's own account of his dealings with the Germans, from the archives of the Chambre Syndicale. Susan Train, who came across it in her research for the "Théâtre de la Mode," was moved to translate it, and it is her translation I quote. In his report, made in 1944, Lelong writes, "The maintenance of this industry in activity and the survival of its skilled workers represents for France the immediate possibility of earning a great deal of foreign currency in exchange for very little raw material, very little transport, a great deal of invention and hard work. Before the war, it was calculated that one exported haute-couture model enabled us to purchase ten tons of coal; the export of one litre of perfume, two tons of oil; one bottle of champagne, three kilos of copper."

As for the clients of the haute couture during the Occupation, Veillon reports that, contrary to popu-

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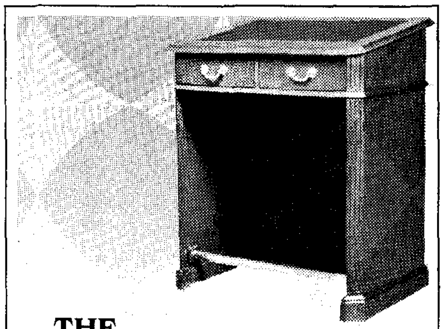

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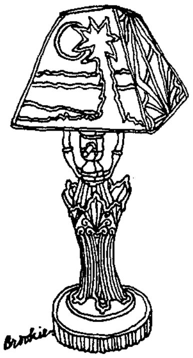
lar assumption, they were not predominantly the wives of German officers. In 1941, the Chambre Syndicale registered around twenty thousand couture cards (required for access to the shows), of which two hundred were reserved for the "authorities of the Majestic" (the hotel that served as Nazi headquarters in Paris). In the spring of 1944, the number of cards in circulation had fallen to about fourteen thousand; still, there were only two hundred set aside for the Germans. The majority of the customers, by Veillon's description, were French, wealthy Parisians and residents of Neuilly, Versailles, and other surrounding towns, or rich foreigners—South Americans, Spaniards—who moved in what she calls "a protected universe." It was not unheard of for two friends who wore the same size to go in together on a suit and take turns wearing it. As the war went on, a new contingent began to appear, opportunists the French called "*les* BOF," for "*beurre-oeufs-fromages*," the scarce products that these entrepreneurs sold at scandalous prices, amassing fortunes. Veillon passes along the story, recounted by a journalist of the time, of the woman who arrived in the salons of one couture house with her daughter, for whom she bought four dresses at eight thousand francs apiece; these new clients were the wife and daughter of a man who had come by the service stairway and offered to sell the designer butter at three hundred francs a kilo.



Under the leadership of the octogenarian Marshal Pétain, who habitually made pronouncements to the effect that a woman's place was in the kitchen, and who had only got around to taking a bride at the age of sixty-four, the Vichy government launched its own attempts, more modest but no more successful, to manipulate fashion as a means of propaganda. In keeping with the sturdy pastoralism that Pétain, from his office in a hotel at a health resort, promoted as France's salvation, the state encouraged couturiers to work in *le style campagnard*. Among the wartime photographs that accompany the "Théâtre de la Mode" exhibition is one of an outfit with a dirndl skirt and puffed sleeves, titled "The Milkmaid." Every once in a while, a client would order one of these outfits—something to wear on vacation or while working in the garden.

A WEEK before the recent opening of the "Théâtre de la Mode," the floors of the galleries at the Louvre are strewn with wood shavings and scraps of wire; the windows looking out over the tops of the chestnut trees in the Tuileries are open to let in some air; a visitor steps out of the elevator and is greeted by the smell of paint. A steel ladder towers above Jean-Denis Malclès's scene of a Surrealist garden, still under construction, where some of the dolls will go for a moonlit promenade. Among sawhorses, toolboxes, a sewing machine, and a portable generator, Anne Surgers, a young woman in a white smock, who has re-created the sets on the basis of the original designs and photographs, shuttles between Joan Rebull's carrousel—a Dionysian merry-go-round populated by mermaids and centaurs—and André Dignimont's set, where the dolls will congregate in the arcades of the Palais-Royal. André Beaurepaire, the painter and set designer, has arrived—a vigorous man who looks to be in his sixties, wearing a plaid shirt and sporting a backpack. He is reviving his own original décor, "La Grotte Enchantée."

Meanwhile, the dolls are gathered in the conservation laboratory, where they hang, headless, by their clavicles. A doll in Jacques Heim's tropical floral-printed cotton bandeau bra, diaper, and tulip overskirt—the wire cage of her midriff exposed—is dressed for the beach at Biarritz. Balenciaga's full-skirted black wool suit with a fitted jacket and a fringed black faille sash draped at the hips looks as glamorous today as it must have in 1946. Jacques Fath's black velvet mermaid dress with a skirt of sequin-dotted black tulle over pale-pink satin is still being imitated. Mme. Grès's black silk-organdie evening gown, with a series of pleats pinched at the waist and falling open over a bright-green organdie underskirt, has lost none of its impact. (In many cases, Alexandre says, it's the hairdo that looks dated, not the clothes.)

Note cards on which are written the specifications for the various outfits dangle from satin ribbons that attach the dolls' shoes to their feet. On tables in another room, more shoes are arranged: thumb-size gold leather ankle boots in three scalloped tiers with platform soles; red-and-ivory platform saddle oxfords with tiny red leather tassels at the ends of the laces; ankle-strapped black suède sandals with black leather piping no wider than the line made by a pencil. There are miniature pocketbooks and ruffle-edged umbrellas that open; suède gloves with nearly microscopic topstitching around the fingers; belts that actually buckle, for four-inch waists. The dolls' heads—immaculately coiffed, hats already in place—are on pikes driven into boards. Seen all together, they form a disembodied crowd. One blonde with shoulder-length hair is waiting until the last minute for her black straw picture hat, which is sitting in front of her.

Everyone who has worked with the dolls, it seems, has fallen under their spell. Train claims that each doll has a distinct personality. Bonabel talks about how some of the dolls looked instantly chic and others needed some fiddling with—which, she adds with a laugh, is the way it is in life. David Seidner, whose still-life photographs of the dolls, taken for the catalogue, are featured in the exhibition, says that for him the mere idea of the dolls seemed "charged somehow—atavistic and pagan, full of fantasy and voodoo." Working in the museum at night and on weekends, Seidner would find himself spending an hour positioning a sleeve or coaxing some movement into an eighteen-inch-long skirt intended, in the life-size original, to drape and fall several feet. Exasperating as all this was, however, he found the dolls "expressive" and "dear." There is, he says, "something vulnerable about their being so small." In his portraits they are shown against a backdrop of wooden doors that were found in the basement of the Louvre—chosen, he explains, because he finds old textures "narrative"—or against pieces of zinc and lead that remind him of the rooftops of Paris, or against shards of plate glass. By the end of the project, he says, his role and the dolls' role were reversed: Seidner stiff and tense, hunched over a tripod, and the dolls set free, running through a carpet of dried leaves.

Once the exhibition opens, the dolls seem back in their element. (The

"Théâtre de la Mode" remains at the Louvre through September 9th; in December, it comes to New York, to the Costume Institute at the Metropolitan Museum.) Animated and graceful, their heads held high, they revisit the Pont des Arts in Georges Douking's view of the Île de la Cité, veiled in mist. The skyline of Montmartre—the windmill of the Moulin Rouge and the dome of Sacré-Coeur outlined in black wire beneath small wire cumulus clouds—looms in the distance in Jean Saint-Martin's set, "Croquis de Paris." In Louis Touchagues's scene of the Rue de la Paix and the Place Vendôme, seen in one-point perspective, the square is in motion, full of chic Parisiennes window-shopping at the jeweller's, hurrying to meet a friend at the Ritz, en route to the box office at the Opéra.

In Cocteau's "Ma Femme Est une Sorcière" (based on René Clair's movie "I Married a Witch"), dolls in evening gowns occupy a burned-out maid's room under the eaves. A basin and a mirror are still left standing in one corner. Marcel Rochas's bride, in white satin, is stretched across the iron bed. Pierre Balmain's witch, in a gown of gray tulle embroidered at the bodice with gray pearls, is poised in midair on a broomstick. Through holes in the roof are visible glimpses of Notre-Dame and the ink-blue night sky.

From the balcony of the eighth-floor galleries, visitors look down on Bérard's opera house as if from the theatre's top tier, closer to the scaled-down crystal chandelier than to the stage. Downstairs, other visitors, like late arrivals finding their seats in the parterre, walk inside the set, where the stage is filled with dolls in evening gowns, and more dolls in full formal dress watch from the boxes. They have worn their jewels, their turbans, their evening gloves, their furs—including an ermine stole fringed in very small tails, and a full-length ermine cape, scalloped at the hem and lined in pale-pink satin. One doll, in Balmain's pink satin strapless gown encrusted with rhinestones and silver sequins, wears long gray tulle evening mitts embroidered to match.

Gasc calls discovering so many dolls all from the same season the find of a lifetime. Train agrees. "This is something that no museum in the world has," she says. Gasc remarks on the "cohesiveness" of the clothes: it was a time when designers worked—and women dressed—in harmony, if not in outright unison. Bonabel recalls that people then had a different notion of fashion: it was, she says, "like a set of regulations, and we dreamed of submitting to them." The smaller couture houses, Train says, had their eyes on what the big ones were doing. The level of quality not only of the workmanship but of the designs, even by those couturiers whose names are long forgotten—Annek, O'Rossen, Blanche Issartel, Georgette Renal, Calixte, Véra Borea, Ana de Pombo—is astonishingly high. The clothes of the "Théâtre de la Mode" fill a gap in our understanding of fashion, providing a transition from the mannish silhouette of the war years to the literary grandeur of the New Look. In Lucien Lelong's turquoise-and-white polka-dot day dress with a draped bodice and a full skirt, and in his ivory tulle strapless evening gown embroidered with slate-gray leaves and flowers over a white satin underskirt—both designed by Christian Dior before he left Lelong and formed his own house—there are unmistakable intimations of the revolution that Dior would soon launch, and they prove once again, Train says, that "fashion is an evolution." The New Look didn't materialize out of thin air; it was on its way. Dior simply accelerated its arrival.

Paris had survived intact, its bridges and landmarks still standing. The fashion industry had held its ground. As it happens, the "Théâtre de la Mode" depicts a world without men. There is something touching about these dolls, so painstakingly turned out in sumptuous clothes made possible by peace, as if the wool suits and fur coats and festive ballgowns were French women's just reward for the dignity with which they went about their lives, for their makeshift chic. While the men who had fired guns and flown warplanes were driving their tanks down the Champs-Élysées in V Day parades and getting medals pinned to their chests, these dolls were being created—a passing monument to a more domestic heroism.

—Holly Brubach

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THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND

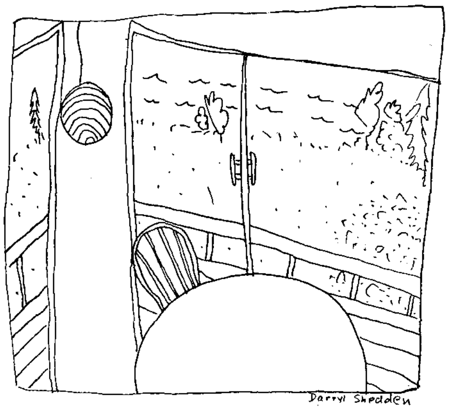
SWEEPING CHANGE

A WEEK is a long time in politics, and a few weeks can be an eternity, as the world discovered last autumn when the postwar order was abruptly pushed aside, to be replaced by who knows what. As in 1945, Europe stands on the threshold of an era—a time when the restless energies of states will be released in ways that defy easy comprehension, let alone prediction. Although much of the talk of devising a new European architecture is resolutely sensible, it is for now only that—talk. Events, not governments, have taken charge. They are being shaped by the interplay of a Soviet Union spinning out of control and a unified Germany that, besides being big and rich, will revert to behaving like a fully sovereign nation-state, as distinct from a more or less compliant, guilt-ridden loser of the last great war. German self-esteem is on the rise, and one of the few certainties out there is that a united Germany will be authentically German—certainly more so than the Federal Republic has been.

The good news—warm peace supplanting cold war—is being obscured by the general confusion of most governments. With no compass, the various helmsmen are relying on flash judgments and, in some cases, the biases of yesteryear. Moreover, the ripple effect of Saddam Hussein's coup de main in the Persian Gulf, besides transforming the Middle East and much of world politics, has made the start of the post-Cold War era even murkier. The year 1989 belonged to Eastern Europe, and many diplomats in Europe and elsewhere reckoned that the focus in 1990—and perhaps the decade of the nineteen-nineties—would be on a prospering European Community (E.C.) as it adapted to a more preëminent German role and a reduced American presence. But other diplomats and foreign-policy specialists have felt that the nineteen-nineties would be dominated by conflicts between Third World countries—more and more of them lethally armed—that would be struggling over resources, not ideology.

A year ago, the prospect of a unified Germany hadn't turned up on any government's horizon, including Bonn's. To the contrary. Officials everywhere had convinced themselves that the issue lay far ahead—well into the next millennium. Most Germans, after all, wouldn't put at risk the prosperity that had been gained westward in the European Community, or the security provided by the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, for the risks and uncertainties of union with East Germany. Even if East Germany should be willing to become an appendage of the Federal Republic, they believed, it would be unable to switch from a command economy to a market economy. West Germany's allies had supported unification rhetorically, but the continued division of Germany was tacitly embedded in the policies of each of them. And, in any case, Moscow could be counted on to veto unification. So it seemed.

All this is hard on the Soviet Union. First, it gave up control of Eastern Europe—the buffer zone between it and Western Europe, which it had sought since the time of Catherine the Great. Now it has lost what was gained in 1945 from "the great patriotic war"—the division of Germany into zones, one of them Soviet-run. Although the Soviet Union has won some Olympic gold medals and has got into space, it is acutely aware that its system has had only two true successes: building nuclear weapons and defeating the Germans. What's more, in having to accept what its old enemy is about to do, it has to swallow forty years of its own propaganda: Germans are Fascists and revanchists, NATO is a certain aggressor, and so on. The political pain (and perhaps the cost to leadership) of having to acquiesce in a unified Germany joining NATO is hard to overstate. Moscow is exacting a price for this from Western governments, but it is the Germans themselves who are paying a large part of the price—in Deutsche marks. The political cost to the West generally isn't yet clear.

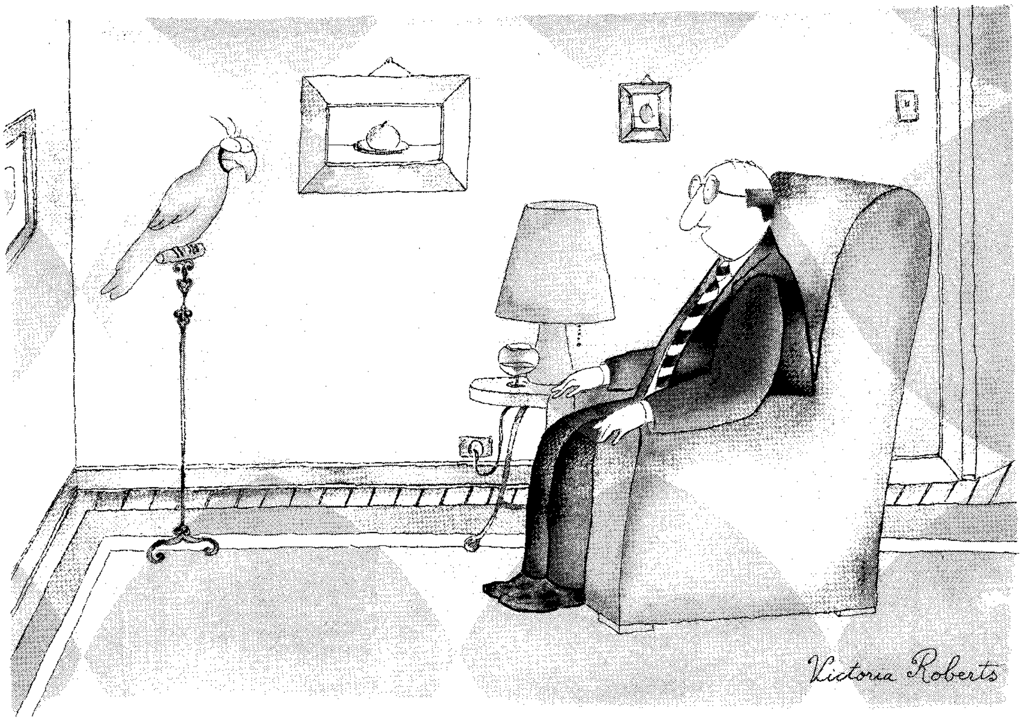


The new situation in Middle Europe is also hard on America, custodian and beneficiary of the postwar order. Protecting its allies has been the country's vocation for four decades. Overnight, that role lost much of its relevance, and the change means, among other things, that a great many of the American troops deployed in Europe will be coming home. A new Administration confronted an exigent conceptual problem: through its forces in Europe and the guarantees they embodied, America had forged a consensus within NATO over the years; those troops, most of them in West Germany, constituted much the best return on the defense dollar, because they allowed America to defend American interests on other than American soil. From now on, Washington will have to exercise its influence bilaterally and through institutions like the E.C., of which America is not a member, and larger groups, like the thirty-five-member Conference on Security and Coöperation in Europe, or C.S.C.E., in which America's vote has had no special weight. As for American interests in Europe, they are no less vital, even if they, too, are somewhat changed. With Germany a budding colossus, and the E.C. on the verge of becoming a unified market of three hundred and twenty-five million people—the industrial world's largest—and even now pursuing monetary union and a common currency, America's political and economic stake in this evolving Europe is all the greater. And a continuing American military involvement in Europe is logical, since, whatever befalls the Soviet Union politically, the strength of its armed forces will vastly exceed that of Western Europe's.

Britain and France lose heavily from German unification. Britain was already being diminished by its own policies—notably an overreliance on the so-called special relationship with

Washington, and a corresponding unwillingness to play a full-blooded part in the European Community. A lesser role for NATO, the organization that Britain more or less invented and through which it has exercised disproportionate influence, further penalizes it. Germany is regaining much of the territory it lost after the war, whereas Britain lost an empire and then did itself injury by missing successive opportunities to join in and help shape the movement toward an integrated Europe. "The best thing we can do is try to make the British feel that German strength is Europe's strength," a German diplomat says.

France is the big loser from German unification, because it had the most to lose. Paris has been the center of political gravity in Western Europe since 1963, when President Charles de Gaulle and West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer drew up a treaty celebrating Franco-German reconciliation. Europe west of the Elbe would be a confederation built on a French-German axis. The two eminences—both world-class practitioners of statecraft—tacitly agreed that the political leadership of the structure would be French; Germany's past excluded any alternative, and anyway Adenauer distrusted his fellow-Germans nearly as much as de Gaulle did. De Gaulle's successors kept faith with his vision: French defense and foreign policy continued to be independent. As Europe's leader, a nuclear power, and the only one of America's allies which was immune to pressure from Washington, France, unlike Germany, would perform on a world stage. Membership in NATO was an ellipse in de Gaulle's design which he blurred by withdrawing France from the alliance's integrated military structure and expelling NATO from the country. Still, the entire construct relied upon the division of Europe and upon a West Germany carpeted with American troops and nuclear weapons. The effect of nuclear weapons, however, has been to make war unlikely and military power less relevant—a paradox from which Germany benefits and France loses. The assumptions on which French policy was based have now been shattered, and most capitals see the center of political gravity as shifting to Bonn and, eventually, to Berlin (when it becomes the German capital).



"You came up in therapy today."

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FOR Germans, unification is obviously a net plus—and then some—but it is also a sobering challenge. Few, if any, governments in the modern era have had to face changes in domestic and foreign policy on the scale that Bonn confronts. West Germany had been evolving into a kind of post-nation-state—blending itself into the supranational E.C. and fully dependent on NATO. That, it seems, was yesterday, although not everyone thinks so. According to some diplomats, Bonn will now have to share the spotlight with Brussels, since a progressively more integrated E.C. will mix German energies and resources with those of fellow-members.

The moment abounds in questions that have no obvious or clear answers, and that have been further clouded by the crisis in the Persian Gulf. Are most of Europe's old problems returning? Have events restored the pre-First World War setting: an unstable, chaotic Russia; an increasingly dominant Germany; tension and instability in the Balkans; the inability of Europe's oldest nation-states—France and Britain—to act together in their own behalf? NATO buffs worry about whether member countries will, or can, continue to work together closely in the light of declining defense budgets, troop levels, and weapons production. And who is right—the French, who say that America's historic mission is over, or the millions of other Europeans, who doubt one another and feel the need of a sturdy American presence? And will a united Germany at some point remove the last vestiges of the Second World War by expelling the troops that the Western Allies and the Soviet Union have so long deployed on its turf? The sixteen million East Germans haven't had the mellowing experience of membership in a community like the E.C. or of being consenting members of an alliance like NATO. On the contrary, their experience with an alliance—the Warsaw Pact—has been one of being exploited and made subservient. Perhaps more important, after sixty years of misrule and oppression, first by the Nazis and then by Moscow's puppet regime, East Germans will not be shy about asserting themselves. And, whatever else they may favor, it won't be military forces and shiny new weapons—least of all those deployed on German soil by other countries. Many diplomats expect the East Germans to add a distinctly nationalistic, and even xenophobic, flavor to their country's

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style. East Germans are said to feel that they need to apologize for nothing, since after enduring six decades of darkness they brought about a miracle —a bloodless revolution.

Some diplomats in Washington and Western Europe hold the upbeat view that NATO, the E.C., and the C.S.C.E. will all have vital roles to play, and that no one of the three can replace another: only NATO groups the United States with its allies; only the E.C. makes a prosperous community of old enemies; and only the C.S.C.E. links countries in both halves of Europe with North America. The idea, or hope, is that in the changed circumstances NATO will continue to give America the purchase it needs on Europe; that the E.C. will become steadily stronger than the sum of its parts; and that the C.S.C.E. will be the pan-European device that gives Russians and other East Europeans an adequate voice in the affairs of their continent.

Even if this optimistic view is borne out, however, NATO's role—and America's—will slowly decline as the E.C. and the C.S.C.E. take on the added political weight they are expected to. Compare NATO and the E.C. from the point of view of the key player —West Germany. It was admitted to NATO rather reluctantly by some members, and forced to accept conditions, like forswearing nuclear weapons, that didn't apply to such other member states as Britain and France. But the E.C. is different: West Germany is a founding member, and is likely to dominate it. The German stake will grow as the E.C. becomes a single market, in little more than two years, and does actually create a monetary union. There is also brave talk of political union, although no one—not even such an eminent advocate as France's President François Mitterrand—has anything very specific in mind.

For the Soviets, the C.S.C.E. may constitute the last, best hope of avoiding isolation and gaining a place at Europe's top table—or, at least, a good table. The C.S.C.E., which has been around since 1975, is an itinerant affair without a permanent secretariat or staff, or even a home address. But it has room for every interested European party, large or small; San Marino, Liechtenstein, Vatican City, and Malta are all there, and with veto power. Only Albania is missing. Heretofore, the C.S.C.E. has dealt mainly with non-security issues, such as human rights. Now some capitals, including Moscow, are urging a larger role for it, hoping actually to see it become a pan-European security system that would not only push NATO well into the background but also clip America's wings. Most diplomats foresee a collision between the patrons of the two organizations after the C.S.C.E. acquires institutional status and trappings, and that will probably happen in November, at a C.S.C.E. summit conference in Paris. Some Germans share the Soviet vision of the C.S.C.E. as the herald of a new order.

NONE of the key parties—Germany, France, the Soviet Union—want to see America turfed out of Europe. To the contrary. Each has a strong interest in a continuing American military presence. All parties are likely to see the crisis in the Persian Gulf as pointing up the joint role of stabilizing influence and constable that only America can play, or try to. For France and the Soviet Union, an American presence constitutes a hedge against uncertainty and instability at a turning point in their affairs. Germany, too, wants the American hedge, and, aware of being the object of concern on many sides, it also feels that America's presence insulates it politically. Still, there is contradiction, if not confusion, in the attitudes on display in Bonn, Paris, and Moscow. To varying degrees, Bonn and Paris see America's political role in Europe as declining, and the French insist that Washington accept reality as they view it. A wise and experienced German diplomat says soberly, "The German-American relationship is working amazingly well, but no one knows how to bind America to Europe." The state of play couldn't be described more succinctly.

The collapse of the Berlin Wall last November released a political tide, which Washington caught. France and Britain missed it. President George Bush and Secretary of State James Baker III, unlike their colleagues in Paris and London, judged that unification was in the cards, and that, to minimize disruption, it should be achieved as quickly as anything so complicated could be. The first move would, of course, be German, and it was made by Chancellor Helmut Kohl in a speech to the Bundestag on November 28th. Read now, Kohl's speech seems appropriately circumspect and heedful, certainly hard to imagine as having been the curtain-raiser on a new act of the German drama. The most daring of his points called for "confederative structures between the two states in Germany with a view to creating a federation."

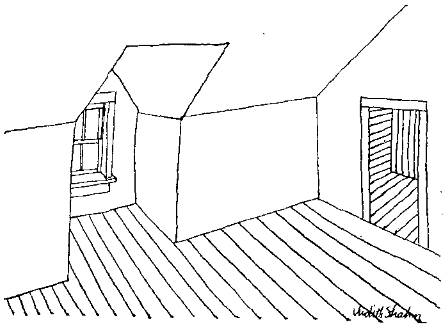
At the time, diplomats and other officials, reading between the lines, spotted a glint of unification. Most of them were disturbed not just because of what Kohl seemed to contemplate but because of the way he had handled the affair; there had been no advance consultation with Washington, Paris, or London. Indeed, the speech had blindsided Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, who makes German foreign policy, or most of it, and he was very angry. Kohl did not tell Genscher of his intention until the night before the speech. "Genscher was Germany then, not Kohl," a German who knows them both well says. "But Kohl wanted to be alone on center stage."

Unification hadn't been on anyone's agenda—not even Kohl's. The breach in the Wall was expected to produce elections and political reform in East Germany—nothing more. And, precisely because unification wasn't supposed to happen, various officials could glibly endorse it, as NATO's leaders did at the end of a summit meeting in May of 1989; as President Mitterrand did in a newspaper interview that July; as he did again on November 3rd, a week before the Wall became a target for souvenir hunters. "I am not afraid of reunification," he said then. "I think the desire for reunification is legitimate for the Germans. What counts above all is the determination and will of the people."

The same man turned up in Kiev on December 6th, eight days after Kohl's speech. After private talks there with Soviet President Mikhail Gorbachev, he publicly warned West Germany against pursuing unification with East Germany.

Two days later, Mitterrand, Kohl, and British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher were together in Strasbourg for a meeting of the European Council—the term for a conference among the leaders of the E.C. Mitterrand and Mrs. Thatcher get on rather well, even though they rarely agree on European political issues. In Strasbourg, they did find themselves in close agreement on what Kohl seemed to be up to, and they talked tête-à-tête a good deal. A senior British official says, "Mitterrand told Mrs. Thatcher that this was the worst crisis in fifty years, and in times of great crisis Britain and France have been together. He seemed to want to revive the entente cordiale." Another British official says, "Mitterrand felt it even more strongly than she did. He thinks the Germans are a people who don't know where their frontiers are."

On December 21st, Mitterrand was in Leipzig and East Berlin, cautioning East Germans against quick moves toward unification and discussing coöperation between his Socialist Party and the East German Communist Party. Mrs. Thatcher was certainly no less hostile to unification than Mitterrand, and his suggestions at Strasbourg had apparently struck home, because in her next conversation with Bush "she talked about warming up the entente cordiale," an American diplomat says. "She was talking realpolitik—balancing German power and all that." Mrs. Thatcher was also quoted in several newspapers as saying that unification was "not on the agenda." She and her advisers were hoping that Mitterrand and Gorbachev, between them, could force Kohl back from the slippery slope. But it was never likely that Gorbachev, who in this relationship is the petitioner—he needs German help—would interfere. Kohl was in Moscow over the weekend of February 10th and 11th, and at that point it became clear that the German-Soviet relationship now was more important than either nation's links to other European nations. The deal that only they could strike was struck: Gorbachev agreed in principle to unification, and was assured that in return he would have the help he needed; the terms would be worked out later. "Gorbachev gave Kohl that fatal meeting in February," a British official recalls grimly. "He couldn't claw anything back from Kohl—not after that." Instead, Gorbachev informed his new best friends, the Germans (Genscher, actually), that Mitterrand had asked him at Kiev to prevent unification. (He also mentioned a similar British overture.) The German diplomat who told me this added that at about the same time Roland Dumas, Mitterrand's Foreign Minister, was in East Berlin urging the new East German leader, Egon Krenz, to keep his country separate and independent. Bonn felt betrayed by the partner and neighbor to which it had been bonded in various ways in recent decades.



As long ago as mid-November, Kohl must have concluded that he had to seize control of the seismic change around him or become its victim. The East Germans were forcing events with their feet. "It was frightening," a German friend recalls. "School gymnasiums in our towns and cities were filling up with refugees. There were emergency meetings of the *Länder* [state] governments. The budget debate in Bonn was under way."

So heavy and constant was the flow of refugees in these early days that union by spasm—*Selbstanschluss*, or self-annexation—seemed an immediate danger. With federal elections scheduled for the end of 1990, Kohl, a master tactician, scented opportunity in the intensely human drama—provided, that is, that he became the man of the historic hour. To do so, he had to avoid being outflanked on unification by Genscher, who was far more closely identified with it than Kohl had ever been. Genscher is a leader of the Free Democratic Party, the smallest member of the regime's three-party coalition. Now sixty-three, he has been Foreign Minister for seventeen years. He and Kohl don't get along well. They operate within a tacit and fragile compact: Kohl controls domestic policy, and Genscher has a largely free hand with foreign policy. The problem was that German unification joined the two strands and was certain to promote disagreements.

No one in Bonn, including the man of the hour, expected unification to move at full throttle right from the start. A Western diplomat in Bonn who called on Kohl early in December recalls being told that even though unification seemed a revolutionary idea, Kohl couldn't rule out its coming about in as little as three or four years. The diplomat confesses he replied by saying that three or four years did seem a remarkably short time in which to complete "so Olympian a political process." Gradually, people began to understand that the process couldn't be carried out in stages—the East and West German systems were too different. A stately tempo would have given the two societies time in which to recoil from each other; in fact, the instant exuberance of the West Germans yielded swiftly to unhappiness about the social and financial costs of union with their less privileged brethren. Kohl made a conscious decision to accelerate the process. The deed, he knew, had to be done quickly if it was to be done at all.

Washington was as ready to move as Kohl. Last October, when Gorbachev declined to call in Soviet troops to put down East Germany's rebellion, various State Department people foresaw the tension that ensued. Bush and Baker called the shots. They already knew, of course, that the Federal Republic was the most important European ally. A larger Germany would be even more important, and must, above all else, be kept inside NATO. Each of Bonn's chief allies was annoyed about the absence of consultation before Kohl's November unification speech, but only Washington bit its lip and decided to go along with Kohl—and, indeed, run interference for him in Moscow. This decision fetched Bush and Baker glowing tributes from Bonn and reproaches from London. Paris felt no less reproachful but complained less.

"If you are Jim Baker, you see a united Germany as a winner—as different from everyone else," a British diplomat says. "NATO is all there is for America, but people say it must be changed into a more political place, and no one knows how to do that. So the special relationship with Germany, *faute de mieux*, is the alluring option."

Less than two weeks after Kohl's speech, Baker was in Berlin and gave one himself, in which he expressed American support for unification, noting, however, that it "should occur in the context of Germany's continued commitment to NATO and an increasingly integrated European Community." Gradually, it became clear that Bush and Baker had got it right, whereas Paris and London had got it wrong. The critics of Bush and Baker in those places observed that it was a lot easier for America, a superpower and far removed from Germany, to react as it had than for old enemies and neighbors of Germany.

Washington reckoned that Gorbachev might be able to accept unification in the short run but would be unable to do so if, as was expected, his political position weakened. But Bush and Baker also stood accused, by some American diplomats as well as European ones, of running a foreign policy that was centered too heavily on Gorbachev. Never bind your policy to the fortunes of one regime or ruler, diplomats say. Bush and Baker—men of usually moderate temper—struck many of them as having in a few months swung from one extreme to the other, from Gorbyphobia to Gorbyphilia. Bush and Baker's goal was the removal of Soviet military power from Central Europe, and for that they needed Gorbachev, the Soviet leader best positioned to make deals, and keen to do so. "Get the hay in the barn while you can" is how Kohl has alluded to his need for Gorbachev's help on unification. And Kohl's own survival is the preëminent goal of the Bush Administration—it and Gorbachev's survival. Like Kohl, Bush and Baker spotted opportunity in Europe's political upheaval, provided that it became a process and they managed the process. Larger questions, such as what the process should lead to, would be deferred.

In February, at a NATO ministerial meeting in Ottawa, Baker got agreement to launch the so-called two-plus-four talks, involving West and East Germany and the four victors of the Second World War—Britain, France, the Soviet Union, and the United States. Those talks, an artful invention of Baker's entourage, enabled ministers and diplomats to begin disposing one by one of various obstacles to unification—of which the first and foremost, of course, was Moscow's resistance to the idea. The combination of two-plus-four meetings, held at frequent intervals, and bilateral meetings between Western leaders—Kohl and Genscher especially—and their Soviet opposite numbers became the central mechanism for smoothing the rough edges of unification. The message to Gorbachev, a senior American official says, was "Do what the rest of us are doing about Germany or isolate yourself. You want to be part of Europe, and that is O.K. But it will happen on our terms or not at all. You can get off on the right foot or the wrong foot with the new Germany. You have a choice, but the clock is ticking, and we are waiting for you to find your bottom line."

There was no sign of Gorbachev's bottom line when he and Bush met at the summit conference in Washington in late May, but his problems with a unified Germany's membership in NATO were forcibly stated. Moreover, while the Washington-Bonn axis was flourishing, each place was having problems with Paris. Mitterrand had signalled his unhappiness to Kohl in mid-March—on the eve of elections in East Germany to create a democratic government that would manage the arrangements for unification. On March 14th, four days before the elections, Mitterrand received Oskar Lafontaine, who, as a leader of the Social Democratic Party (S.P.D.), West Germany's largest, would be trying to displace Kohl as Chancellor in the December federal elections. The S.P.D. is traditionally the largest party in the eastern part of Germany, too, and was favored to win the March elections. But the East Germans surprised everyone, probably including themselves, by electing Christian Democrats, Kohl's political kinsmen. It was a major political event, partly because Kohl now seemed to be about nine feet tall politically. Mitterrand's calculated affront had backfired.

Mitterrand had been having much the better of an argument with Kohl over Kohl's reluctance to upset his party's right wing by agreeing to a treaty that would guarantee Poland's western border after reunification. Kohl had privately assured Bush that he would yield on the matter after the political ground at home had been prepared, but he waited until late spring—a good deal longer than he had to, thereby inviting widespread concern about whether he and those around him grasped the sensitivity of the issue and the delicacy of their position.

Kohl's dilatory, hence misguided, handling of the frontier issue was obscured by the combination of fortune's whim, which continued to favor him, and his (and Genscher's) skillful management of the unification question. With the boost Kohl got from the East German elections, he could see open water not far ahead. Mitterrand, seeing what Kohl saw, began to align French policy with Kohl's preferences on various matters. In the two-plus-four talks, France had seemed for a time to be on the verge of supporting the Soviet reluctance to give up Four Power rights in Berlin. "The French are not now willing to offend the Germans by playing the Soviet game," a senior American official told me.

Today, Mitterrand clearly sees a more integrated E.C. as the best way to keep German energies and potential within a politically acceptable framework. On April 19th, a month after the East German elections, he and Kohl jointly proposed that besides turning itself into an economic and monetary union the E.C. should become a political union, by 1993. The initiative for the proposal was Mitterrand's. Kohl went along with it—"more to signal the end of a period of irritation than as an intent to move forward," a member of his foreign-policy circle says. And a Western Ambassador in Bonn says, "Kohl wanted to avoid a row. They didn't agree on what their initiative meant, and neither did their officials."

Mitterrand was worried that America would try to shore up itself and NATO by extending NATO's writ into political matters that he wants reserved for the E.C. He blocked discussion of German unification and related matters in the NATO Council, even though they bore heavily on the future of the alliance. In late March, France also vetoed discussion within the Council of the difficulties that Lithuania's declaration of sovereignty had created.

Bush has always got on well with Mitterrand, whom he has known for nearly a decade, but last April his patience for the French slant on matters of shared concern was wearing thin. Actually, he was furious. He met with Mitterrand at Key Largo in mid-April. Bush wanted to clear the air and see if he couldn't soften the French line on NATO and America's role in Europe. When Bush noted that Germany would be unified, Mitterrand agreed. When Bush observed that France's interest lay in having America remain in Europe, Mitterrand agreed. Bush ticked off all of America's political and economic interests in Europe, and noted that only NATO provided for an American presence. Mitterrand agreed. At one point, Bush asked Mitterrand whether he could imagine the American people allowing their forces to be in Europe as "mercenaries," shorn of a political purpose. Mitterrand said he couldn't. Bush also noted that NATO would be sustainable as a military organization only if it acquired a broader political role. Mitterrand agreed.

Bush and the people around him left Key Largo feeling that the air had indeed been cleared and France would be less difficult. But Bush had missed an opportunity to probe Mitterrand's thinking on various pieces of the European puzzle besides NATO. And, although he mostly played the NATO chord, I'm told, he hadn't asked Mitterrand the key question: What adjustments would France be prepared to make in order to sustain NATO militarily and keep a strong American presence in Europe?

Not long after Key Largo, I had lunch with an American diplomat, who noted that Bush and Baker had been tactically adroit in dealing with the Germans but were not looking far enough ahead. They were not "identifying the three or four things we'll need from the Germans after unification—things we won't get unless we do something now," he said. He and other diplomats say that Administration support for Kohl's agenda should not have been unconditional, and that Bush and Baker take too much for granted, including German gratitude; full-fledged German participation in NATO after unification; something less than a major German commitment to the C.S.C.E.; and German willingness to help Washington within the E.C. on trade issues of vital importance to America. The diplomats worry about whether this Administration will be able to influence the course of German-Soviet relations after unification. "No sense of history" is the complaint that American diplomats one talks to make about Bush and Baker.

MOST of these conversations occurred before, during, or shortly after the Bush-Gorbachev summit meeting in Washington. Just ahead lay

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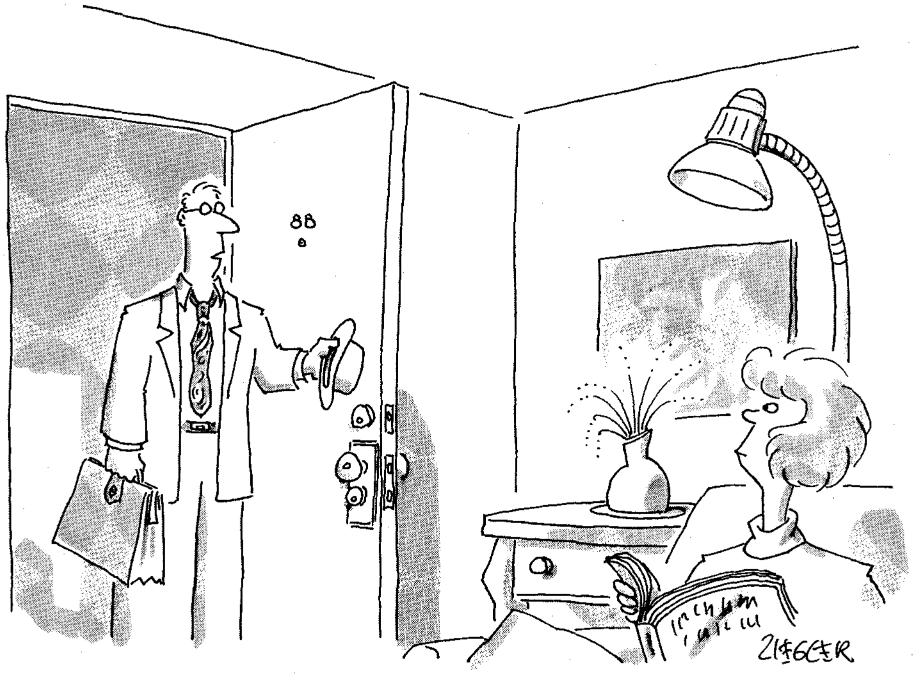


"Well, it's official. This household is definitely in a recession."

three other "summits": an E.C. Council in Dublin; a meeting in London of NATO's leaders; and, a few days afterward, a session in Houston of the G-7—shorthand for the group of seven major hard-currency countries. It seemed a good time to visit London, Bonn, Brussels, and Paris, and learn something of what West European officials and diplomats were thinking and expecting on the eve of German unification.

London's position is oddly beguiling: Britain has drifted out of Europe's political mainstream and is being further marginalized (that is the buzzword) by the ardor of Washington's romance with Bonn. Although Mrs. Thatcher, a self-styled "conviction politician," feels that her policy alone can prevent Britain from becoming a bit player in a German-dominated Europe, the Conservative Party is split on the European issue, and is deeply apprehensive. Although Britain has done rather a lot to make the E.C. a more sensible and workable organization, Mrs. Thatcher's harshly negative attitude toward it obscures Britain's contribution.

"A more integrated Europe, she thinks, will just tie Europe that much more closely to Germany," a senior Whitehall official says. Another concurs with her view, saying, "Any community of twelve will be Germanicized. We must return to older concepts of Europe—with Slavs, Poles, and Hungarians. Otherwise, the rest of us will be appendages of Germany." Mrs. Thatcher discourages talk of political union, and she opposes the plan for a single E.C. currency issued by a common central-banking system—a system referred to by some as Eurofed. She asks, according to the second official, "What would happen to the supposed independence of a Eurofed with twelve directors taking instructions from their capitals?" But that is probably a non-question, because Bonn is said to have already laid down the only design for a Eurofed that it would accept: a small institution situated in Frankfurt, organized along the lines of Deutsche Bundesbank (Germany's central bank), and led by it. In brief, with Eurofed the Germans will continue to dominate Europe's monetary scene.

British doubts about political union are not unreasonable, at least in the sense that no one yet knows what the term means—something that Mrs. Thatcher has insisted on pointing out. "The wrong tactic is to stand up and say 'Balls' when a European idea is surfaced," says a senior member of her party, one with long experience in world affairs. "Instead, one should stand up and say, 'What a good idea—let's see what can be done with it.' The problem is that she doesn't like foreigners. She doesn't really think of Americans as foreigners, even though they are more foreign than the Continentals."

Worried though officials in London may be about the effects of German unification on Britain, they seem to take some quiet satisfaction in the greater pain the prospect is giving France. There is nonetheless serious talk of trying to do what Mitterrand spoke to Mrs. Thatcher about at Strasbourg last December—trying to strengthen the Anglo-French link as a means of balancing German power. And high time, many diplomats in London and Paris say. No two powers have more in common than France and Britain, Europe's oldest nation-states. *They are the only E.C. members that* have nuclear weapons, large, modern navies, and world political roles. But they are divided by a history of mutual distrust and hostility. Still, some in Whitehall feel that these ancient rivals must and will huddle together. "The point-scoring has stopped," one British diplomat says. "France is becoming attracted to a power that is its own size."

Mrs. Thatcher may, as is expected, hold sway through the next general election, but Britain has probably entered the post-Thatcher era. She has been weakened by a number of jolts, most of them of her own making, and most of them traceable to her European policy. In mid-July, Nicholas Ridley, her trade-and-industry secretary, delivered an astonishing anti-German diatribe in *The Spectator*. Although Mrs. Thatcher was probably unaware of Ridley's initiative, his feelings about Germans seemed to parallel hers. The ensuing furor cost Ridley his job and Mrs. Thatcher a colleague whose departure was described by Hugo Young, her biographer and a respected columnist, as the "most significant" political loss in her eleven years in office. Young wrote, "It marks the end of an era. . . . Increasingly her writ will not run: being obstructed and countermanded by Brussels, whose invasions she cannot stop."

IN Bonn, the pace of unification was a bit startling. The major political parties in both German states had already completed their merger negotiations when I arrived. The currency union, which had been scheduled for next January 1st, had been moved up to July 1st, and lay just a week or so away.

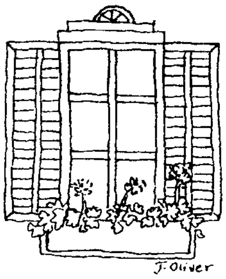
The elections in East Germany that were held on March 18th had initially been scheduled for May 6th. All the large events, including the formality of unification itself, had been hurried up.

Expectations, although keen, were mixed with some apprehension. The NATO summit was less than two weeks off and, it seemed, just might be the most momentous such session since the early days of the alliance. With luck, the meeting would signal a formal end to the Cold War, and would also produce agreement on measures aimed at overcoming Soviet objections to a united Germany inside NATO. But the outcome of the NATO meeting was uncertain. Gorbachev, too, was a question mark; his continued ability to make far-reaching decisions, or perhaps even hang on to his job, was in some doubt.

Equally unclear was the state of negotiations between Bonn and Moscow on the cost to Germany of unification, NATO membership, and other matters. The Germans were telling their chief allies very little. "We are getting more detailed reports from the Soviets on their meetings with anyone than we are getting from the Germans," an American diplomat said. One evening in late May, he told me, he dined with Horst Teltschik, Kohl's senior aide, and Teltschik neglected to mention that he was off to Moscow the following day to take up the hard questions. Besides keeping allies in the dark, the Germans—Kohl and Genscher, that is—were concealing the state of play, as they knew it, from each other. Aside from being rival political barons, Kohl and Genscher also diverge stylistically and in their priorities. Genscher is a workaholic and an idea man, whereas Kohl is unoriginal, and either unable or unwilling to master a brief, but has sharp instincts and ultrasensitive political antennae. Genscher likes public diplomacy; Kohl resists it, and is said in Bonn to see himself these days in a heroic light—"as a modern Bismarck without the 'blood and iron,' " one Western Ambassador says. Genscher is more closely identified with his country's foreign policy than most Foreign Ministers are, and in the past he won most of his battles with Kohl. But in the dialogue with Moscow on unification Kohl gradually acquired the upper hand. I asked one German diplomat whether their relationship would survive the tense period that lay ahead, and he said, "Since it is as bad as it can be already, I don't see how it can get any worse."

A week or so before I arrived in Bonn, Genscher and Eduard Shevardnadze, the Soviet Foreign Minister, met in Brest-Litovsk, where in 1918 the revolutionary Soviet state made peace on German terms, in the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, and where in 1940 Shevardnadze's brother was killed in action in the Second World War. The two ministers visited his grave, and had more than seven hours of private talks, about which little was revealed in Bonn, perhaps even to Kohl. A Western diplomat there had learned, probably from a colleague in Moscow, that Teltschik had seen Gorbachev, but when I asked a very senior and closely involved German diplomat whether the Teltschik-Gorbachev meeting had gone well he replied grimly, "I didn't know that Teltschik saw Gorbachev."

There is some dispute among diplomats about the depth of Bonn's commitment to the E.C. Various skeptics reckon that the mighty (and costly) task of absorbing East Germany will divert German energies from the other mighty task, of integrating the E.C. The consensus view, however, is that Germany's commitment to the latter task will remain intact, whatever happens. More than half of what Germans sell goes to the Community—the larger part of it to France, whose leadership, the Germans know, wants to use the E.C. to tether them. The Germans don't object; they see the E.C. as their anchor and themselves as gradually taking control of it. The dominion of their D-mark, which is already the world's most important reserve currency after the dollar, will soon extend over an area bigger than the Holy Roman Empire, if it doesn't already. The main issue between Paris and Bonn will be whether to enlarge the E.C. Doing so would weaken its cohesion, not to mention its Western bias. France will be reluctant to let that happen, but Germany's *Mittellage*, its central position in Europe, may once again dominate its outlook.



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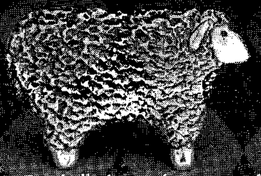

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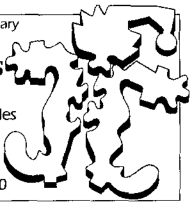

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manologists see modern Germany as having been released from whatever furies caused its excesses between 1870 and 1940. They see no danger of a united Germany's becoming undemocratic or unneighborly. Still, they think that unification portends some significant changes. East Germans will tilt the religious balance, making the country a good deal more Protestant. They will upset the geographical balance between north and south, which is more sensitive in Germany than elsewhere in Europe except Italy. East Germans will reinforce a rising aloofness toward defense, which might extend to Germany's membership in NATO, at least in its current form. The East German team in the two-plus-four talks consisted of five pastors and one member of the peace movement. With Lutheran resoluteness, they pressed Shevardnadze's case for a tamer NATO more forcibly than he did.

For the first time, a united Germany will be a prosperous society with fixed, undisputed borders. Among the effects of this, many specialists think, will be increased self-absorption and introspection. What is Germany all about? What should we be doing? These are questions that come easily to Germans. "The problem," a widely respected Germanologist and diplomat says, "is that, even though their self-esteem is on the rise, Germans have an underdeveloped sense of who they are." Already, diplomats say, West Germans are asking, What will Germany look like in fifty years?

IN Brussels, the question isn't "Why NATO?" but "Where is NATO going?" No one questions the need for the only mechanism that assures America's commitment to peace and stability in much of Europe. The rub is that most West Europeans—notably the French and the Germans—confront more tempting priorities. The E.C., which embodies their larger interests, is becoming the place where they make crucial political choices and then present a united front. When Washington tried to activate the NATO machinery so as to coördinate a Western position for the C.S.C.E. summit in November, it was told that a "European position" was being sorted out within the E.C. For America, the E.C. was always a dilemma in prospect. Now the dilemma is here: America's historic support and encouragement of the E.C. collides with its need for NATO as a central decision-making body.

Washington wants to offset NATO's declining military role by enlarging the organization's political scope. "NATO should become the arms-control pivot and a center for verifying arms-control agreements," a senior American official says. But arms control isn't a growth industry. "NATO can be a place for applying political focus to issues like the Baltics, changes in Eastern Europe, and many regional issues," this official adds. To take the last first, Europeans will not agree to using NATO as a forum to discuss what are called "out of area" issues. The E.C. members worked out their tough response to Iraq's aggression among themselves, not in the NATO Council, which, a senior American diplomat says, "will not be the instrument for whatever is done in the Gulf." As for Eastern Europe, an expanding neutral belt there would very much like to have what NATO would never agree to provide—guarantees against Soviet encroachment.

There is, in theory, no shortage of new outlets for an aging institution. However, serious people have no patience with notions about NATO's taking over the problem of terrorism or the environment, or other concerns unrelated to its original purpose. One idea that, although it is fairly far out, does impress some people as responsive to the new logic would have the E.C. become a member of NATO and America's equal partner there. The Brussels consensus could be summarized like this: NATO is nothing if not a defensive alliance. Its culture is military, not economic or social, or whatever. A more political NATO means a less military NATO. If it survives, it will be as a defensive hedge against the uncertainties and instabilities of the nineties. These could be far more acute, even if less apocalyptic in their implications, than any we've known in the past twenty years or so (leaving aside, that is, what the Middle East holds in store for us). The Balkans will remain the Balkans—still seething with the feuds and passions that set Europe on its self-destructive course early in the century. Russia will undergo exciting but difficult times, perhaps on an epic scale, like most things Russian. The absence of confrontation could mean fewer restraints and a less stable Europe.

West European governments, according to diplomats in Brussels, are no longer clear about where their responsibilities end and those of E.C. institutions begin; the dividing line is increasingly blurred. While I was there, the European Court of Justice ruled that British courts must suspend acts of Parliament in cases involving the rights of citizens guaranteed by E.C. law. The current trend, diplomats agree, is toward E.C. dominance. By the end of 1992, the free movement of goods, services, capital, and people (the "four freedoms") within the Community will presumably be assured. "The omelette is cooking, and there's no going back to the eggs," one veteran E.C. watcher says.

Others are less sure. The key variables are Germany and post-Thatcher Britain. A united Germany will either foster integration within the E.C., with Germans in the vanguard—proving they mean what they say—or push for a larger, less cohesive, and less politically confining structure. Britain, of course, favors the latter alternative. "Most of Whitehall would like to expand the E.C. in order to weaken it," a British diplomat says. The hope in Brussels (and Paris) is that the next British government will adopt France's Europhilia, if only to influence Europe's political balance. Much of what goes on within the E.C. is decided by its system of weighted voting, in which no one nation can dominate. Germany has ten votes, but so do Britain, France, and Italy.

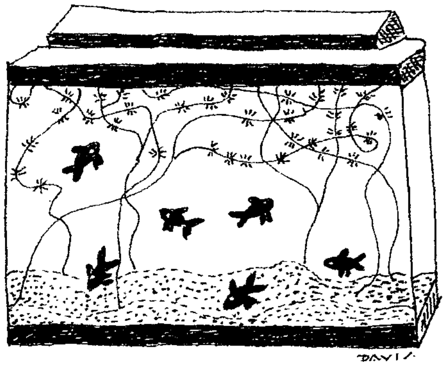
In Brussels, many diplomats are gloomily taking E.C. enlargement for granted. "Germany can't say no to Hungary—not after what Hungary did last year," a German diplomat says. He was referring to Hungary's removal of the barbed wired and minefields from its frontier with Austria, and its subsequent decision to allow thousands of East Germans to migrate westward. "And if we take care of Hungary we can't deny Austria." Other nations that wouldn't be denied include, at a minimum, Czechoslovakia and Poland. Bonn may want to fold some of the weak and vulnerable states of Eastern Europe into the E.C. partly in order to spread the costs of helping and sustaining them.

Another view is that enlargement, if it occurs, isn't an immediate problem—no new members will be admitted to the E.C. until after 1993, when the single market is scheduled for completion—and meanwhile integration is the fashion. A year ago, the goal of achieving the single market on schedule seemed ambitious, and the notion of parallel movement toward monetary union seemed almost fanciful. But now monetary union—to be achieved sooner, not later—has gained broad acceptance, even if it isn't yet taken quite for granted. It requires little imagination to see that monetary union will make a very different place of Western Europe. The economic fortunes of France and Britain, say, and the political fortunes of their governments could be determined largely by policies made in Frankfurt. Budget deficits of individual countries and other large matters would be strongly influenced, perhaps even controlled, by a handful of representatives of countries with one currency and one central bank. The entire prospect would seem unreal if it were not for Europe's nimbus of sweeping change.

IN France, 1990 should have belonged to the memory of de Gaulle, who was born a hundred years ago and is one of his country's sacred handful of epic figures. De Gaulle became France's *rassembleur* during the Second World War and again when it seemed to be on the edge of civil war. Today, de Gaulle's center-right political movement is bogged down because of a nasty three-way split, and a Socialist President is talking like a European federalist and, at times, acting like one. Of the blows that Gaullism has suffered, the spectacle of France at the forefront of a drive to subject Europe's nation-states to the discipline of the communal institutions in Brussels which de Gaulle despised is surely among the hardest. Harder still is the prospect of France and Germany gradually exchanging the junior- and senior-partner roles within the E.C.

In a sense, however, French policy remains Gaullist: the regime wants to maximize its freedom of maneuver and preserve the illusion of power. Diplomats observe that Mitterrand and Mrs. Thatcher both insist on seeing defense as a national matter and the boys in uniform as a last badge of sovereignty. In resisting integration, Mrs. Thatcher refused to apply the lessons of NATO to the E.C., and France, in standing aloof from the integrated allied command structure, refuses to apply the lessons of the E.C. to NATO. "Our position is more complicated than anyone's," a French diplomat says gloomily, in characterizing the over-all situation on the eve of German unification as "*une grande pagaïe*"—a huge mess. He doesn't exaggerate. France's position is contradictory. It aims at maintaining America's presence, for example, but recoils from altering any French policies that would make it easier for American forces to remain in Europe in some strength. "The French can't admit even to themselves what has happened," one Western Ambassador says. And a French friend of mine, a well-connected member of Mitterrand's party, says, "There is a refusal in Paris to think ahead. This is France's Brezhnev period"—a time described by Russians as one of stagnation, in which steps that could and should have been taken weren't taken.

"We are having a dialogue of the deaf with the French," a senior American diplomat says. "We are urging consequential thought on them, and saying they can't have it both ways." He notes, however, that Bush is getting a view from Mitterrand that differs from the view American diplomats get from French diplomats. This particular diplomat and some others reckon that while France will maintain an aloof appearance Mitterrand will agree to some small, barely visible steps intended to bolster NATO. A part of the problem is France's decision-making process. The bureaucracy is divided and, diplomats say, all but useless on big security issues. "Nothing is decided until Mitterrand himself pronounces," one of them says. "And he is usually delphic." Moreover, Mitterrand is currently far more concerned about French domestic politics than about foreign policy. He knows that his country's current prosperity and its lack of serious problems tend to obscure latent deep instabilities, and that these



will soon be coming closer to the surface.

Below Mitterrand, the line is hard. A senior official and a senior diplomat used the same word to describe the American position on NATO: "absurd." One of them says, "America wants to keep the integrated system that was set up to deal with war, hot or cold," and both of them note that if France refused to be part of NATO's command structure during the Cold War it would hardly become part of it now.

America's problem is not with France but with German public opinion, according to these hard-liners. "It is an act of faith to think that only the Soviet troops will leave Germany and Western troops will be permitted to remain," one of them says. "It is all over for NATO as we know it. The Germans will accept all the constraints on security: no nuclear weapons; no foreign troops, and not many German ones." France, as Mitterrand has said, will withdraw its troops from Germany rather than wait for them to be asked to leave. And France will not agree to allow any American troops that may leave Germany, or be forced to leave, to be redeployed in France. "Yes, but there is no free lunch," an American diplomat responds. "France wants American troops to stay on in Germany, but they can't be a self-financed constabulary."

During Bush's first year as President, he was in frequent contact, much of it by telephone, with Mitterrand. I asked a French official whether the phone contact had continued. "There is much less of that now," he said, without elaborating.

In talking about a unified Germany, some French diplomats and other officials sound alternately upbeat and despondent. The upbeat view goes like this: The E.C.'s historic and unique task is to absorb Germany, and it will. Not much else will change. A united Germany will be strong, but then West Germany has been strong for many years. Monetary union (a largely French initiative) is tied up in politics, but then it always has been. It is the only way for France to avoid being dominated by the Deutsche mark. Although the French don't say so out loud, they feel that they will co-manage the E.C. along with the Germans, who, although they are stronger, cut less of a figure than the French in Brussels; the French have always held the best portfolios in the E.C., and the key staff jobs as well. Their people make up what is to many a clannish inner directorate but is undeniably very effective. The Germans won't rock that boat, the French say, because a well-run E.C. guarantees prosperity and lusty trade. France and Germany will have their differences, of course, the French say. But, they add, the two countries have symbols of reconciliation and fraternity which neither has ever had with others, notably the British. There were, for example, the stately meetings between de Gaulle and Adenauer—a political analogue to High Masses on a European scale. The photograph of Mitterrand and Kohl holding hands at Verdun on the anniversary of the battle was at least as powerful.

The pessimistic view comes more easily to French *fonctionnaires* these days. "There is only Germany for us now," says one of them who deals directly with Germans. "We cannot act otherwise. They will be politically and culturally sovereign. They are having *un gonflement de leur identité allemande*"—a swelling of their German identity—"but we doubt if their ruling class can deal with its huge and unique task." A waggish comment that found its way, predictably, into Parisian diplomatic circles is "Two plus four equals three." That is to say, the real power will be shared by Germany, America, and the Soviet Union.

And a German who deals directly with the French says, "They keep asking us, with some asperity, How many hours has Genscher spent with Shevardnadze and what are they saying?" (The answer to the first part is sixty hours.) An American who knows both sides feels that his French colleagues are beginning to accept their junior-partner status. Perhaps. But, whereas other NATO countries are cutting defense spending, France is increasing it. And Mitterrand recently decided to go forward with a controversial new nuclear-missile system, the Hades, whose short range will restrict it to targets in Germany. A senior diplomat in Bonn told me that France's "imagery problems" there were worse

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than Britain's. Be that as it may, Germany and France will be the better off for being stuck together, as they probably are. True, Kohl and Mitterrand may not agree on what Mitterrand's call for political union of the E.C. ought to mean. And France, like Britain, is treading water. But in its push for more integration France is forcing the right question to the top of Western Europe's agenda. Much will depend upon the far from predictable German answer.

THE three summit meetings were held on two continents between June 25th and July 9th. The second one—the NATO affair—did proclaim an end to the Cold War. In all three meetings, however, German interests—and, to some degree, Gorbachev's—controlled the agendas and largely determined the outcomes. On July 15th and 16th, just days after the Houston summit ended, Gorbachev and Kohl met in a small town near Stavropol, in the Caucasus. And there Gorbachev surprised everyone—except, perhaps, Kohl—by agreeing to accept a united Germany as a member of NATO. This bow to what was perhaps inevitable had not been expected by anyone before the autumn, if then. But the summit meetings had given the pair what they needed for the deal. Gorbachev, who was emerging from a caucus of the Soviet Communist Party in which he had upset predictions by subduing his enemies, chose to waste not a moment in allowing Russia's old nemesis to finance his strategic retreat from Central Europe and to sustain his country as a major piece on Europe's chessboard. That, in effect, is what Kohl agreed to do. Together, he and Gorbachev wrote the ending to the Second World War and showed that their relationship will be the one that could matter most in Europe's tangled affairs.

America, too, may soon be treading water. Many diplomats feel strongly that before Germany unifies, Washington must enlist support from Kohl and Genscher in pinning down a workable relationship between NATO and the E.C. Washington must also decide whether it is for or against the enlargement of the E.C., and seek German support for its position. Diplomats worry that Bush and Baker may not fully understand that attaining their goal—agreement on a united Germany inside NATO—was just the beginning of the struggle to hold up America's end. "America must play a balancing role in Europe," one of our diplomats says. "That means being there and having good relations with all the key players." What he meant was that America must not just rely on a special link with Germany but use equally serviceable ties to France and Britain to constrain Germany whenever that is advisable. Much of Europe wants America there, not merely to balance German or Russian military power but to assume the role played by Britain in the nineteenth century: that of an offshore part of Europe and a force, perhaps the major force, in shaping the balance of power. Saddam Hussein has forced Washington to do what it might not have otherwise done: redress American ties to Britain and France—the European powers that can deploy military force in the Near East and elsewhere. "Our key interlocutors now are the British and the French," a closely involved American diplomat says. "This crisis is restoring some balance in our relations in Europe."

"It has gone well so far in Europe, but everything that lies ahead is counterintuitive to us," an astute and widely respected American diplomat says. "All that is now behind us played to our strength. America delivered what NATO countries needed. But for policymakers these were fat pitches. Now they have to contend with sinking curveballs."

The American written text on Cold War diplomacy is no longer relevant. Washington must learn to practice diplomacy as it was practiced when America wasn't a preëminent world power. Remaining one will involve some hard tests, such as finding the will to reduce America's budgetary and social deficits. The other test—managing Third World crises—is, as Saddam Hussein has forcibly reminded us, a lot more complicated and demanding than deterring Soviet adventurism. The American record in dealing with such affairs has been, at best, mixed.

—John Newhouse

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Performance time, including intermission, is approximately thirty-five minutes. There will be no intermission.—*Program note of the Minnesota Orchestra Viennese Sommerfest.*

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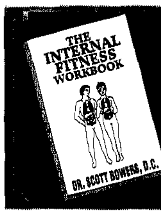

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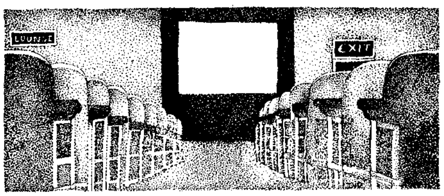
THE CURRENT CINEMA

End of the Road

RIGHT from the start, just about everything is wrong with David Lynch's new movie, "Wild at Heart," and the wrongness has an escalating, vertiginous quality. Every false move seems to lead to another, more disastrous than the one before. It's a road movie, a form that makes generous allowances for randomness and creative drifting, but Lynch's direction is arbitrary in an unusually aggressive way: he hops behind the wheel, floors the accelerator, and closes his eyes, like a kid on a bumper-car ride. The ride lasts two hours, and when it's over all you can do is stagger away in relief. You go to a Lynch movie, of course, prepared for some jolts and expecting to come out slightly dazed. What's dismaying about "Wild at Heart" is that its shocks have so little resonance; the weirdness here is inexpressive and trivial, even silly. This is a buzzing, hyperkinetic picture, but its wildness is all on the surface: the images are elaborately conceived, arresting, and meaningless, like tattoos.

At the Cannes Film Festival, where "Wild at Heart" won the grand prize, Lynch told the press that "the whole road-movie aspect" of the Barry Gifford novel the movie is based on didn't interest him much, and that's not surprising. He's a wizard at transforming disreputable pop genres into occasions of lyrical horror and disturbing comedy, and he's at his best (as in "Blue Velvet" and the "Twin Peaks" pilot) when the form he's violating is innocent, unencumbered by cultural significance. The road movie lost its innocence a long time ago; over the years, it has evolved (or degenerated) from cheap product for drive-in double bills to one of the staple genres of art houses and film festivals. It's an exhausted genre; every fresh example of it seems to be running on the same thimbleful of notions about alienation, outlaw cool, and the junkiness of contemporary life. Road movies are now so flabby with intellectual respectability that they can barely move. (For some of its most devoted practitioners, like Jim Jarmusch and Wim Wenders, the form seems actually to be about stasis.) This genre doesn't need David Lynch; it's already too heavy with meaning. And he certainly doesn't need it; there's not enough room for his imagination, not enough hidden places for him to illuminate.

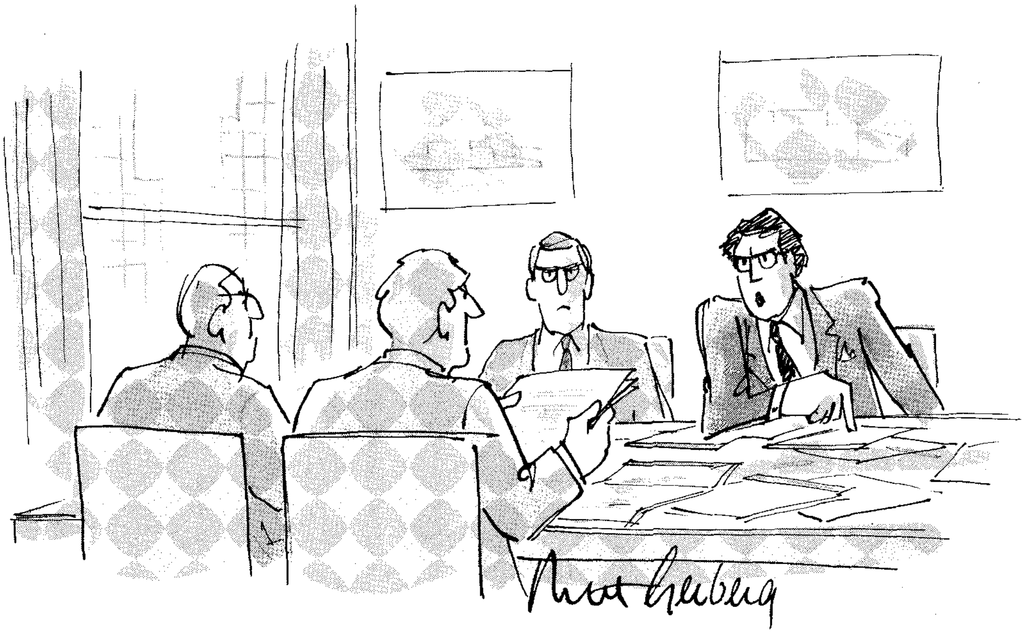
But if he doesn't care about this aspect of Gifford's story it's difficult to imagine what could have attracted him to the material, because there's nothing else in it. The novel is a slight, virtually plotless series of vignettes about a pair of lovers, no-account kids called Sailor and Lula, driving from North Carolina to Texas and stopping at ratty hotels and motels along the way. It seems to have been written as an exercise in road-movie attitude: its leading characters are hard-lovin' losers who smoke a lot and don't get to the place they set out for (California); the descriptive passages have a clipped, fake-iconic simplicity; and the dialogue, which is most of the book, veers between empty-headed inconsequentiality and "poetic" redneck aphorism. Although Sailor and Lula are an outlaw couple, their flight doesn't have a lot of urgency; they're on the run from Lula's hysterical mother, who sends in pursuit only her mild-mannered, ineffectual platonic swain, Johnnie Farragut. (Sailor, an ex-con, breaks his parole when he leaves North Carolina, but no one comes after him.) In adapting this languorous, arty trifle for the screen, Lynch seems to have realized that the story needed a tad more dramatic tension than Gifford provided—that the happiness of the runaway lovers needed to be threatened by something more potent than their own stupidity or an abstract, literary notion of fate. So he lays on the evil, twisted stuff, hoping to goose the material out of its inherent lethargy. He turns Lula's mother, Marietta, a pathetically repressed woman who's jealous of her daughter's passion, into a murderous gorgon: the movie's Marietta (Diane Ladd) offers Sailor a lewd proposition in a men's room, becomes enraged when she's rebuffed, and puts out a contract on him through a sinister friend named Marcello Santos (J. E. Freeman)—who, we later learn, helped her kill Lula's father years before. Lynch takes characters mentioned in passing in the novel, like a Honduran whom Johnnie chats with in a New Orleans bar, and transforms them into cartoons of wickedness, and throws in a few kinky villains of his own invention: a crippled dominatrix named Juana (Grace Zabriskie, who plays Laura Palmer's mother in "Twin Peaks"); an ill-defined leering psycho known as Dropshadow (the always alarming David Patrick Kelly); and a murder contractor called Mr. Reindeer (W. Morgan Sheppard), who conducts his business in an atmosphere of sordid opulence, taking orders for hits while surrounded by bare-breasted female slaves. Lynch kills off gentle Johnnie (Harry Dean Stanton, who—surely for the first time in his career—seems the most normal person on the screen). And he goes to town on the novel's chief bad guy, a white-trash hoodlum named Bobby Peru (Willem Dafoe), who turns up late in the story to give the young lovers the final push that will topple them into B-movie hell: as Lynch and Dafoe render him, this mean cracker seems to be Satan incarnate.



Lynch's screenplay does more than merely infuse "Wild at Heart" with enough menace to keep it perking: Gifford's poky Deep South odyssey is now an orgy of evil, a Halloween party where all the A-list monsters really let their hair down. The movie has plenty of graphic violence and grotesque craziness (such as Marietta's applying lipstick to her entire face and becoming a tandoori-chicken-colored demon), but their effect is negligible. No matter how flashily Lynch cuts from Sailor and Lula lolling in bed to people getting set on fire and screaming in agony or to killers looming malevolently over terrified victims, he can't escape the emptiness at the heart of the material: the lurid villainy always seems diversionary, a baroque disguise for a bland, lifeless, and overfamiliar story. He has to keep coming back to a pair of dull kids on the road from nowhere to nowhere.

Lynch stylizes the innocence of Sailor and Lula as floridly as he does the guilt of the other characters, and that doesn't help, either. He has cast a couple of very resourceful actors in the roles—Nicolas Cage and Laura Dern—but they're stranded without characters to play. He dresses up Gifford's thinly conceived lovers in kitschy drag, and gives them shockingly banal pop-culture dreams: Sailor models himself on Elvis, Lula on Marilyn. And their childlike belief in the benignness and redemptive power of the road is expressed in campy allusions to "The Wizard of Oz": Lula's mother occasionally appears, in quick insert shots, in a Wicked Witch costume; the movie's fairy-tale ending is brought about through the special-effects intervention of the Good Witch (Sheryl Lee), who descends from the sky in what looks like a giant soap bubble. The cheesiness of the lovers' fantasies is probably meant to intensify our identification with their innocence, to heighten the contrast with the corrupt world around them, but it winds up having an altogether different effect. Their dreams are so infantile that we can't respond with anything but condescension; Sailor and Lula are just too dopey for us to care about.

"Wild at Heart" is a sorry spectacle. It's not pleasant to watch a brilliant filmmaker flailing around like this—especially when the horse he's whipping so furiously was dead before he got on it. The picture is one startling lapse of taste after another; we gaze in disbelief as the original error in judgment—the choice of material—metastasizes on the screen. It's a measure of Lynch's discomfort and confusion that the movie doesn't contain a single memorable image of the Southern and Southwestern landscapes; he settles for the usual parched roadside vistas and a shot of an old black guy nodding and smiling in front of a weather-beaten filling station. On the road, Lynch flops like a fish out of water.


"That's the deal, pal—I've drawn my line in the sand."

• •

PROBABLY the only interesting thing a road movie can do for us these days is show us some stretch of highway that looks different from the ones we've seen before. "Ariel," by the young Finnish director Aki Kaurismäki, takes us along a route from Lapland to Helsinki, and the unfamiliarity of the sights is bracing. The eerily placid snow-covered landscape is beautifully photographed (by Timo Salminen)—it's a new image of road-movie freedom in desolation. (It is, however, occasionally reminiscent of the views of Nova Scotia in Robert Frank and Rudy Wurlitzer's 1988 "Candy Mountain," the best road movie of recent years.) There's a haunted stillness to this terrain, a real chill—which, once the taciturn hero, Taisto (Turo Pajala), reaches Helsinki, turns into a more conventional hipster cool. Taisto drives a big white Cadillac, with fins, listens to a lot of pop music on a beat-up radio, and is resolutely inarticulate; we've seen *this* guy before (though normally not with a wool cap pulled down over his ears). Kaurismäki puts his hero through all the usual deadpan routines in grungy settings: Taisto meets small-time crooks, has random and sometimes violent adventures, and, in general, bounces around like a pinball in that crazy machine called contemporary life. The movie isn't terribly original—essentially, it's an affectionate rip-off of early-sixties Godard—but it's good-humored and fairly unassuming. Kaurismäki has the sense not to fuss over his effects, so his postmodern vaudeville sketches go down easily, and the whole thing's over in seventy-four minutes. He has some flair, and a lively eye: now that he's got this antic, briskly dreamlike road movie out of his system, he can move on to something else, as Godard did. He'll never catch up, but it could be fun to watch him try.

GEOFF MURPHY'S "Young Guns II" is a sensationally well-made Western. It has a classic leisurely sweep, stirring action sequences, and a fine feeling for the rough mystery of Western landscapes. (The cinematographer is Dean Semler.) And Murphy has a remarkable sense of film rhythm. As in "Utu," his 1984 movie about a Maori uprising in New Zealand, the narrative of "Young Guns II" unfolds at a steady but never monotonous pace. It's a supple, graceful picture: Murphy knows how to use the story's moments of repose—how to wait, and prepare, for the big bursts of action, and how to bring us down from them so that their power lingers. What's amazing about the movie is that its writer (and co-executive producer), John Fusco, and its cinematographer and its three stars—Emilio Estevez, Kiefer Sutherland, and Lou Diamond Phillips—are holdovers from the first "Young Guns," which was appalling. The only difference is the substitution of Murphy for the original director, Christopher Cain. The contrast between the two pictures is a little lesson in what a great hired gun can do.

And what he can't. Murphy does heroic work here, but it's not quite

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enough to clear out all the deadwood. Fusco's script is yet another reworking of the Billy the Kid story, and he doesn't bring anything very new to it, either as legend or as history. The one small innovative touch of the first movie—the portrayal of Billy as a callow, antsy psycho—is carried forward, and Murphy handles the character more interestingly than Cain did, but this revisionist image is a novelty only in movie terms; novelists and historians have been giving us a similar, and often a more richly ambiguous, Billy for years. And Estevez's performance isn't fully coherent. He has powerful, scary moments, but his effects are showy, and not all the hotdogging can be justified in terms of the character. Estevez doesn't always resist the impulse to play to the crowd; it's as if he weren't really comfortable with the pure squinty meanness of the role.

Although the young actors (this time Billy's gang also includes Christian Slater and Alan Ruck) work hard and don't disgrace themselves, there always seems to be something missing in the characters on the screen: a certain weight, perhaps. With the exception of Phillips—who is used here, wisely, less as an actor than as a striking camera subject—none of these men move as if they were aware of danger; they don't look as if they had the reflexes, the edgy alertness, for life on the run. They seem like ghosts—spirit images—of more substantial figures from earlier Westerns, the pictures that "Young Guns II" can't help being haunted by. It's difficult not to think, as we watch William Petersen as Pat Garrett tracking down his old friend Billy, of the mournful grandeur of James Coburn's performance as Garrett in Peckinpah's "Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid"—the terrible sense of inevitability Coburn expressed in even his tiniest movements. (As if to underline the contrast, Coburn pops up for a minute or two in "Young Guns II," in an incisive cameo as the powerful rancher Chisum.) Murphy's beautiful work doesn't quite make us forget the greater solidity and strength of the best Westerns of the past; sometimes we suspect that it's evoking them deliberately. "Young Guns II" is often thrilling to watch, but it seems to blow away at the end, as if it had all been a dream, a lovely déjà-vu hallucination of a Western.

—TERRENCE RAFFERTY

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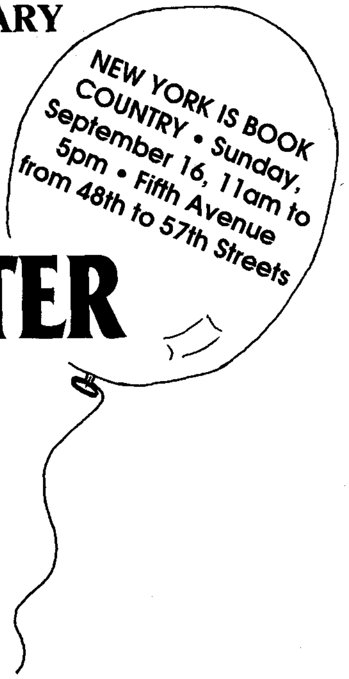
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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The World of Nagaraj, by R. K. Narayan (Viking; $18.95). Nagaraj, a wealthy man by Indian standards, lives a life of propitiation. There is no one by whom he is not intimidated, from his wife to the stationer who sells him notebooks. This makes for the kind of comedy that is at least as painful as it is funny. Nagaraj's one ambition in life is to write a history in English of an ancient sage, Narada, but he is so ineffectual that he cannot manage to find in his town a single book on his hero in a language he can read. When he finally sets to writing from his scrambled notes, his concentration is broken by the harmonium his resident nephew's wife plays. And so on. What is most interesting to a Western reader is not the sometimes contrived obstacles to Nag's endeavors but the surprising conditions of his life: heir to a near-mansion, he owns barely two sticks of furniture; rats and white ants chew up less used rooms; and husband and wife, though occasionally loving, more often seem hardly to know one another, which is regarded as normal. A not so surprising condition is family bickering and brotherly jealousy. Equally recognizable and more genial is the abbreviation of speech and thought—"Afraid I would come and disturb?"—in which one hears the music of Indian inflections.

The Home Girls, by Olga Masters (Norton; $18.95). These twenty stories, written in deceptively simple language, have a recurrent motif of family disruption: mad mothers and wives; cruel, violent fathers; adulterous lust among rural neighbors; the lesions caused by poverty and shiftlessness on the back streets and farms of Australia. In spite of the bleak subject, energy emerges as the chief virtue, so that any measure of kindliness, order, forbearance, or skill becomes heroic, a bit of sensibility or perception eked out in the struggle for survival. Housewifely chores are given full weight as a source of tension and entrapment but also as a bulwark against dissolution, as a serious job, even as a gesture of transcendence. But it is the children who, clear-eyed about their awful fates, are able to rise above them. Olga Masters, who died three years ago, was deservedly prized in Australia.

GENERAL

Letters to Freya: 1939-1945, by Helmuth James von Moltke, edited, and translated from the German, by Beate Ruhm von Oppen (Knopf; $24.95). Moltke was born in 1907 and educated as a lawyer in England and Germany. An intellectual and a humanist, he was a committed anti-Nazi from the beginning; when war broke out in 1939, he became a legal adviser to the Abwehr, the German intelligence service, and did what he could to save the lives of Jews and other Hitler victims. Because violence was against his religious convictions, he was not part of the 1944 assassination plot; instead, he convened other resisters at his estate to plan for a democratic Germany after Hitler's defeat. Arrested by the Gestapo, he was imprisoned, tried, and, in 1945, executed. In these letters to his adored wife he gave expression, beautifully and movingly, to his ideals, his patriotism, his love of life. They are inspirational in the true sense, and make us understand George Kennan's description of Moltke as "the greatest person, morally, and the largest and most enlightened in his concepts, that I met on either side of the battle-lines in the Second World War." Photographs.

A Shout in the Street: An Excursion Into the Modern City, by Peter Jukes (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $25). This is an earnest specimen of a new kind of book, a courteously lucid deconstructionist text that is part documentary lecture, part collage of quotations and photographs. The subject is *Weltstädte*, or "world cities," and the book is divided into four sections, on London, Paris, Leningrad, and New York. Each section begins with a long series of quotations—there are the expected contributions from Lewis

Mumford, Dickens, Baudelaire, and Gogol, and some surprising ones from Charlie Chaplin, Talking Heads, and the rapper Grand Master Flash—and ends with a brief essay on the import of the quotations. This technique sometimes appears to reverse the usual order of things, reducing Mr. Jukes's work to extended footnotes. He has skillfully mined his excerpts, however, and his arrangements and juxtapositions are usually happy. His ultimate argument, that the "shared space" of the metropolis and the excitement of the "shout in the street" are being swept away by gentrification and the "storm of progress," is effective and sobering.

KHRUSHCHEV ON KHRUSHCHEV: AN INSIDE ACCOUNT OF THE MAN AND HIS ERA, by Sergei Khrushchev, edited, and translated from the Russian, by William Taubman (Little, Brown; $24.95). This memoir, which opens in the early nineteen-sixties, recalls how the author learned of a conspiracy to overthrow his father, Nikita Khrushchev; how his father disregarded his warnings until it was too late; and how the deposed Russian leader and his family fared after his fall, in October of 1964. (He died in 1971.) Occasional flashbacks describe Khrushchev's leadership, portraying him as a reformer—a Gorbachev before his time—brought down by men who were not only ambitious but fearful of change, and much of the narrative recounts the family's successful struggle to prevent the regime from suppressing his memoirs. Professor Taubman, of Amherst, has done an admirable job. His translation is smooth, and his annotations and clarifications open up a world that, because of decades of disinformation and propaganda, has been unknown to Americans and Russians alike.

NOTE: "An Open Adoption," by Lincoln Caplan, has been published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux ($17.95). Nearly all the contents first appeared in *The New Yorker*.

•

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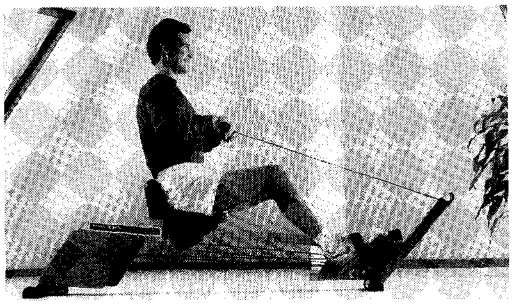

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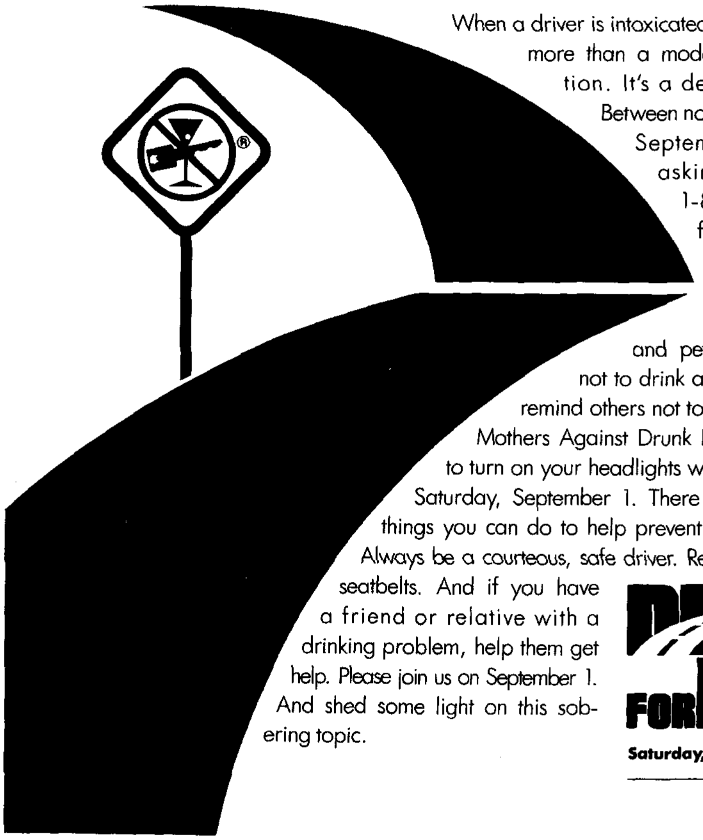

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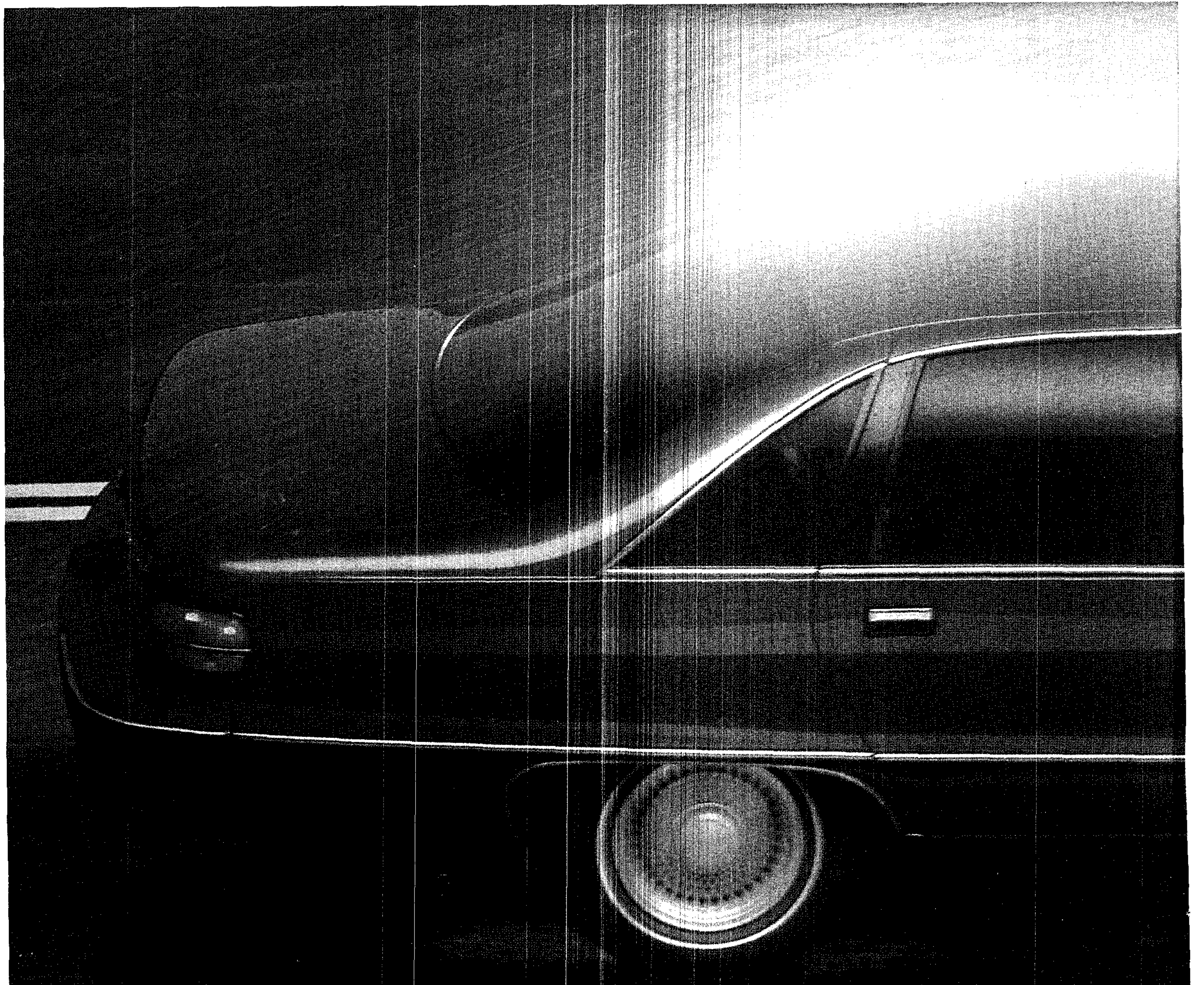

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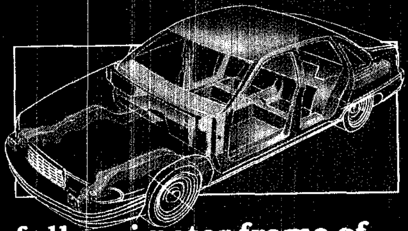

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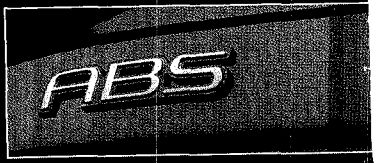

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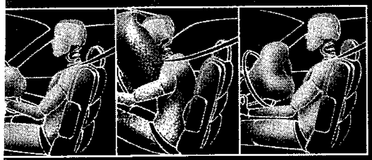

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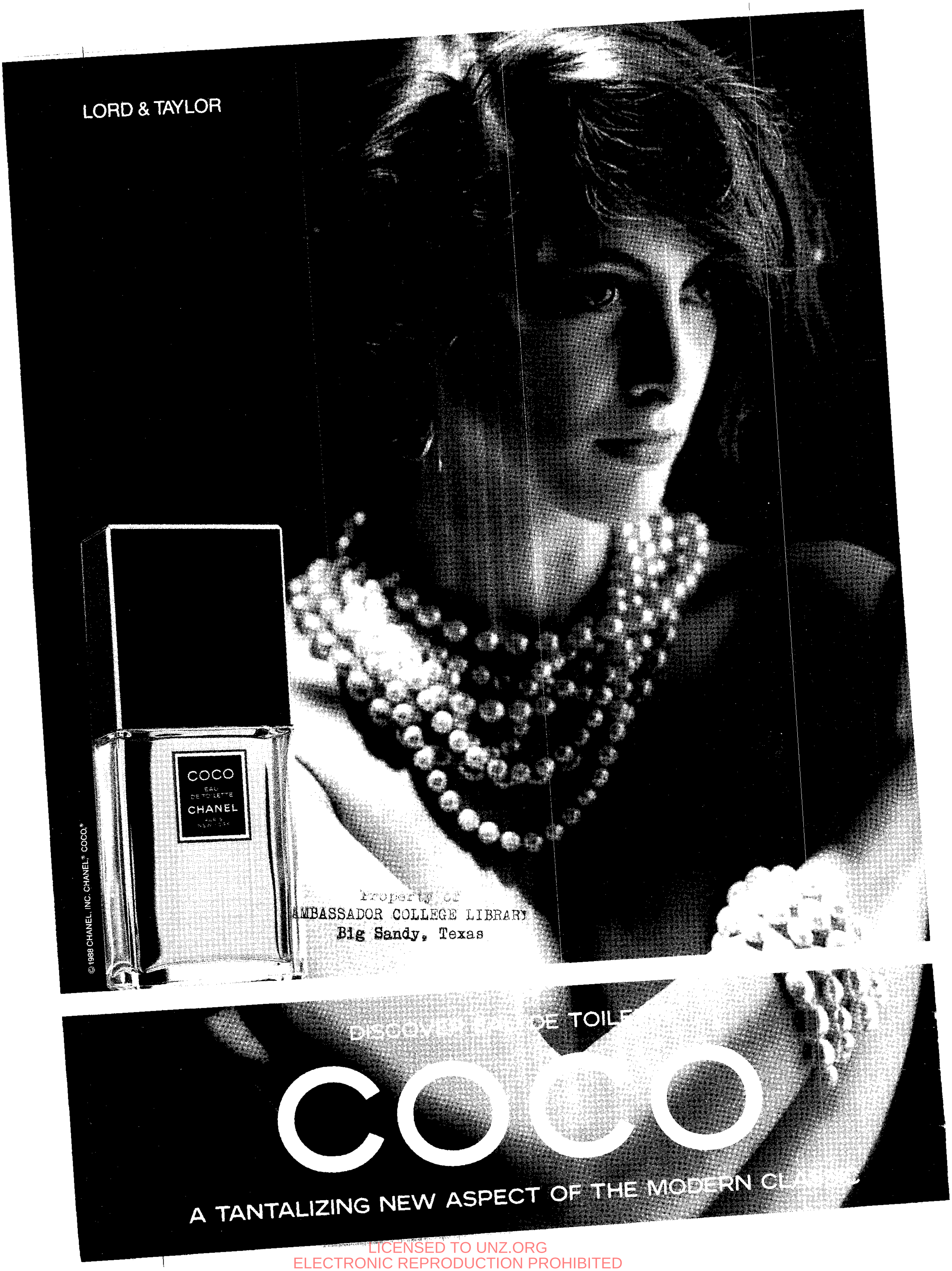
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